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ARTHOUR AND MERLIN.

The Romance of



Arthur and Merlin.

ARTHOUR AND MERLIN :

A METRICAL ROMANCE.

NOW FIRST EDITED FROM THE AUCHINLECK MS.

EDINBURGH :

PRINTED FOR THE ABBOTSFORD CLUB.

M.DCCC.XXXVIII.



EDINBURGH PRINTING COMPANY.

*At the Annual General Meeting of the ABBOTSFORD
CLUB, held at Edinburgh, the 6th day of Feb-
ruary 1837,*

It was unanimously RESOLVED that the Metrical Romance of
ARTHUR AND MERLIN, contained in the Auchinleck MS. should be
forthwith sent to press, and edited by the SECRETARY.

THE ABBOTSFORD CLUB,

JANUARY, M.DCCC.XXXVIII.

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Exordial Observations.

In the category of fictions connected with the Round Table, the Romance of Arthur and Merlin holds a prominent place. But “although,” says Mr Ellis, “this class of romances was formerly the most numerous, its metrical remains, excepting such as have been preserved in the form of ballads, are now extremely scanty.” For a very good abstract of the tale of Merlin, as contained in the MS. No. 150, in the Library of Lincoln’s Inn, and also of that which follows, see Mr Ellis’s *Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances*, vol. I.

The version, now for the first time printed by the Abbotsford Club, forms No. 27 of the

Auchinleck MS. in the Advocates' Library. It is comprised in fifty-six folios, and, according to Sir Walter Scott, "may be, perhaps, the *Gret Gest of Arthour*, ascribed, by Wintoun, to Hutcheon of the Awle Royale."

Among the Harleian Manuscripts in the British Museum, (No. 6223,) is a volume in Stowe's autograph, containing a fragment of the Life of Merlin. It is very short, and is hereto subjoined.

He that made withe his honde
Wynde wode watar and londe
Gyff them all good ending
That lystynyth to my talkyng
And I shall tell yow be fore
How Merlyne was gote and bore
And of his wysedomes also
And of othar happis many mo
That sume tyme felle in Englonde
Ye that wyll here and understond
In Englonde was sume tyme a kynge
A noble man in all thyng
In ware he was bothe war and wight
Kynge Costantyne for sothe he hyght

A dowghty man was he of dede
And allso a wyse man of rede
Kynge Anquysh of Denmarke
And many a Sarazyn stout and starke
Werryd on hym withe owtyne fayle
And he over come them in bataylle
And drove them owt of the londe that tyde
Ther was none durst hym abyde
Than had the kynge sonnes thre
The fayryst chyldren that myght be
The eldest sonne that shuld be kynge
Moyen he hight with out lesynge
The other tweyne of gret renoun
Hyght Uter and Pendragon
Thus men dyd theyr names calle
As ther brutes wytnessythe all
A grete sikenes the kynge he toke
That out of this worlde he must go
And aftar his barons he sent tho
And whan that they wer come echeone
The kynge seyde to them anone
“ Lordyngs” he seide “ lesse and more
I must die myn hart is sore

For Godis love in trenite
And for that Saviowr ye have to me
When I am dede and leyde in claye
Help my chyldren all that ye may
And take Moyne myn eldyst sone
And make hym yowr kynge with crowne
And hold hym yowr lorde for evar mo"
And all they grauntyd it shulde be so
Then had the kynge a steward
That was false and froward
Fwll sone that traytor was forsworne
Brake his trouthe was forlorne
And whan the kynge out of the world was went
He was beryed than verament
At Wynchestar with owt lesynge
Ther was made his beryenge
Erles and barons sone amone
Gadiry them all to geder echeone
With owt eny more dwellynge
To make Moyne theyr lord and kynge
But the steward fer* Fortegere
Was full wyckyde as ye shall here

And was ther agaynst with all his myght
Bothe by day and also by nyght
For he thought hym selfe by treson

CÆTERA DESUNT IN MS. HARLEIANO.

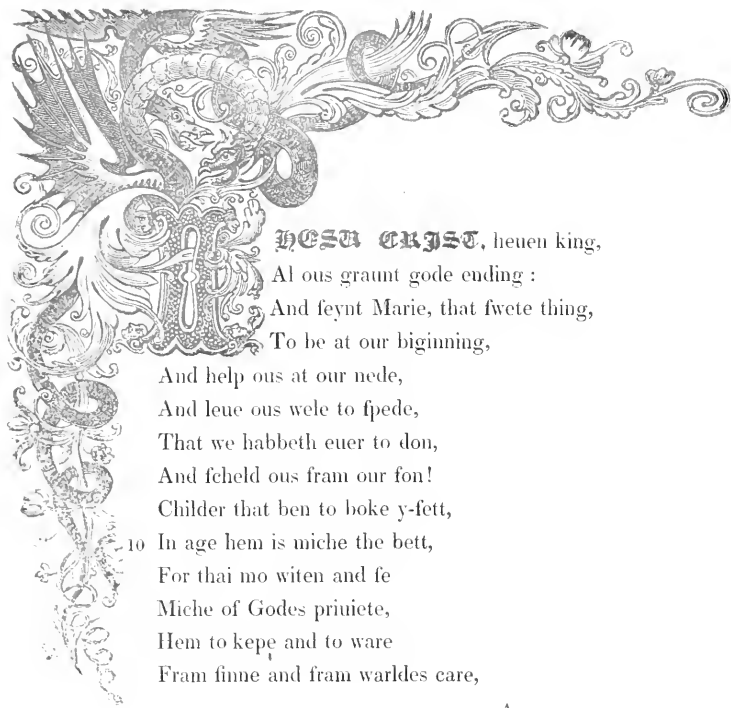
To Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esquire, the Members of the Club are indebted for the elegant and expressive Frontispiece of this volume: a favour the more to be appreciated, when the frank and ready manner in which it was bestowed is considered.



ERRATA.

P. 4, line 4, for To read So .

P. 57, line 1502, for $nede$ read $uc[n]$.



WESU CRIST, heuen king,

Al ous graunt gode ending :

And feynt Marie, that swete thing,

To be at our biginning,

And help ous at our nede,

And leue ous wele to spede,

That we habbeth euer to don,

And scheld ous fram our fon!

Childer that ben to boke y-fett,

10 In age hem is miche the bett,

For thai mo witen and fe

Miche of Godes priuete,

Hem to kepe and to ware

Fram finne and fram warldes care,

And wele y-fen gif thai willen,
 That hem no tharf neuer spillen ;
 Auauntages thai hauen thare,
 Freynsch and Latin eueray whare.
 Of Freynsch, no Latin, nil Y tel more,
 20 Ac on Inglisch Ichil tel ther fore ;
 Right is that Inglische vnderftond
 That was born in Ingland,
 Freynsche vfe this gentilman,
 Ac euerich Inglische, Inglische can.
 Mani noble Ich haue y-feighe
 That no Freynsche couthe feye.
 Biginne Ichil for her loue,
 Bi Ihefus leue, that fitt aboue ;
 On Inglische tel mi tale,
 30 God ous fende foule hale !

Now Ich you telle this Romaunce,
 A king, hight while Sir Conftaunce,
 That regned in Ingland,
 Mani
 H
 O
 B

 40 A
 Th

N
H
Constance
That other brother name was
Sir Aurililbrofias,
The thridde brother, of gret renou:
Was cleped Vter Pendragoun,
Ac the eldest sone, Conflentine,
50 Was noble clerk and wife afine;
He loued God and holy chirche,
And holy werkes for to wirche,
For thi, he befought his fader dere,
That him graunted his prayer,
That he most monke be
At Vincheſter, in that gode cite,
And maki Brofias, his brother,
Or Pendragoun, king, and no nother.
The king was loth graunti ther tille.
60 Ac notheles, to gain his owen wille,
At Wincheſter he was monke y-made,
With outen his fader the kinges rade.

Sone after, as Ich finde in boke,
A gret fikenes the king him toke,
That out of this world he most wende :
After his barouns he gan fende ;
And when thai wer y-comen ichou,
The king feyd to hem anon,

Lordinges, be feyd, leffe and mare,
70 Out of this warld Y moft fare ;
Ther fore, Y pray for loue o me,
For Godes loue and for charite,
When Ich am dede and roten in clay,
Helpeth mi childer that ye may,
And taketh Conftaunt, mi neldeft fone,
And gif him bothe ring and crone,
Holdeth him for your lord euer mo.
Al thay graunt it fchuld be fo.

Than hadde this king, as ye may here,
80 A fteward, that hight Fortiger :
Strong he was, and wight Y wis,
Fals, and ful of couaitife ;
The king he hadde y-ferued long ;
And for he was fo wight and ftrong,
In him was al his truſt at nede,
And gaue him bothe lond and lede :
To help his childer after his day,
And oft fithes he gan him pray
To goruerny hem with al his might,
90 His treuthe he dede him for to plight.
And when the king hadde his liif forlore.
Sone that traitour was forfwore,
And with gret trefoun brak his treuthe,
And dede hem wrong, and that was reuthe.

Out of this world the king went,
 And was y-biried verrament
 At Wincheſter, with outhen les,
 Ther that king bigrauen wes.
 Erls and barouns, euerichon,
 100 Token hem to red anon
 Withouten ani more duelling,
 And made Conſtaunce biforth her king:
 And for that he was monke thore,
 King Moyne men cleped him euer more.
 Ac the ſteward, Sir Fortiger,
 Was wel wroth in his maner,
 And with al his might was ther ogain,
 As fer forth as he durſt fayn.

King Angys fone herd it telle;
 110 He gadred him folk wel felle
 Of Danmark and of Seſſoyne,
 For to wer ogaines Moyne:
 He filled ful mani dromouns
 Of kinges, erls, and barouns;
 Vp thai fett fail and maſt,
 And in to Ingland com an haſt:
 Ac Ingland was y-hoten tho
 Michel Breteyne with outhen no.
 The Bretouns that beth Ingliſſe nou,
 120 Herd telle when he com and hou

That Angys bi water brought,
 The King Fortiger bifought
 He schuld afeng his pouwer,
 And be steward as he was er,
 And help him bi day and night,
 Ogain his fomen for to fight.
 He it forfoke, and feyd he nold,
 Noither for siluer no for gold;
 And feined him that he no might
 130 At batayle com for to fight.
 And all he it dede for traifoun.
 King to be was his achefon.

Angys was riued with mani a man,
 King Moyne went him ogan:
 Tho he com thider with outen fail,
 Sone was fmiten the batayle.
 Ther was broken spere and scheld,
 And mani a knight of hors y-feld:
 Ac our men and King Moyne
 140 Were ouer comen with outen afoine.
 To Wincherster thai flowen tho
 With mani fighing and walewo,
 That fwiche a fleighfter with hond
 Was fallen in to Ingland.
 Ther was mani knight y-flawe.
 And mani fwain y-brought of daw.

Angis tok in a throwe
Mani castels and townes arowe,
And put ther in his men,
150 For to flonden our ogen;
And sent after eld and ying,
For to help in his fighting.

Tho wer fel kinges in lond,
That Constance wan vnder his bond.
Mani of hem so weren thare
Of that descomfite hadden care,
And oft Ihesu Crist hye bifought,
He schuld hem help, as he hem bought,
And hem bring out of her care,
160 After that thai worthi ware.

On a day, as Y you telle,
Our princes speken wordes felle,
And feyd, that her king
Nas bot a bretheling.
Gif Fortiger her prince ware
No hadde we nought had so miche care;
Thai hadden leuer than ani thing
That he wer chofen to her king.
In her witt thai vnder stode
170 That it wer so in his mode
Her king to ben him selue :
To him ther fore thai sent tvelue

Wifft thai chofen of that lond,
 That fchuld wele his hert fond:
 Why he nold with hem come,
 So he to fore was y-wone.

 This tvelue to him come;
 So the confeil was y-nome
 With grete honour, and him gret,
 180 And he hem badde bi him fite.
 What he defired for to ben,
 Bi his anfwere thai fchuld y-fen.
 He asked hem, wat was her wille,
 And thai him feyd tidinges ille:
 Angys hem hadde ouer come,
 And michel of her lond binome;
 And mani barouns and knight y-flawe,
 And her kin brought of dawe:
 Ther fore the confeyl of the lond
 190 Bad he fchuld don his hond.
 This Ich wo amende rathe,
 That thai no hadde no more fcathe.
 Tho biſpak him Fortiger:
 Gode knight, hardi and panteuer,
 Y nam noither your douke no king;
 Whi afke ye me confeiling?
 King Conſtauns Y was to fwore
 Euer Y was you tho to fore,

And wered you with mi power
200 Wide and fide, fer and ner :
With me nis it nought nov fo?
Ther fore to your king ye go ;
Bifeche him he you focour,
And ye wil him than honour.

Than biſpac to him a baroun :
Sir, our king is bot a conjoun ;
Tho he feighe ſwerdes drawe,
To fle ſone he was wel fawe :
He no can confeil to no gode ;
210 He is fo adrad he is neighe wode.
Whiles thou were in our throme,
No were we neuer ouercome ;
That we forlorn at this afaut,
Al we wite it thi default ;
So figgeth al our pers.
I leue wele, quath Fortigers.
Nil Ich me nothing auentour,
To purchas a ſole gret honour.
Gif Moyne your king ded ware,
220 Ich wald you help out of care.
Sir, thai feyd to him tho,
Wiltow that we Moyne flo ?
Nay ac goth from me bliue,
While Ich wot he is oliue,
Confeyl worth you of me non.
The barouns thennes gan gon,

To take her king thai wenten alle,
 And founden King Moyne in his halle:
 Ther he sat at his mete;
 230 On him thai felboten with gret hete,
 And smiten of his heued with a sword,
 Er thai spoken ani word:
 And who so struted ogain ward
 Anon thai gauen hem dintes hard.
 Out atte the dore thai flownen anon,
 And ascaped euerichon.
 Ther fore was contek and strif,
 And mani it abought with the liif;
 Ac fethen the king y-flawe was,
 240 And opon hem fallen swiche a cas,
 A king thai mosten haue swithe,
 Al her forwe for to lithe;
 And that he might hem were than
 Ogain Angys, that douhti man.

And than Vter Pendragon
 Armes might bere non,
 No Aurilifbrofias is brother,
 Than thai most chefe another;
 Where thurch thai feyd in that nede,
 250 Wele no might thai nought spede;
 Bot giue thai wold Fortiger
 Chefe to her king there,
 Nought fele nar ther ogen,
 Ac feyden that it most ben:

What for loue, what for ay,
 Non no durft ogain fay.
 Ac ther thai chofen, old and ying,
 Fortiger to ben her king.

Mirie time is Auerille,
 260 Than feheweth michel of our wille ;
 In feld and mede floures fpringeth,
 In grene wode foules fingeth ;
 Yong man wereth jolif,
 And than proudeth man and wiif.

The barouns com to Fortiger,
 And gretten him with glad cher :
 And feyd, that her folas
 Thurch wicked men y-lorn was ;
 That was Moyne, her king ;
 270 And his brether were to ying ;
 And for we you witeth wight and trefl,
 Of al men ye mowen befl
 Vs kepen ogain our fon,
 So ye hau er this y-don.
 We haue you chofen our king,
 And gounen you bothe croun and ring :
 The heighe figgeth and the lowe alfo,
 It might no better ben y-do.
 Now, gramerci, quath Fortiger,
 280 And was made king withouten daunger.

Ae at his coronument,
 To barouns thier weren gent
 That this trefoun vnder fode ;
 And fore hem rewe the kinges blod,
 That it schuld be spilt fo,
 And tok rede bitvixen hem to
 The to childer ouer the fe bring,
 And went hem forth withouten lesing :
 No man wift of her confeyle,
 290 Bot thai alon with outen faile.

The king held feft noble and gent,
 And after ward his parlement ;
 In wiche parlement he hete
 Men schuld him bring the children skete.
 Thai weren fought and founde hem nought,
 Tho he held him inel bicought ;
 Tho Fortiger it vnder fode,
 For wrethe he wex neighe wode.
 It was no wonder, for sothe to fay,
 300 For thai dede him after gret tray.
 Fortiger, al this forlete,
 Princes, doukes, al fo skete,
 Fre and bond, fwain and knight,
 Alle graithed hem to fight,
 That thai mighten flemen Angys
 And al her dedlich enemis.
 So thai deden with outen no,
 And were al redi forth to go

Ogaines her foman Angys :

310 Sum on gode hors of priis,
 Sum on palfray and on ftede,
 And fum on fot, ful gode at nede,
 With arwe and bowe, and alblaff,
 Her fomen for to agast.

Thai wenten forth and met Angys,
 With mani Sarrazin of priis.
 Ther was mani arwe y-fehote,
 And mani quarel thurch the throte ;
 Schaft to broken, and cleued fcheld,
 320 Mani a knight feld in the feld ;
 Helme to broken, hauberk to rent,
 Mani noble hors y-fchent.
 Ac our men ther dede ful wel
 With broun fwerd of grounden ftiel ;
 Mani a riche Sarrazin
 Thai broughten in to Helle pin.

Angys feighe his del the wors,
 And gan to fle wel fwithe on hors,
 To a caftel wel ftrong about,
 330 Where was michel of his rout.
 Tho that he left behinden him
 Hadde chaunce hard and grim ;
 No halp hem noither pes no crie,
 No fighting, no criiug merci.

Al men maden her acord,
 With axes, fperes, kniif and fword.
 Al that were bihinde y-founde
 Anon thai were leyd to grounde ;
 No might ther askape neuer on
 340 That he nas to deth y-don.
 Thus our folk hadden the priis,
 And went tho to bifege Angys.
 Tho thai hadde him long bilay,
 Angys fent him than to fay,
 Gif he in pays wende most,
 He wold taken al his oft
 And leden hem to his cuntraye,
 And neuer eft don hem traye.
 Fortiger, be his confeyle,
 350 Lete hem wende hole and hayle ;
 Ac ferft thai fwore a him an oth,
 Thai schuld him neuer waite loth.
 Thus thai wenten to the ftrond,
 And ferden ouer to her lond.

Fortiger and his oft
 Ogain com with gret boft,
 And held feft mani a day,
 Of gret delite and noble play.
 When this feft was don and held,
 360 The .xii. traitours that Y of teld,

That hadde y-flawe Moyne the king,
 Bithought hem of a felcouthe thing.
 Thai wold go to Fortiger,
 And asken him her lower
 Of the king that was y-flawe,
 With trefoun, ogain the lawe :
 And feyden, king, thou art abou,
 Thenke what we dede for thi loue :
 We flough our lord kende ;
 370 Nov be fen gif thou art hende,
 Thurch ous thou art in thi power,
 Gif ous now our lower.
 Than bi spae him Fortiger,
 Anon to hem with loure and chere :
 Bi the lower that God made,
 Ye fehul haue that ye bade ;
 So Ich euer mot Y the,
 So no fehul ye nought ferue me ;
 For ye hau your lord y-flawe,
 380 Ye fehul ben honged and to drawe.
 He dede feeche hors wel fket,
 And teyed hem to her fet,
 And dede hem drawe on the pauement,
 And hong hem after, verrament.
 Mani knight and baroun hende,
 Seighen this of her kende
 Opon the king thai ourn anon,
 As his dedliche fon :

Ac bitven hem fode his men
 390 Stedfastliche ogaines hem.
 Ther was mani heued of hitt,
 Ther was mani throte y-kitt,
 Mani hert forles his blod,
 And mani the bal vp in the hod.
 Vnnethe that ich day,
 The king ascaped oway.

The barouns went that ich night,
 Toward her frendes ful right;
 And her gref anon hem teld,
 400 Hou Fortiger her king aqueld
 Thurch trefoun that thai hadde y-spoken;
 Of him thai wald ben awreken.
 Ich his frendes so bifought,
 That opon Fortiger thai brought
 Mani erl, baroun, and knight.
 Hardy and kene for to fight.
 Thai foughten with Fortiger,
 Mani moneth, and mani a yere;
 Wher thurch mani a leuedi fre,
 410 Her lord les, and fair meyne.

Fortiger, nam gode coure,
 That he no might ogain hem doure;
 For thai wexen mo and mo,
 And his men lassed alway tho.

Letters he made to Angys the welp,
And bad he schuld cum him to help
Ogaines his men that wald him fle,
And he schuld haue half his fe.
Angys ther of was blithe ;

420 His meſſage he dede fwithē.
Mani thouſand he tok with him,
That were bothe flout and grim ;
And comen ouer to Fortiger,
And he hem welcomed with glad chere.
Of his couenaunt he was bi knawe,
And made Angys half felawe,
That he hadde or haue might,
With that he ſchuld him help in fight
Ogaines his men, and help him were

430 That were abouten him to dere.
This couenaunt was made ſtedfaſt,
And hem graythed ſone on haſt,
To batayle for to wende ;
For the barouns were hende
Bi Saleſbiri biſide alite,
Al redi bataile to ſmite ;
And abiden her fomen
That thider comen hem ogen.

Ther was ſone leyd adoun
440 Mani wel bright gonfaynour.
The ſchaſtes to broken, and cloth to rent,
And mani a gret lording y-ſehent.

Mani knight other flough,
 Mani hors her guttes drough.
 Ich you figge right treuthe,
 Non of other hadde reuthe ;
 Swerdes on helmes gan driue,
 Mani schaft ther gan riue ;
 Mani hauberk was to rent,
 450 And mani thurch the bodi schent.
 Ther was flawe and brought to grounde,
 Mani man in litel ffounde ;
 Abothe half lay mani on,
 Ye heued fro the nek bon ;
 Wombe and fide thurch out datt,
 With launce, quarel and alblast,
 That mani leuedi and damifele,
 Biwepe it fethen wit teres fele.
 Ac Fortiger hade euer four
 460 Ogain or for fothe of our ;
 For whi the barouns no might
 With ffound in that fight,
 Ac gum fle wel fast themme,
 Sum ouer fe to her kenne ;
 Sum for gret ayghe and dout
 To other kinges floun about.
 Also we finden in the bok,
 Al that Fortiger atok
 He let to drawe and an hong,
 470 Weren it with right other with wrong.

The other he devoided alle
 Of lond and tour, castel and halle;
 And be confeyl of Angys,
 Gaue it to Sarrazins of pris.
 Ther was loue of hert cler,
 Bitven Angys and Fortiger.
 Angys hadde, verrament,
 A douhter bothe fair and gent,
 Ac sche was hethen Sarrazin;
 480 And Fortiger for loue fin
 Hir tok to fere and to wiue,
 And was curffed in al his liue;
 For he lete Cristen wedde hathen,
 And meynt our blod as flesche and mathen.
 Mani thoufand was swiche in weddeloc,
 As we finde writen in bok:
 Ther was wel neighe al this lond
 To the deucl gon an hond.
 Festes he made gret and fele,
 490 And badden al warldes wele,
 And held no better lawe
 Than the bounde with his felawe.
 This last wel fel yere
 On a day fat Fortiger,
 And bithought him of the children to
 That ouer see weren y-go,
 And of mani noble he nam yeme,
 That he had y-boden flem.

Of after clap he hadde care,
 500 That he schuld for fare.
 He hete chefe carpenters
 Ouer all in his powers,
 And mafouns that thai no lete
 To him thai schuld comen fket.
 His heft was fone y-don ;
 Thoufandes ther wer anon,
 With her tole fwithe preft,
 For to do the kinges heft.
 The king hem gan fair to calle,
 510 And thus he feyd to hem alle :

Liftneth now heighe and lawe,
 And vnder ftond to mi fawe,
 In mi witt Ich haue y-thought,
 Ichil a caftel han y-wrought
 Of wode and lime, mortar and fton,
 That fwiche be in this world non ;
 That gif me cometh ani nede,
 Ich may me there were and hede
 Fro min fon that aires hem claim,
 520 At Salefbiri, opon the plain,
 That ye fchul y-fond,
 To makin him with your hond.
 Loke that tre and fton be riche,
 The tour largge, and depe the diche.

Mi deuife Ich haue y-fade,
 Now heigheth you that it war made,
 And ye fehullen haue hire,
 Al that ye wil defire.

 This werkemen thider went tho,
 530 Thre thoufand ther were and mo,
 Hewen fehides and coruen fton,
 And laiden fundament anon.
 Sum rammed and doluen fnel,
 And gun that caftel fair and wel.
 That folk was bothe fwift and fleighe,
 That werk was arered breft heighe
 That ich day alle aboute,
 So it is writen in the brout,
 And wenten hom tho it was night,
 540 So it is werkmennes right,
 And comen all ogain amorwe,
 And feighen thing of gret forwe.
 Foundement and werk thai founde
 Ligge vp fo and down op the gronde,
 Sprad it was al abrod :
 For wonder thai weren neighe wode,
 Ac her werk thai bigonne,
 So long fo thai feighen the fonne,
 And als wele fpedden parmafay,
 550 So thai deden that other day.

Ac tho thai come thider eft,
 Her werk was al vp aleft
 And y-fchatred here and there.
 Thus it ferd wele half a yer ;
 Al that euer thai wrought oday,
 Amorwe it ouer throwe lay.
 The king herd telle this,
 And gret wonder hadde Y wis.
 He dede afpie bi day and night,
 560 What thing hem lett might ;
 Ac wite no might lewed no clerk,
 What thing felled her werk.

Fortiger fat in his halle,
 Among his knightes and barouns alle ;
 He bat his feft and his elbowe,
 And feyd to hem with michel howe ;
 Wretthefulliche there he hete,
 Clerkes biforn him bring skete,
 The beft that wer in this lond.
 570 Sone was don the kinges fond :
 Mani clerk was ful wide y-fought,
 And biforn him-fone y-brought ;
 Hem he apofed on and alle,
 Whi his werk was fo y-falle ?
 Her non no couthe him telle.
 The king fwore he wold hem quelle,

Bot gif thai wold him telle an hond,
Whi that his werk might nought stond?

Ten ther were of hem y-nome,
580 Wifest clerkes of the throme;
And in o chaumber y-do,
That no man most hem com to,
For the best of the king,
Bot vnnethe her mete bring.
Astromiens these weren,
Wiser neuer non neren.
Yai were .ix. days bischet,
Ac yete thai couthe litel the bet;
Bot Ich you figge, verrament,
590 Thai feyghen in the firmament
A child in erthe bigeten wes,
With outen ani mannes flesches.
And tho thai com the king bifore,
Thai feyd a child on erthe was bore
With outen mannes bigeteing,
That wist wel neighe al thing.
Do him fle wel fodorliche,
The blood to the is trefore riche;
Were your werk y-fmerd ther with,
600 Euer it wold stond in grith.
The king was of this tale blithe,
And dede prineliche .xij. fwithe

That were departed, thre and thre,
 To wende about that childe to fle.
 Giue thai him our* finde might,
 Thai no schuld lete for wrong no right,
 That thai schuld fodeinliche
 Smite of his heued haftiliche,
 And no word no speke him to :
 610 Thus bad him this clerkes do ;
 For thai wende it were to her lere,
 Gif that child geue answere.
 This men on the kinges fond,
 Went afour half Ingland ;
 Thre and thre bi four way,
 That child to finde Y you fay.
 This clerkes of whom Ich teld,
 With the king weren at held,
 For to wite gif it sothe were
 620 That thai hadde him feyd there :
 Gif he founde with hem lefing,
 Her liif were at the ending.
 Lete we this clerk behinde,
 This .xij. went the child to finde :
 And are Ich telle more you,
 Of this romaunce Y wil now,
 That ye vnderftond and wite
 Hou this child was bigete.

* Sic MS.

On fuche maner, and what he hete,
630 Now I pray you listen ikete.

He that was, and is, and ay fchal ben,
Chefe him here a fwete quen,
In whom he nam flefehe and bl[o]d,
With wiche he bought ous on the rode ;
Whare thurch we ben to heuen y-corn,
And the deucl his might forlorn.
Blifced be He in euerich fong,
And Mari of whom he fprong !

Liftneth wele to mi fleuen ;
640 The deucls that fel out of heuen,
With her pride Lucifer,
Sum fell to helle fer,
Sum in water, fum in lond,
Sum in the aire gan with ftond ;
Al fort our dright feyd ho,
So thai bileued euer mo :
And for fothe thai han power
Man to dere there and here ;
Y nil you telle her priuete,
650 Bot that longeth now to me.
The deuclen that honer abouen ous
Euer be luxforius ;
And other while maketh hem body
Of the aire wel gent and rody,

And hauen might and power
 Doun to light and derien her
 Al tho that nillen wirche
 Godes comandment in chirche;
 Ac whilom more than now,
 660 For thurch the might of fwete Ihesu
 Mani of hem y-felled is.
 Al hou Y no may nought tellen Y wis,
 Mi matery wer to long,
 And the tale to you wel strong.
 Ac the deuelen of whom Y faid
 Seighe hou Ihesu of a maide
 Thureh his milce was y-bore,
 And bought al that was for lore.
 Ther to thai hadden gret ond,
 670 And fayd that thai wolden fond
 To ligge bi a maiden kin,
 And bigeten a child her in,
 Swiche schuld acomber also fele,
 So that other had brought to wele.

Bi that day was a riche man
 That hadde to wiue a fair wiman,
 Bi whom he hadde a fone fre
 And wel fair doubtren thre.
 A forfeyd deuel light adoun,
 680 And of that wiif made a comoun

To don alle his volunte ;
Whar thurch in hem he had entre
And brought hem in chideing and fight,
And made hem oft wroth Y plight ;
So that on an euen late
Ye deucl fche taught hir bigate,
That ich night the deucl com
And strangles hir owen grom.
The wiif hir fone feighe ded amorwe,
690 Anon fche heng hir felf for forwe.
Tho that the bounde y-feighe this
Anon he starf for diol Y wis.
Lo what wo, and diol, and dere
Dede wrettthe and foule anfwere!
Al the men, Ich you fay,
That woned in that cuntray
Here of hadden gret pite,
Bothe vp lond and in cite ;
For that man and eke his wiif
700 Were y-holden of gode liif.
Bifide ther woned an ermite
That thider com this to vifeite ;
Blafy Y wis his name was,
Tho he feighe this he feyd allas !
And feyd it was, verrament,
The deucls foule encumbrement.

Thre douhtren he fonde oliue,
And he hem dede yern fchriue
Of alle that he couthe enferche,
710 Thurch the lore of holy chirche,
And penaunce on hem layd
For that thai hadde God y-trayd,
And taught hem to ferue God almight;
And tho he went hom ful right.
This fair maidens thre
Serued God with hert fre,
In grete drede and loue.
The deuel that com fro aboue,
He that was fram heuen y-falle,
720 Of whom Y fpac to for you alle.

Tho he nam lickeniffe of man,
And com him to an old wiman;
And bihete hir giftes and grete fe
To wende to this fofstren thre,
And the heldeft to bichaunte
Yong mannes loue for to haunte.
In this lond was tho vfage
Who fo dede with man vtrage,
Bot it were in wedloc,
730 In thilke time men hem tok
With iuggement with outen les,
And alfo quic doluen hes.

- Bot fehe hir knewe for light woman
And comoun hore to alle men.
Than was it right and lawe
That fehe no schuld ben y-flawe.
This eld wiif that iuel fehe the
Come to this fostren thre,
And made wailing and michel fare
740 For this thre maidens care :
To the eldest foster fehe feyd
Wolewo, mi fwete maide,
Thou hast fair fot and hond,
And gentil viis be Godes fond,
White hond and long arm :
Certes it were michel harm,
Bot thi bodi most afay
With som gentil yong man to play,
That the night in this eas
750 Finde the ioie and folas.
The maiden feyd, giue so dede ic,
Y schuld be doluen al so quic.
Nay, certes, quath that eld quen,
Thou might it do with outen den,
Yer and other in thi bedde,
And than the wil that yong man wedde.
Thurch this quen, verrament,
And the fendes enticement,
The eldest foster, Y you fay,
760 A yong man lete with hir play ;

Ac tho hir liked alder best
 Hir gamen com al to cheft :
 For fche was nome and forth y-drawe,
 And of hir dede fche was bi knowe.
 Thurch juggement doluen fche was ;
 Mani man feyd, allas ! allas !
 For her and for her elderlinges
 Men made gret diol and wepeinges.

Yete wald the deuel ful of ond
 770 The midel foster agile fond,
 And brought hir vp a yong man
 Wiche that wowed hir bigan :
 Al his wille don him fche lete,
 And it was aperceiued skete.
 Sche was brought bifor iustife,
 Deth to tholy in al wife.
 Sche feyd fche was a light woman,
 And comoun hore to alle man,
 Of that chaunce mani nam kepe
 780 And with eighen fore wepe,
 For ribaudye gret haras
 To folwe hir bodi. Allas,
 That the fende hath fwiche pouwer
 To deri that God bought fo dere !
 The thridde foster was fo wo
 Hir thought hir hert braft atvo.

Hir moder was ded acurffedliche,
And hir fader starf reuliche,
And hir [brother] y-flawe also,
790 And hir foster quic doluen tho ;
Hir other foster hore strong,
That al harlotes yede among.

In wan hope fche fel neighe,
Ac thurch Godes help an heighe,
She hir bithought of thermite
That hem com to visite.
To him fche went tho bliue,
And hir schrof of hir liue,
And alle the chaunces teld al fo
800 That hir kin were comen to.
This hermite hadde wonder gret,
And hir taught bothe and hete :
Haue euer Crift in mende,
And lete the lores of the fende,
Pride, Wrathe, and Glotonie,
Aithe, Sleuthe, and Lecherie,
Couaitife and Trecherie,
Bacbiteing and Envie.
Swiche thinges he bad hir ften,
810 And gode and bonair for to ben ;
Alle the werkes that gode ware
To don he hir taught thare,

And that fche nere fo michel ape
That fche hir laid doun to flape,
At hir dore and hir fenefter
Hadde y-blifced and ich efter.
Thus he taught her to done,
And tho fche went hir hom fone.
The deucl here of hadde ond
820 That he hir gile wold he fond
Thurch his foster, Ich you telle,
That was his in flefche and felle.
This hore com opon a day
To hir foster, parmafay ;
And to her foster fche gan figge,
That fche it fhuld dere abigge
That fche hadde hir hiritage ;
And ran to hir in gret rage,
With herlotes that with hir ware,
830 And fore bete that wenche thare.
Into a chaumber fche ran hir tho,
And fast fchett the dore hir to.
Out fche gradde, and neighebour come
And drinen oway this wrechis fone.

This fely thing was alday wroth,
Hir owen liif was hir loth ;
On hir bed tho it was night,
Al y-clothed fche fel doun right,

And sche forgat hir vnblifed,
840 So the hermite hir hadde y-wiffed ;
For wretthe sche thought of bliffling non,
And fel on flepe fone anon.
The fende her of was ful blithe,
To hir he com than fwith ;
Ouer alle hir chaumber in he might,
For ther nas no merk of our dright.
To this maiden fikerliche
He com tho and lay flefchliche.
This maiden fone that hye awaked,
850 Feld hir legges al naked,
And feled also bi hir thi,
That sche was y-leyen bi.
Sche ros and fond hir dore loke,
And no thing no was to broke ;
Sche thought it was the foule wight tho,
Sche was aferd sche nift wat to do,
Hir felue sche bete and gan to tere
With bothe bonden hir yalu here,
And wepe al night with gret forwe.
860 To thermite sche went amorwe,
And told him al the cas ;
He was fori and feyd allas ;
For sche no held nought hir penance,
Sche was fallen in encombraunce.
Allas, fir, sche feyd tho,
Certes fir, men will me flo

Sone fo thai it may wite,
That on me is a child bigete.
Ich leue wele, quath he, faunfaile,
870 Ich haue of thi tale gret meruaile ;
Siker doubter and y-finde and fe,
That thou fo with child be,
I schal the help with al mi might,
Til ich haue ther of a fight.
Go now hom douliter min
And haue Crift in hert thin.
Do penaunce day and night,
Serue Ihesu with al thi might ;
He may, gif his wille be,
880 Out of anoye bring the.
Hom fehe went with dreri mod,
And ferued God with hert gode ;
And euerich day that bigete,
In hir wombe bigan to grete.
Hir no gett it nought to hide,
For hir wombe wer vnride ;
Ther sone after fehe was y-nome,
And y-ladde to hir dome,
Sore might hir agrife,
890 Tho fehe ftoode bifor the Iustife.

Thermite herd tellen this,
And thider he com anon Y wis,

The Iustice him gan bithenche,
And thus apofed that wenche :
O maiden, bi mi treuthe,
Of the Ich haue gret reuthe ;
Whi noldestow under ftonde,
Hou thi kin is brought to fchond,
And ben out of this world y-went,
900 And now thou haft thi feluen y-fchent,
That haft mannes flefche y-knawe,
And vnder fong ogaines the lawe :
This ich day thou fchalt be flawe,
For that wil now the lawe.
Certes, fir, fche feyd, nay,
No dede Ich neuer ogain the lay ;
Bi him that tholed did on tre,
Man no lay neuer bi me ;
No, bi his moder, feynt Marie,
910 Mannes monthe kift in vilanie.
Cy, quath the Iustice, fwiche meruaile,
Thou lext damifel, faun faile ;
Thi tale fothe no might be,
Seththen with child Y the fe.
Certes, fche fayd, with child Icham,
Withouten companie of man ;
So Y flepe this ender night,
Bi me lay a felcouth wight ;
Y nift neuer wat it was,
920 Ac now Ich hold to Godes gras ;

Ac wele Ich wot, be this day,
That no man neuer bi me lay.

The Iustife swore bi Seynt Albon,
Swiche meruail herd he neuer non.
Thine tale Ich no leue ;
For feththen that Adam was and Eve,
Child bigeten with outen man
Herd I neuer bot of an ;
That was Ihesu, our dright,
930 Thurch God the Fadre's might ;
And for thou feyst with child thou art,
And haddeft neuer of man part,
Ar ani man the quic delue,
Telle schul wiues tvelue,
Gif ani child may be made
With outen knoweing of mannes cade.
Opon twelue wiues it was ydo,
And thai com and feyden tho,
That neuer child bigeten was
940 But Ihesu thurch Godes gras,
With outen mannes flesche for foth,
And ther to thai sworn her oth.
Tho spak Blasy, thermite :
Iustife, listen me alite,
Hir tale no may sche avowe,
Vnder ous alle fe we mowe,

Ich haue hir schriuen, and taucht the lawe,
 To me no was fche neuer bi knawe
 That ani man to hir cam
 950 That euer knewe hirlicham ;
 Thei fche haue ferued to be fpilt,
 The child ther of hath no gilt ;
 It were gret re vnright to flon
 And reuthe for the gilt of on.
 Ac lete hir in ward don,
 Sche schal her after child fon,
 Two yer and an half than fche mot
 The child loke God it wot ;
 When the child can go and fpeke,
 960 Than ye may ben of her awreke.
 A min dieu, feyd the Iustife,
 Thine tales ben gode and wife.
 Ther after now wirche Ichille
 To day no schal hir no man fpille.
 In a tour thai hau hir do,
 That woman might hir com to
 But an eld midwiif,
 That schuld yemen her liif.
 Ther in fche was don on haft,
 970 And ther in hi fchet ful fast ;
 Tilke tour was fwtithe heighe,
 Noman might comen hem neighe ;
 A windowe was ther in,
 And a cabel made begin,

For to drawen vp all thing
 That nede was to her libbeing.
 Sone to hir time come,
 Sche childed a felcouthe grome,
 So Ich bi bok telle can
 980 It hadde fourm after a man,
 Bot it [it] was blacker
 Than another and wel rower.

Tho that child was y-bore
 Blafi ftode the hole bfore.
 Bi the rope thai it adoun let,
 And he it cristned alfo fket;
 He clept it Merlin, a Godes name;
 The fende ther of hadde grame;
 For thai lefe ther the might,
 990 That thai wende to haue bi right.
 Tho that child y-cristned was,
 Blafi turned ogain his pas,
 And in the rope anon it knitt,
 The howe wiif anon it fett,
 And yede and held it bi the fer,
 Bi held his face and eke his cher.
 Away, thou foule thing,
 That thi moder fwiche ending
 For thi fake haue fchal,
 1000 For thou art lothlich ouer all.

That child spac with gret den :
 Thou lext, he feyd, thou eld quen ;
 Mi moder quelle no may no man,
 While that Ich oliues am.
 The wif, agros of this anfwere,
 And feyd, haue thou no power me to dere ;
 Ich the hals a Godes name.
 On that maner feyd his dame,
 And halfed him also thare,
 1010 He schuld telle wat he ware ;
 Ac thei thai it hadde al y-fwore,
 Thai no might do him speke no more.
 And Y you telle anon faun fayl,
 Thai hadden ther of gret meruail,
 And alle men that herden it,
 Wonder hadde in her wit.

Ther afterward, yete half a yer,
 His moder held him bi the fer,
 And fwithe bitter ters lete,
 1020 And feyd, alas, mi sone fwete,
 For the misbigeten stren,
 Quic Y schal now doluen ben.
 The child feyd, dame, nay,
 Ich the fwere parmafay,
 No schal ther neuer no iustife
 The bideluc onon wif;

No in erthe thi bodi reke,
 Ther whiles Y may gon and fpeke.
 His moder wex a blithe wiman ;
 1030 Fram that ich day after than,
 He teld hir, under fonne,
 Al that feche wald conne.

Tho that child couthe go,
 The Iustife com thider tho,
 And dede feche that wiman
 Bifor the pople right onan,
 And fwore ded feche schuld ben
 Right anon bi heuen quen.
 Tho bi fpac Merlin childe
 1040 To the Iustife wordes milde :
 Man, wele wot that ani gode kan,
 Ogain chaunce no may no man,
 Thurch chaunce, and eke thurch gras,
 In hir, for sothe, pelt Y was.
 The Iustife biheld that childe—
 For Merlin he was neighe wilde—
 And feyd, y-doluen moft feche ben.
 Tho, quath Merlin, fo mot Y then ;
 For al that euer kanestow do,
 1050 Schaltow it neuer bring therto,
 That thou mi moder delue mow,
 Bi refoun Ichil wele awe.

A fende it was that me bigat,
And pelt me in an holy fat ;
He wende haue hadde an iuel fode,
Ac al Icham turned to gode,
Ac thurch kende of hem Y can bo
Telle of thing that is ago,
And al thing that is now,
1060 Whi it is, and what, and how ;
Of other thing that is to come,
Telle Y can nought al ac fome.
Ich wot wele who mi fader is,
Ac thou no knowest nought thine Y wis ;
Whar thurch Y tel moder thine
Dingner to be ded than moder mine.
How noblelich that child anwerd,
Wonder hadde that it herd,
That fo couthe speke and go,
1070 And was bot of yeres tuo.
The Iustife feyd, thou gabbest conioun,
Mi fader was an heighe baroun,
Mi moder is a leuedi fre,
Oliue yete thou might hir fe ;
Ich wene bi the quen Marie,
Men dede neuer bi hir folie.

The child feyd, Iustife, held thi mouthe,
Other Y schal make it wide couthe

Of hir folis mani on
 1080 Do hir after fom man gon ;
 Bot gif Y do hir it ben a knawe
 With wild hors do me to drawe.
 The Iustife, anon rathe and flete,
 His moder thider feche he hete ;
 Bifor him fche com wel fone.
 The Iustife feyd, midydene,
 Say, Merlin, that thou feydest art
 Bifor mi moder, gif thou darst.
 Now ich I fe, fir Iustife,
 1090 Thine ordinaunce no be nought wife ;
 Gif Ich telt this men bifore,
 How thou were bigeten and bore,
 Thi moder most y-doluen be,
 And that were alle thurch the.
 Tho the Iustife this vnder ftoode,
 He thought that child couthe gode.
 Into a chaumber fone anon,
 Al thre thai gun to gon ;
 And the Iustife feyd, tho,
 1100 Child Merlin, forth thou go ;
 Telle now betwen ous thre
 What man it was that bigat me.
 The child fwore bi feyn Symoun,
 It was the perfone of her toun,
 Hath y-pleyed with thi dame,
 And bigat the all againe.

That leuedy feyd, thou misbegeten thing,
Thou hast y-lowe a gret lesing ;
His fader was a fair barom ;
1110 Y tell that man a conioun,
That to the giueth ani listening,
For thou art a curfed thing,
Misbigeten ogaines the lawe.
Thou schuft with right ben y-flawe,
That thou no leighe no lesinges mo
Men for to wirchen wo.
The childe feyd, dame be stille,
With right may me no man spille,
For Icham a ferly fond,
1120 Born to gode to all this lond,
Ac thou art digne dolen to ben,
Thi sone schal the sothe yfen.

Tho thi lord com fro Cardoil,
In hert thou haddeft gret diol ;
Bi night it was, ar the day,
The persone in thine arnes lay ;
On thi dore thi lord gan knocke,
And thou stirteft vp in thy fmoke ;
Wel ueighe wode for dred and howe,
1130 Vp thou schoteft a windowe,
And the persone thou out lete,
And after ward thou schet it fket,

And for sothe ther ich night,
He bigat this ich knight.
How feistow dame, feystow aught?
And sche no spac ogain right naught,
Ac so gretliche sche awondred was,
That hir chaunged blod and fas.
The Iustife feyd, dame what feystow?
1140 Sir, he feyt, sothe bi Crist Ihesu,
Thei ye me hong bi a cord,
He no leigheth neuer a word.
The Iustife, tho hadde no gane,
Ac neighe worde he was for schame.
Merlin him clepid to an herne,
And to him told tales derne :
Sir, he feyd, listen to me,
For sothe Ichil now tellen the ;
Lete thi moder wende hom
1150 And fende thou after a litel grom,
That hir cun wele aspie ;
For homward sche wil an heighe,
And to the persone sone fay
How Ichaue hem bothe biwray ;
When the persone hath heard this
Sore he worth adrad Y wis ;
Of schame ful deth to haue of the,
To a brigge he wil fle,
Into the water scippe he wille,
1160 And so he schal him seluen spille ;

Bot it be foth that Y the telle,
With thine honden thou me aquelle.

The Iustife dede faunfail,
Al bi that childes confeyl,
He it aspide bi on hewe,
The childes tale he fond al trewe ;
And fetthen he legged hir fore,
The childes moder nas nought forlore,
And al quite he lete hir go,
1170 With outen pain with outen wo.
Setthen Blafy, thermite,
Merlin com to visite,
And halfed him, a Godes name,
That with outen harm and schame
He schuld him telle al the cas
How he euer bigeten was.
Merlin him telde ende and ord
Of his bigeteing, euery word,
And fetthen feyd to Blafy after,
1180 To kinges foure I worth maister ;
Hem I mot gete alle rade,
And thou schalt write her dade ;
Thou schalt write that Y fay,
Mani man for to averray.
There he teld of many a thing,
That Blafi made of writeing,

Bi was bok we vnder stond
Al that Merlin wrought in lond.

Tho Merlin was fif winter eld,
1190 He was michel, broun, and beld;
So we in boke finde come
His moder he dede make a nonne,
That Ihesu Crist with hert gent
Serued ay with gode entent.

On a day, as Ich you telle,
Tho ich thre fechers fnelle,
That were y-fent fram the king
To hauen of this child findeing,
Comen al thre bi cas
1200 Into the toun ther Merlin was.
Merlin in the strete tho pleyd,
And on of his felawes him trayd,
That him feyd loude to,
Foule schrewe, fram ous go,
Thou art al bigeten amis,
Thou noft who thi fader is,
Ac fome deuel, as Ich wene,
The bigat ous euer to tene.
Merlin feighe this, and vnder stode,
1210 Tho thre it were that fought his blod,

That tho riden ther forbi,
That of this child herden cri,
He feighe that ich his hors with drough;
Merlin fehoke his heued and lough.
He was of five winter eld,
And he fpac wordes fwith the beld:
Yuel the bi falle, thou coniouun,
Thou haft y-feyd to loude thi roun;
Ther cometh the kingis meffanger,
1220 That hath me fought al this yer,
For to hau min hert blod,
And it no may don him no gode;
Haft thai haue me to ften,
Ac bi that thai me with eighen fen,
Ther to worth hem no talent,
And gif thai deden thai weren fchent.
Meffangers to him gan terne,
And he ogaines hem fast gan erne,
And on hem Merlin lough for fothe,
1230 And feyd to hem, wel cometh bothe;
Now ye haue y-founden me,
That you was hoten for to fle,
Ar ye with me fpak aught,
Thus yo was bi hoten and taught,
My blod to haue to this werk,
That fchuld be fo ftrong fterk;
For mi blod, no worth it the bet,
Neuer more the bet y-fet;

Ichil proue leighers thai beth
 1240 That fo bispoken mi deth;
 Ac certes, gif Ich were ded,
 The king no worth ther of no red.

Seynt Marie, quath her on,
 Swiche wonder haue we herd of non!
 How woſtow that we it ben
 That the feche for to flen?
 And the kinges priuete?
 So yong thou art, telle it me.
 Merlin feyd, wele Y wot
 1250 The kinges confeyl eueri grot,
 And al that on erthe worth Y do,
 And al that ſchal be done ther to.
 This men hadde wonder gret,
 Him to fle it were vnnēt.
 The child feyd, nought me no fleth,
 For Y ſchal ſcheld you fram the deth.
 Bifor the king Ich you plight,
 And telle and ſchewe the fothe right,
 Why his werk mani nought ſtond,
 1260 And of the clerkes that ben in bond,
 Hou thai hau y-lowen on me,
 The king that fothe ſchal y-fe.
 Gif it your willes is,
 With you Ichill wende Y wis.
 Al thre thai ſpoken tho,
 Certes, child, we wil it be fo;

- Telle ous now what is thi name,
Other what winan was thi dame,
That we fe in witneſſing
1270 Of thi dede thou art fo ying.
Merlin anon he hem fede,
Cometh thider, ther leh you lede :
Mi moder ye ſchullen fe,
And with the ſothe finde me.
Ther he ledde hem bi heighe ſonne
To his moder, ther ſche was nonne,
That al that ſothe was bi knawe,
And euerich word hem told arawe,
Hou that child fram the Iuſtife
1280 Fram deth hir faued with wordes wife;
Of this ſche told hem, thus faunſayl,
The knightes hadden gret meruail,
And ſeththen, in gret quiet and pays,
He ledde hem to his Maiſter Blays,
That hem told, and wittnes bar
Of al thing that he feyd thar.
Merlin to Blaſi ther meeche feyd,
That Blaſi al in writt leyd ;
That night al the meſſangers,
1290 Thai bi leſten to the ſopers;
Amorwe, fo we ſeth in boke,
Al ſiue ther her leue toke,
Ac the nonne and ac Blays,
And went hem forth, wele at aife,

To ward the king ther he lay;
 So that thai comen on a day
 Thurch a toun was chepeing,
 And to felle mani a thing,
 Ther Merlin houed and lough stille,
 1300 And feighe hou men loued fchon to felle.
 The meflanger made anon asking
 Whi he made fwiche leigheing.
 Merlin feyd, no fe ye nought
 Newe fchon that man hath bought,
 And ftrong clout lether hem to clout,
 And fmere to fmere hem al about;
 He wenes to liue and hem tere,
 Ac, bi mi foule, Y you fwere
 His wreche liif he fchal forlate
 1310 Her he com to his owen gate.
 The meflangers herden this,
 And wonder hadde ther of Y wis,
 For fone ther after ward thai founde
 That man ded opon a flounde;
 Reft thai token that ich night,
 Amorwe her way thai went forth right,
 And comen bi a chirche yerd,
 And metten a bere to chirche werd;
 His bridel ther Merlin with drough,
 1320 And fwithe fchille and loude he lough.
 The meflangers bad him tho telle
 Whi it was he lough fo fnelle.

He sayd, he feighe wepe that schuld fing,
And fing that schuld make wepeing,
For the prest that fingeth thare
Bigat that child that lith on bare;
He ought for his sinne fori ben;
And the bond that ye yond fen,
That so loude and fore ginneth wepe,
1330 For blis he ought to fing and lepe,
For the prestes son is dead
That ever schuld haue don him qued.
To the moder thai gun gon,
And that sothe a token anon.
Alle the sothe sche gan hem say,
And bad hem nought hir bi wray,
For sche were than schent ay;
Verrament thai feyd nay.
Forth thai went in her way,
1340 Thider ward the king him lay;
So Ich you segge in mi rime,
Tho lough Merlin the thridde time;
Eft him asked al his fere
Whi he maked swiche chere:
Yis, he sayd, listen now,
The sothe Ichil tel you:
The quen, mi lordis wiif at hom,
Hath puruayd a wrongful dom;
Hir chaumberlain is a wiman,
1350 That goth in gife of a man,

For he is louely and of fair hewe,
Our quen, that is vntrewe,
And bad hir be her leman,
For she wend sche were a man.
This chaumberlain feyd, that he nold
Trefoun do for no gold ;
War thurch the quen pleint made
To mi lord the king, and fade
That thurch forth hir chaumberlain
1360 Wald haue hir for lain.

The king for this was fwithe wroth,
And wrathfulliche fwore his oth,
Gif Y may atake this wrong,
He worth to drawe and to hong.
Now wendeth to foru on of you,
And tel anon the king hou
Y haue you teld of the fals loue :
Bid him that he the sothe proue.
Forth him went a messanger
1370 Swiftlich on a gode deffrer ;
Til than he com to the king,
Made he no whar no targeing.
The king he fond in his halle ;
On this maner he gan him calle :
Hail thou be, king Fortiger,
And God the loke in thi power,

- Saue and kepe thi mighti hond !
 Whe hau went in to al this lond,
 To seeke a child bi heft thine,
 1380 Wiche men clepeth Merlin.
 Y wot he is now fiue yer eld,
 Wife of speche, of dede beld;
 He can telle al thing
 On erthe vnder heuen king,
 That is go, and now is,
 And michel that to comen is
 The ten clerkes on him lowe,
 Afor you he wil avowe;
 He wil you teche fwithel wel
 1390 What destourbes your castel,
 That it may stond on the pleyn,
 And also of your chamberlain
 That ye no schul fle no hong,
 For it were al with wrong
 To fle a woman for a man
 That mannes clothes hath opan;
 Bot ye him wiman finde
 Ye schuld him hong bi the winde.
 Fortiger awondred was,
 1400 And al tho that herd this cas.
 The chaumberleyn he of fent anon,
 That in strong prifoun was y-don;
 He was despuled fram heued to grounde
 Marked woman and maiden founde.

The king was wondred out of witt,
 And toke the messanger bi the flit,
 And feyd, telle me, gif you can,
 Who the teld fche was wiman.
 Child Merlin it gan ous fay,
 1410 As we went hider ward in our way,
 For he can telle and gabbe nought
 Of al thing that hath ben wrought.
 Than feyd Fortiger the bold,
 And it be fothe that thou me told,
 Ichil the giue lond and plough,
 And make thi felawes riche y-nough.
 He dede comand anon right
 Douke, erl, baroun, and knight,
 To dight her hors, and make hem yare,
 1420 With him ogain Merlin to fare,
 And when it was wele with in night,
 With Merlin he mett a-plight;
 And when the king with Merlin mett,
 Wel hendelich he him gret;
 And the king welcomed that child
 With fair wordes and with mild.
 Mani worde thai fpoken fone,
 That Y no haue nought of to done.
 No al figgen Y no may,
 1430 Thei Y fete al this day;
 Bot that longeth to this nede,
 Wel fchortliche Ich will me fpede.

Thai were at efe that ich night,
Amorwe thai went forth ful right,
And to the ftede gun ten,
Ther the castel schuld ben ;
And al he told ther the king
Of his bigete, of his bereing,
And whiche thinges he gan fay
1440 As he com bi the way.
Fortiger spac to Merlin :
Tel me now, fone mine,
Whi no man no may her founde
Castel here opou this grounde ?
And whi it is y-brought to nought
That is here o-day y-wrought ?
Merlin feyd, certes, fir king,
Therof nis no felcouthe thing.
Her vnder is a yerde depe,
1450 A water bothe swift and stepe ;
Vnder that water ligge stoues to,
Brod and long thai ben bo ;
Vnder tho stoues, both depe in mold,
To dragounes fast y-fold ;
That on is white fo milkes rem,
That other is red fo fer is lem :
With in thai brinneth bothe,
And beth togider swithe wrothe.
When the sonne is down euery night,
1460 Togider thai fond for to fight ;

And thurch the strengthe of her blast,
 Al thi werk is down y-caft.
 That Iche the fay now it ferche,
 And than mow thi werk men werche ;
 Castel and tour after thi wille,
 Thai mow stond long stille.
 The king was wondred of this cas,
 And al that euer mid him was.
 Werkmen he dede anon

1470 Thider feche mani on,
 That ther doluen in the grounde,
 And fone ther after a water founde,
 In whiche fone, vnder hem alle,
 Thai maden to thicke walles ;
 The water vp loden tho,
 Alway bi to and to ;
 Tho thai comen to the grounde,
 To stonnes thicke thai founde,
 That water, bothe long and brode,
 1480 Hem bitven a gret schode,
 Of grauel and erthe al fo,
 That hem hadde schifted ato.
 Mani on for sothe ther were,
 Tho to stonnes for to arere ;
 Tho the stonnes weren y-went,
 To dragouns ther layen y-bent ;
 The tail vnder hem fel feld,
 As fo Merlin hadde y-teld.

That on was rede fo the fer,
1490 The eighen fo a bacine cler,
Euerich powe a span long,
The fer out of his mothe fprong,
His tail was bothe long and gret,
A gattlich beft he was to mete;
He hadde a bodi as a whal.
That other dragoun was al
Nought fo michel fo the rede,
And clowes he hadde qued,
Hoked tail and mouthe wide,
1500 Tong fo a brenand glede,
A rugged taile fo a fende,
And an heued at the nede.
Bothe thai gun arife;
Al that hem feighe gun agrife;
Ther nas noither king no erl,
Baroun, knight, fre, no cherl,
That ther durft abide leng,
Alle thai floun on a reng;
No man nome yeme who ther was he,
1510 Ac ich to fore other gan fle;
The dragouns arifen of her den,
And no folwed neuer on the men;
Ac togider, finiten anon,
Swiche batayl nas neuer non.
Thai keft fer on fwiche maner,
As al the cuntre wer a fer;

With mouthe, with clowes, and with tayl.
Ther thai maden a gret batail;
The erthe quaked vnder hem tho,
1520 The weder chaunged abouen also ;
Thai biten and fmiten, and fer cast.
Thai fellen and rifen, and foughten fast ;
Almeft a day this fighting
Laft with ouden ani refting;
And tho this more rede dragoun
Drof this white fer adoun.
Til thai com in to a valaye,
And ther thai gun to reft baye,
Ich vnderftond, fo long a while,
1530 While men might gon a mile.
The white there arered might,
And gan eft with the rede fight ;
And the rede he drof ogain.
Til thai com to the playn ;
The white dragoun with main
The rede drof, that men it fayn,
And the rede adoun cast,
That with ftrengethe of his blaft
The white brent than rede,
1540 That of him nas founden a fehrede :
Bot duft for fothe, Ich faye,
And the white fleighe oway ;
Nift neuer fetlitben man,
Whider wardes he bicam.

Alle that euer feighe this,
Wonder hadde gret, Y wis,
Of the dragouns that foughten tho,
And of child Merlin also,
That he couthe fo priuie thing
1550 Sothe schewen to the king.

Tho spak Merlin to Fortiger,
Sir, thou fest this thing is cler
That Ich haue y-schewed the ;
The clerkes do bring bifor me
Thai to the, mi lord the king,
On me lowe fwiche lesing,
And Y schal aken hem whare fore
Mi blod thai wold haue forlore.
Certes, quath King Fortiger,
1560 It schal be don withouten danger ;
Y schal the don after mi might,
Al thi wille, and that is right.
The king anon, with his men,
Sent after this clerkes ten.
Tho thai com bifor Merlin,
He asked hem al on Latyn,
Thurch wiche thing thai vnder stode,
That thurch the vertu of his blode,
The kinges castel schuld on haft
1570 Haue ben gode and stedefast.

The clerkes spoken to the child,
Dradefullich, with wordes milde :
We feighen, he feyd, her aboue,
Ouer ous a fky houe,
That ous fehewed the bigate
Of fw[iche] a thing on erthe late,
Thurch was blod the caffel
Schuld stond fair and wel;
This we wenden verrament,
1580 Do with ous al thi talent.
Ow, quath Merlin, fikerlike.
Now ye fen ye ben bifwike ;
The fky that you fehewed that,
It was the fader that me bigat ;
For he me hadde nought to his wille,
Thurch you he wald do me fpille.
Ac for he hath bifwike you,
Y pray mi lord the king nov,
That he graunt you to liue,
1590 For al this gilt Y you forgiue.
The king it al hem graunted rathe,
And hye him al merci quathe.

Tho the king and child Merlin,
And euerich, went vnto his in.
Merlin, bileft with Fortiger,
Ich vnder stond al that yere,

- Bi whos confeyl, and rede and witt,
The castel was maked in a fit,
Heighe and strong, of trewe and ston,
1600 Swiche nas in this lond non.
Tho the castel was y-made,
Men geue the king fone rade,
That he schuld at Merlin wite
Whi the dragouns batail fmite:
It bitokneth, thai feyden alle,
Sum tokening ther after schuld falle.
Merlin com to for the king,
And al thai asked him of that thing,
Whi the dragouns togider fought.
1610 It bitokned sum what hem thought.
Merlin made sumdel danger,
And tho bispac him Fortiger:
Merlin, bot thou it me telle,
Ichil the do anon quelle.
Quath Merlin, Y figge aplight,
Gif thou me slough it were vnri gt.
Ac ther thou haddeft nome an bond,
Me to sle or don in lond,
Thou mightest fayle verrament.
1620 So doth mani of his talent:
For certes, fir Fortiger.
Y no giue nought of thi power:
Ac gif thou wilt finde me borwes,
That thou no schalt me waite forwe.

Y wil the telle, and no thing lyghe,
What the dragouns signifie:
That gentil folk, and eke the king,
Awondred of his anfwering.

The king fwore upon a boke.
1630 That he nold him neuer harm loke,
And feththen he fond him fikerliche.
To borwe too doukes rieche.
Tho him fpac an heye Merlin.
Now herken, king, to tale min:
The red dragoun, fo ftrong in fight,
Bitokneth the and al thi might.
Whiche thou haft procourd fro fer,
The ded of Moyne, the right air.
That the rede the white drof
1640 To a valay bi fide a grof,
Token thou haft made flem
The right aires out of the rem.
In cite, toun, and in feld,
And al the men that with hem heid.
The white dragoun signifie
The right air that bath envie
To the that heldeth al his lond,
With gret wrong, vnder thine hond.
That he fleighe in to the valaye.
1650 And recouerd, might Y fay,

Bitokneth the air, the fe byounde,
 That hath gret focour y-founde,
 And is hiderward, with mani knight,
 Dight ogaines the to fight.
 That the white drof ogain
 The red* right to the plain,
 And him there adoun caft,
 And al to fruft him with his blaft.
 Bitokneth the air of this lond,
 1660 That fehal the keuer in to his hond,
 And in to thi caftel driue,
 With thine children and thi wiue.
 And mani noble of thine mene,
 He fehal with the ther in brenne.
 The tayle of the dragoun rede,
 That is fo long and fo vnrede.
 Signifieth the wicke ftren
 That fehal com out of thi kin.
 And of thi wiues fader, Angys.
 1670 That fehal be ded and lefen his priis ;
 His kin, and eke thin,
 Schal don wo to Bretouns kin.
 The heued of the white tayle
 Signifieth gret confeyle,
 That fehul held with the kinges blod,
 Of the gentil men and gode.
 Sir, for fothe this is the tokening
 Of the dragouns fighting.

* *White* in MS.

Puruay the now, Ich the rede,
 1680 Ther is comen gret ferrede.
 Tho agros, fir Fortiger
 Bot his lippe, and hong his cher,
 And to Merlin feyd anon,
 Thou most ous teche hou to don.
 Ogaines our fomen for to ware,
 Other of thi liif thou art al bare.
 Anon thai wold him hau y-nome,
 Ac thai nift where he was bi come.
 The king, and his folk al fo.
 1690 Therefore made michel wo.
 Thai him fought, and nought him founde.
 He was oway in a flounde
 Vnto his maister Blafy,
 And ther he told him fikerly
 Of the dragouns, rede and white;
 And Blafy dede it al in write.
 He told him of the rede dragoun,
 Swithe michel confusyou,
 Of him and of his fals flren.
 1700 In Ingland that schuld ben;
 Mani fori chaunce and hard,
 That sone ther fel ther afterward;
 Sum fel now late al fo,
 And sum beth nought yete ago:
 For it is alle thefter thing,
 Nil Ich make therof no telling;

Ac forth Ichil with mi tale,
Liflneth now gret and fmale.

Miri time it is in May,
1720 Than wexeth along the day,
Floures schewen her borioun,
Miri it is in feld and toun,
Foules miri in wode gredeth,
Damifels carols ledeth :
A baroun com to Fortiger,
Ther he fat at his diner,
And feyd, allas, mi lord the king,
Y figge the an hard tiding :
Orpedlich thou the bi ftere,
1730 And thi lond thou fond to were ;
Vter Pendragoun, and mani another,
And Aurilibrofias, his brother,
Pople bothe gret and fmale
With hem is comen with outhen tale.
At Wincheſter thai ben almoſt ;
Sir, thine help now on haſt ;
Socour about now after fende,
Thai ben here neighe at thine hende,
Thai thou mighteſt ogain hem fight
1740 And hem to fle anon down right.

Vp him ſtirt fir Fortiger,
And of cleped his chaunceler,

That letters fele him made, Y wis,
 Vnto his eld fader, fir Angys,
 To erls, doukes, and to knightes,
 That were of fwith the gret mightes ;
 The buriays of Wincheſter he gret,
 And bad thai ſchuld the gates ſchet,
 And helden wele her leuté,
 1750 And to him loke that cité,
 Gif thai wold his loue winne,
 That his ſon no com ther inne ;
 And feyd he wald hem com to
 As fwith as he might it do.
 To Fortiger thai comen anon.
 Erls, barons euerichon ;
 Angys, his eld fader, cam,
 And with him wel mani a man,
 Amirayls and doukes heighe,
 1760 That in batayl were fleighe ;
 Mani thouſand ther were bi tale,
 Bothe of gret and of ſmale ;
 Tho thai togider weren y-come,
 Her confeyl was ſone y-nome,
 With outen let forth to wende,
 Her fomen for to ſchende,
 That thai no entred in the lond,
 Harm to don other ſchond.

Vp thai liſt gomfaynoun,
 1770 And went to Wincheſter toun.

Vter Pendragoun, and his ferrede,
 To Wincheſter thai gun ſpede,
 With fo michel pople of men,
 That thai wregghen down and den,
 That come bothe bi water and lond,
 For to winnen Ingland.

Thai vndede her gomfaynoun,
 With a bright glider and lyoun,
 That her faders hadde y-ben

1780 The buriays it gun y-fen:
 The gomfaynoun fone thai knewe;
 Conſtaunce ded tho gun hem rewe
 That hadde her noble lord y-ben,
 And Moynes ded that was his ſtren,
 And wiſt wele that king with wrong,
 Sir Fortiger hadde ben long,
 That curſed was in liif and dede,
 And al that held his f[e]rrede.
 Ther thai ſpoken him bitvene,

1790 For liif, for dede, no for tene;
 And thei thai alle hong ſchold
 With Fortiger be thai nold,
 And turned them all bi on acord,
 To Vter Pendragoun, her lord;
 The gates al thai deden vp wide,
 And lete al the folk in ride;
 Hem, and al her ferrade,
 Thai welcomed with chere glade,

And hem deluered the toun als snel,
1800 And hem felue and the castel:
What thurch thanke and frende gret,
Thai wonnen ther that hem was net.
Fortiger, that comend was,
Sone was told him that cas;
He was neighe wode out of wit,
And feyd it schuld him iuel at fit;
Swithe he heighed with al his men,
And Vterpendragoun hem ogen,
And desplayd his gomfaynoun
1810 A litel without Wincheſter toun,
That ich other folk y-feyghe,
Thai were neighed fo [nei]ghe;
Of this lond baroun and knight
Of the lyoun hadden a fight,
King Conſtaunce that hadde y-ben,
And Vterpendragoun was his ſtren,
Anon turned her mode
To Vterpendragounes right blod.
Ther was thouſandes mani on,
1820 Open Fortiger thai turned anon,
And feyd to him, wicke traytour,
Thou ſchald abigge thine errour.
Fortiger his ſwerd out drough,
And mani of hem ther he ſlough;
With gret ire thai run him on
For he hem wende al his men;

Ac ogain him thai were al went,
Where thurch he was al y-fhent.
Fortiger was noble knight,
1830 He faught and flough adoun right ;
To his help ther com Angys,
With mani farrazin of priis,
That wife wordes couthe speke,
Stedes prike, and launces breke ;
The barouns thai bifett anon,
For to fle hem euerichon.
Ther was a baroun, a noble man,
That brac hem al fram ;
He dede his ftede swithe gon,
1840 Til he com to Vterpendragon,
And feyd, welcome, air of this lond,
No duelle her nought for Cristes hond,
For loue of thi fader fre,
And for drede eke of the,
The barouns ben to the went,
And for thi loue al mest y-fhent ;
For Fortiger, and eke Angys,
Hem hau al bi-token Y wis,
And thenke hem fle to grounde,
1850 Gif thou duellest ani ffounde.
Owe, quath Vterpendragoun, bi God aboue,
Now Y fechal fe who me wil loue,
No fechal Ich neuer worth blithe,
Bot giue ye al heighen fwithe.

Princes, doukes, erl, and knight,
Priked her stedes aright.
It was no nede hem to haft;
Ac fo quarel of alblaft,
Thai flowen thider right anon,
1860 With her lord Vterpendragon.
Ther was fone, verrament,
Gouen mani noble dent;
Schaft to broken, and fwerd y-drawe.
Mani noble knight y-flawe;
And ther faught Sir Vterpendragon,
Faught ther as a wode lyoun;
And his brother nought forgat,
He layd on mani a fori flat;
Sum he cleue to the bacin,
1870 Til that he com to the chin;
He hadde of fome fone y-weued,
Fram the nek bon y-reued.
Ther was flayen mani men,
Sum on hille and fum in den.
Ac thei Fortiger were gode knight,
And wele him couthe helpin in fight,
Thurch the barouns of the lond,
And other men nighti of hond,
He was there y-driuen fo neighe,
1880 With his men oway he fleighe,
Vnto his newe castel y-made,
Of whom Ich to forn fade.

Aurilifbrofias ther anon,
 And his brother Vterpendragon,
 There hem wroken fwith wel,
 With her brondes of ful gode fliel;
 Mani hundred of farrazin
 Thai fent ther to helle pine.
 Tho Angys al this fleighter feighe,
 1890 With al his might anon he fleighe,
 Into a caftel of lime and fton,
 That man no might him dery non
 That bihinde was y-founde
 Anon was y-brought to grounde.
 Than Vterpendragoun there
 Folwed after Fortiger.
 Tho thai to the caftel gates come,
 Wilde fer anon thai nome,
 Opon the gates thai keften it,
 1900 And hem brend in litel fit.
 Fortiger, and wiif and child,
 Brent ther in that fer wild;
 And al that ther was y-founde
 Was y-brent into the grounde.
 Men feyt gere and other to,
 Wrong wil and hond go,
 And euer at the nende
 Wrong wil wende.
 Thus ended Sir Fortiger.
 1910 That mifbileued a fewe yer;

Thei he wer strong of might,
To nought him brought his vnright.
Sir Vterpendragoun,
With his folk, went anon
For to bisege the king Angis,
Ac in a castel he lay of priis,
That with no fin, Y you plight,
No man ther in com might;
Al fo thai in the sege lay,
1920 Fiue barouns com on a day,
That hadde ben with Fortiger,
And feyd to Vterpendragoun ther,
Al hou Merlin was y-bore,
And hou messangers him yede fore;
Hou he was brought bifor the king,
And hou he couthe tellen al thing;
Hou the dragouns, vnder mold,
Ben the kinges deth it fchold;
And hou Fortiger him wold haue nome,
1930 Ac he nift where he was bicom; e
And feyd, Sir, verrament
Gif he were here in present,
Bi his confeyl ye schuld anon
Angys ouer comen and flon.
Herof awondred Vterpendragon,
And sent messangers anon
For to finde Merlin swithe;
Thai wenten forth with chere blithe.

On a day this meflanger
1940 Sett hem alle to the diner,
A begger ther com in,
With a long berd on his chin;
A flaf in his hond he hadde,
And fchon on his fet badde;
With his fcholder he gan roue,
And bad gode, for Godes loue.
Thai feyd he fchuld nought haue
Bot ftrokes and bifmare.
The eld man feyd anon,
1950 Ye be nice, euerichon,
That fitten here and fcorn me,
In the kinges nedes that fchuld be,
For to find Merlin child;
The barouns ben witles and wilde,
That fenten men him feche
That nought no couthe knoweleche;
To day he bath you oft mett,
No ye knewe him neuer the bet;
Wendeth hom, bi mi rede,
1960 For him to finde no fchul ye fpede;
Biddeth him, and the barouns fiue
Thai comen, and fpeke to him blue;
And figgeth, Merlin wil hem abide
In the foreft here bifide.
Tho he hadde feyd hem this,
Thai niſt where he bicom Y wis.

Thus telleth the letters blak,
 It was Merlin with hem fpak,
 The meflangers were abobbed tho,
 1970 Thai niften what thai mighten do.
 Hom thai went anon right,
 And to the prince thai told ther fight:
 Vterpendragoun had meruaile,
 And all that herden it faunfaile;
 Thai hadden wille, and talent fin,
 To fen and fpeke with Merlin.
 He bad Aurilifbrofias gent
 To the fege take entent,
 That Angys no might oway
 1980 Nother bi night no bi day,
 Ar he war of him awreke;
 For he wald with Merlin fpeke.
 Aurilifbrofias bileft stille
 To kepe Angys in the caftil;
 And Sir Vterpendragon,
 To the foreft went anon,
 Where that Merlin dede him fe
 In o day in thre ble;
 In o day an hogges herd,
 1990 That the prin[c]e the way lerd;
 And eft a chapman that bar his pac,
 And long with the prin[c]e fpac,
 And feyd of Merlin openliche
 He wald him telle newe neweliche;

And afterward a fair fwain,
 That the king com ogain,
 And feyd him that ich night
 He schuld of Merlin hau a fight.

Tho it was wel fer in night,
 2000 Merlin com to him Y plight,
 In the gife of a fwain,
 That he hadde arft y-fain,
 And feyd, fo we find in boke,
 To the prince, God the loke!
 Icham Merlin fene fire,
 With whom to speke thou haft desire.
 Vp flirt Vterpendragon,
 And bi clept Merlin anon,
 And bad he schuld with him bilaue,
 2010 And al his wille he schuld haue.
 Merlin feyd were fo he ware,
 To his wil he war all yare.
 Merlin teld him in that cas,
 Y com fram Aurilifbrofias.
 Bi mi confeyl, he hath this night,
 Angys flain, Y the plight.
 Vterpendragon made joie than,
 So doth the foule when it dawy gan;
 Al that ther was fo made blis,
 2020 And amorwe went home Y wis,

And founden Angys y-flawe,
 His beued vp fet his bodi to drawe.
 Al his folk fo was felilt,
 And neuer on ther nas fpilt.
 Sir Vterpendragon there,
 Asked Aurilifbrofias hou it were.
 Certes, feyd Aurilifbrofias, tonight
 A fwain com to me ful right,
 And haftiliche warned me
 2030 That Angys com me to fle;
 Vp Ich ftirt and him met,
 And to the grounde Ichim flet;
 Y not who him on brought,
 No what deuel he here fought,
 Ac with mi fword fcharp of egge,
 His liif Y dede him there legge.
 Tho fpac Vterpendragon,
 To his brother fwithe anon;
 Brother, he feyd, that was Merlin,
 2040 That fo the halp in nede thin,
 That here ftout now bi me;
 And he him thonked with hert fre,
 And proferd him al his thing
 To be vnder his yemeing.
 Al fo thai fpac with Merlin,
 A bod com fram the farrazin,
 Thai wold yeld the caftel,
 Gif thai moften wenden wel

To her lond withouten dere ;
 2050 Merlin gaf him answere,
 That thai schuld wende anon,
 Bi the princes leue ichon.
 And fo thai deden bi Godes fond,
 Alle thai wenten to her lond ;
 And alle the lond tho com anou,
 And maked her oth to Vterpendragon.
 And tho the oth was y-made
 Bi comoun dome bi comoun rade,
 Vterpendragon coroun nam,
 2060 And king of Ingland bicam.
 The fest of the coronument
 In Winchester was verrament,
 And held it full feuen night,
 The fest noble a plight.
 Ac Ich you telle that Merlin
 To Aurilifrosias hadde hert fin,
 And loued better his litel to,
 Than al that other bodi tho.
 Ac Ich you telle natheles,
 2070 A fwithe gode knight he wes ;
 He forfoke scheld no spere
 Neuer ogaines knight to bere.
 With fwerd he couthe kerue wel,
 Bothe in yren and in stiel.
 Ac for fothe afterward
 Vp him com a chaunce hard

Of Danmark farrazins,
 That were of Angys lins,
 That hem fought gret helping
 2080 About hem of mani king,
 So michel pople with hem com,
 That it no might telle no man;
 With fele schippes and gret y-nowe,
 Vp thai comen at Bristowe.
 Merlin this wist anon,
 And feyd to Vterpendragon,
 And to his brother al fo,
 And teld to hem bothe to,
 Y you telle faunfayle,
 2090 Vp yon is comen a strong batayle
 Of Sarrazins of michel prifs
 For to awreke the douke Angys,
 In this lond bi our day,
 So michel folk was neuer Y fay;
 Ac your on with oudenles,
 Worth y-flawe in that pres.
 Ac Ich you telle who fo it is,
 Schal wende in to heuen blis;
 Ther fore no forth no maketh,
 2100 Ac gode hert to you taketh.

Your folk departeth atvo,
 Ogaines hem ye gin to go;

Vterpendragon hem schal afayle,
On the lond half faunfayle.
Aurilibrofias Y telle the,
Thou schalt wende bi the fe,
And ther thou conteyn fo
That thou hem wirche dethes wo;
For no thing he nold fay,
2110 Whiche of hem schuld day.
As he hem bad thai deden fo,
Her folk departed atvo;
Vterpendragon with mani man
Anon the Sarrazins yede ogan,
And al so fone so he hem mett
With fwerd and launce he hem gret;
Mani hathen ther was forfoth,
The heued cleued to the toth,
The nekbou daffed atvo,
2120 The arm the bodi smiten fro,
With fwerd the body atvo y-dast,
The bodi out of the fadel cast.
The boke it feyt nought Y nolye,
Ther was don swiche chevalrie,
That no tong telle no might
The haluendel with tale right.
Aurilibrofias to the fe went,
To whom Merlin hadde gode talent.

Merlin sent than anon,
2130 To fir Vterpendragon,

And bad him orpedliche he schuld kethie,
For he no schuld there tholy dethe.
Tho Vterpendragon herd this,
His hert bicomme ful of blis,
With wretthe and with talent fin,
He smot opon a Sarrazin;
He and all his felawered,
Ther thai deden noble dede.
Al that euer wald ariue,

2140 Thai binomen day oliue;
Vterpendragon so hard hem held,
That thai with strengthe lete the feld,
And Aurilifbrofias hem held so hard
That he hem brought ogan ward,
And tho thai noure fle might,
With Aurilifbrofias thai gun fight,
And so fele about him were,
His liif thai binomen him there.
Ac tho Vterpendragon vnder stode
2150 His brother deth he wex ner wode.
Tho he bifought his donkes fight,
And him bestired tho as a knight,
That of thritti thousand and mo
No lete thai fwe oway go.
Of our wer flawe than anon
Thre thousand and ten and on;
Thre mile wayes other to,
No might no man step no go,

Noither on hille no in den,
 2160 Bot he stēped on ded men.
 The blod ouer ran the cuntraye,
 Ouer al in the valaye.
 So it fel to the night
 Vterpendragon com fram the fight,
 Doukes, kinges and barouns,
 Orped squiers and garfouns,
 Hom went to her in.
 Bi rede amorwe of Merlin,
 Aurilifbrofias out thai fought,
 2170 And richelich in erthe him brought.
 Than he was helden a douhti knight,
 And ful wele held his lond to right.
 Here he liued feththen yeres fele,
 In miche pride and gret wele,
 Fer and neighe wide and side,
 His fomen durst him nought abide,
 Bi Merlins red euer he wrought,
 That into gret power him brought;
 He ouer com king Claudas
 2180 That so strong and stern was,
 Thurch his might also he wan
 The douhti king Harman,
 And of him he hadde first Gafcoyne,
 And Normondye, and Boloynes,
 And al the marche to Paito,
 And Chaumpeine and eke Ango.

This ich king Harman
To wiue had a fair wiman,
Sche hight Ygerne with outen no,
2190 The fairest lif that liued tho ;
The douke Hoel of Cornewaile
Spoufed hir after him faunfayl ;
Thurch whom feththen his liif he les,
Ye fchul feththen here in pes.

Yete hadde Vterpendragon
Wonne to him the king Ban,
And Bohort his brother alfo ;
Better bodies no might non go.
King Ban hadde to his demeyne,
2200 The cite of Beuoit of lasse Breteyne,
With cites and borwes, castels and pleyus ;
And Bohort hadde the cite of Gaines,
With al the right that longed ther to,
And thus thai hadde fchift atvo.

And afterward with outen fable,
Our king began the Rounde Table ;
That was thurch Merlines heft,
Of knightes that men wist best
In this world thurch out
2210 That table should fitte about ;
At that table non fitt might
Bot he were noble and douhti knight,

Strong and hende, hardi and wife,
Certes and trewe with outen feyntife:
Her non other schuld faile,
No neuer fle out of bataile
Whiles he on fot stond might.
Bot gif hem departed the night,
At bataile and at bord also,
2220 Bi hem felue thai schuld go,
So monkes don in hir celle.
Bi hem felue thai eten, Ich telle:
Wher wer were aldermaft,
Thai were thider sent on haft.
This table gan Vter the wight,
Ac it to ende haue he no might,
For thei alle the knightes vnder our lord.
Hadde y-fiten at that bord,
Knight bi knight Ich you telle,
2230 The table no might nought ful fille,
Til he wer born that schuld do al,
Fulfille the meruails of the greal.

It was opou the pentecost,
In time that the holy goft
Among the tvelue apostles cam,
So spare of fer and in hem ran,
Our king Vterpendragon,
Lete bede wel mani a man,

Doukes, knightes, erls, and king,
 2240 To Cardoil to his geftening,
 Swiche was his won a-plight,
 To helden full feuen night;
 And euerich with him schuld bring
 His leuedi to that geftening.
 Fram Kent to North Humber lond,
 Fram Wales and fram Scotlond,
 Baroun, erl, douke, and knight,
 To that feft com aplight.

In that time was ded Hoel,
 2250 And the noble baroun Tintagel,
 That was douke of Cornwayle,
 Hadde spoufed Ygerne faunfaile,
 That fair wiman, that fwete liif,
 That hadde ben Holes wiif:
 Thefe to Cardoil bothe come,
 Men hem bi the hond y-nome,
 And ledden hem bifer the king.
 He made hem fair welcoming,
 Ac thō he feighe that leuedi bright
 2260 His hert was chaunged aplight.
 He was nomen with loue las,
 That he no wift were he was.
 Natheles Ygerne anon,
 Was with leuedis to chaumber gon,

Whar fche was for hir beaute,
 Fair onourd in leaute.
 The king the douke fett aboue
 Toform al other for her loue,
 Alder next his fide he fat,
 2270 And of his difche and plater at.
 This ich douke Tintagel
 Hadde a boteler, hight Bretel,
 That him ferued day and night,
 At his bord fo it was right.
 Ygerne hadde a chaumberlains,
 A gentilman that hight Iurdains.
 The king at his mete fat,
 Michel he thought and litel he at,
 He tok a coupe in his hond
 2280 That was worth a fchire of lond,
 And feyd, Bretel, thou com me ner,
 This to Ygerne thi leuedi ber,
 Bid hir drink this licour,
 And do the coupe in hir trefour.
 Bretel tok the cup anon,
 Bifor his leuedi he gan gon;
 On his knewe he him fett,
 And on the kinges halue hir gret,
 And feyd, dame, the king the fent,
 2290 And drinketh to the a fair prefont;
 To the he drinketh this licour,
 The coupe he geueth to thi trefour.

Wel fore gan this present rewe,
Dam Ygerne, that leuedi trewe ;
Sche feyd, go ogain anon
To the king Vterpendragon,
Say, Y nil it take at o word,
Withouten leue of mi lord,
That Ich this present vnder fong,
2300 Gif Ich dede it were wrong.
Bretel went ogain anon,
And feyd to Vterpendragon :
Tho he hadde it y-feyd,
'The king fore was amayd ;
Ac after sche it nam on halt,
'Thurch hir owen lordes heit :
Ulfin ther of was messanger,
He was the kinges confeyler.
Vmethe sche it nim wold,
2310 Ac tho sche algat felhold,
'Swithe fore sche gan to wepe ;
Wonder nem thought that bi hir fete.
Tho alle the clothes weren y-drawe,
After mete, so it was lawe.
'The king gaue fair giftes
To donk, baroun, and to knigites,
Ac non no had swiche samfaile,
So the douke of Cornwaile.
For the loue of Ygerne,
2320 In whas loue he dede berie.

- Anon after tho leuedis alle
Were of fent into the halle,
The king toke Ygerne bi the hond,
The faireſt leuedi of this lond,
And fett hir bi him on the benche,
Win and piment he dede ſenche.
Other kinges and donkes heighe
Token other leuedis fleighe,
Togider hem fet and made ſolas.
2330 The king biſfought Ygerne of gras,
That ſcho ſchold ben his leſ;
The leuedi ſeyd, Inam no thef
To broke mi treuthe ogain mi lord,
Rather Ich wald hing bi a cord,
No ſchal Y neuer, for loue no gift,
With mi bodi don vnright:
Other wiſe for no preier,
The king nold ſche y-here.
The king ſpac no more tho,
2340 Sum wat elles he thought to do;
Tho thai were al at aife,
Ich went to his in apaife;
Ac Ich you telle tho at arſt,
The king neighe for loue braſt;
Ac no man niſt of his pin,
Bot his confeyder Vlſin,
That bad him nought care beginne,
He ſchuld wele hir loue winne.

Tintagel and eke Ygerne
2350 To her in went ful yerne ;
The leuedi toke than the knight,
And in to a chaumber went ful right ;
To forni him aknewes fche fel,
And feyd, lord, gif it be thi wille
That thou wost hennes wende,
The king is about me to fchende,
The worthfchip that he doth to the
Al is for to fchende me.
He hath me of vilanie bifought,
2360 Me to aforce is in his thought.
Tho the douke this vnder ftoode.
For wretthe he wer neighe wode,
He hadde in toun .v. hundred knightes,
He hem of fent anon rightes,
And told hem this vilanie,
And feyd, he wold hom anheighe :
He bad hem troffe and make yare,
Ar day he wold ward fare ;
For he hadde leuer dye in fight
2370 Than fchond tholi and vnright.
His knightes to him geuen afent,
And troffed fwith the verrament :
Bi that it was light o-day
Thai weren al y-went o-way,
The douke, the leuedi, and his knight.
The king feye the day light,

That night he hadde litel y-flape;
He flirt vp al in rape,
His chamberlain him com to,
2380 His clothes on for to do;
Tho he was clothed he com adoun,
Sikeende and romende vp and doun.
Afterward com in anon,
Barouns and leuedis mani on;
To chirche thai yede more and laffe,
For to heren ther her messe,
Ac al thai lokel fwith yerne,
After Tintagel and Ygerne.
Tho the messe was y-fonge,
2390 The king spae with his tonge,
Where is the douke Tintagel?
Icham adrad him is not wel.
Certes, fir, quath a knight,
He is went homward to-night,
With wiif and knightes to his lond.
Cye, quath the king, that is me schond,
Thef! he hath broken mi statout!
He schal abigge with outen dout.
His statout was and his lawe,
2400 That non no schuld in feuen dawe,
That were of priis other of noblay,
Fram that fest wende oway,
Bot it were bi the kinges wille,
And who so dede he schuld spille.

Tho the king vnder flode
 The douke y-went, he was neighe wode.
 Of that despite pleynt he made,
 And to his folk fetthen he fade,
 That he was digne to dye anon,
 2410 That fwiche despite hadde y-don.
 The king him dight in aflounde,
 And the knightes of the table rounde,
 The noblest men that were oliue,
 And riche kinges two and sue,
 Noble kinges .vii. of this lond
 Al wonnen vnder his hond,
 With mani erl, baroun, and knight,
 Armed went anon right,
 The douke Tintagel to nime,
 2420 So the kinges with her wine.
 Ac the douke Tintagel
 This bifore wift it wel ;
 He hadde sent fer and neighe
 After frendes and fonders fleighe :
 Fiftene thoufand knightes hende,
 That schuld his lond helpe to defende.
 Natheles ogain the king,
 Thai no hadde power in fighting ;
 At cite, borwe, and castel,
 2430 Thai were affored fwithel wel.

The king com with his barnage,
 And tounes brent in gret rage ;

He bilay him fwithe long,
And men flough it was with wrong.
The douke himfelue, Tintagel,
Lay in a fwithe strong caſtel.
Our king Vterpendragon
Him afailed and ek his men,
With heweing and with mineinge,
2440 And with mangunels caſteinge.
Ac Tintagel, that hende knight,
His caſtel wered wele aflight.
And thennes ouer miles thre,
Lay Ygerne fo fair and fre,
In a caſtel of roche of ſton,
Man no might hir dery non.
Jurdains and eke Bretel,
Bothe were with Tintagel,
And al that might armes bere,
2450 To helpen him his caſtel to were.
The king him hadde wel long y-lay,
And was full of wretthe and tray,
That him no might him nim anon,
And fike he was in euerich bon
For loue of the cuntaſſe,
Gode he no couthe more no laſſe.
On a day it bifel fo,
Vterpendragon was fwithe wo;
Vlſin he tok his chaumberlain,
2460 And went to plaien him on the plain

An beggere there he mett,
 That the king wel fair gret,
 For Godes loue that bad him gode.
 The king anfwerd with dreri mode,
 Beggere, he feyd, fo mot Y liue,
 Y no haue here nought the to giue.
 Sir, quath the beggere, tho,
 Tel me than of thi wo,
 Whi thou makest fwiche chere?

2470 The king feyd, Vlfin, no mightow here
 Of this begger apoffeing
 That dar fo speke to a king?
 Vlfin the begger biheld on,
 And him knewe wel fone anon
 Bi his femblaunt and winking,
 That he made opon the king;
 And feyd, fir, parmafay,
 This is a begger of noblay,
 Thou might be ther of ful fawe,
 2480 It is Merlin that thou fchalt knawe.
 His femblaunt turned anon Merlin,
 The king tho hadde joie fin;
 Of his hors fone he light,
 And kift Merlin anon right,
 So dede Vlfin alfo,
 Michel ioie he made tho.
 Merlin feyd to the king,
 Al Y knowe thi glosing,

Y wot thou loueft paramour
 2490 Ygerne that fwete flour ;
 What wiltow geue me ar tomorwe
 Y fehal the lefe out of thi forwe ?
 Merlin, quath tho the king,
 Help me now in this thing,
 And thou fehalt haue whatow wilt yerne,
 To me to haue fwete Ygerne.
 Wiltow me giue, quath Merlin,
 Al the bigete that fehal be thine,
 And thou hir haue ar day ?
 2500 Ya, quath the king, parmafay.
 Now, quath Merlin, thi pais thou held,
 And ar day thou fehalt hir weld.
 The king was fwithe blithe tho,
 To his pauloun he gan go :
 At the foper thai were glade,
 Michel ioie and mirthe thai made.
 Ar it day were Merlin hete
 The kinges men arme hem fketete,
 And bifett that caftel,
 2510 Where the douke was, Tintagel ;
 And taught hem gin and eke way,
 The caftel to win ar ani day.
 Thai went al to this afailing,
 Bot Vlin, and Merlin, and the king,
 At hom bileued and bifpake,
 Hou thai might of loue take.

Merlin bad Vlfin and the king
 Riden with him withouten duelling.
 So thai deden and riden yerne
 2520 Toward the caftel ther was Ygerne.
 Tho thai the caftel were neighe,
 Merlin kidde that he was fleighe,
 Herbes he fought and fond,
 And gnidded hem bitvix his hond.
 The king he fmerd viis and liche,
 And made the king Tintagel liche.
 Him feluen he made like Iurdains,
 That was the lordes chaumberlains;
 Vlfin he made liche Bretel,
 2530 And went tho to the caftel:
 On the gate loude thai bete,
 Seriaunce com and hem in lete.
 Thai wende it were her feynour,
 And ladde him in with gret honour,
 For fwich was cloth bodi and fas,
 To hir chaumber he nam his pas.
 Tho king yede after tho wel fwithe,
 Was he neuer are fo blithe.
 To the king tho fpac Merlin,
 2540 Spede the now on nedes thine,
 Ar thou arife of hir bed,
 Thou worth fwithe fore adred.

The king therof nought no fchrof,
 Ac to Ygerne bed he drof;

Ygerne wende it were hir lord,
 And him afenge with fair acord.
 The king no made nought long foieur
 That he no plaid with that flour,
 So oft fo his wil was,
 2550 That ich night, be Godes grace,
 Ther was bigeten hem bitven,
 King Arthour that noble ftren.
 Therafter in a litel thrawe,
 A crie ther com her lord was flawe,
 Tho com Merlin to his bed,
 Arife vp, for it is nede !
 And thine men thou fehewe the to,
 Men feyt tho art to deth y-do.
 Vt flrit tho the king,
 2560 He no made ther no duelling.
 So we finden on the boke,
 He kift the leuedi and leue he toke.
 In to halle he com wel fwithe,
 Al that folk of him was blithe,
 For thai wende for fothe there,
 Thair owen lord that it were;
 The meflanger was foule y-fchent,
 That to hem brought that prefent,
 And oft y-cleped foule leigher.
 2570 With gret othes he gan him fwere,
 And feyd he was in the plas,
 Tho the caftel y-nomen was,

And al that folk he herd waile
 For that erl of Cornwaile.

The king asked his deftrer red,
 And feyd he wald kithe he nas nought ded.
 He priked him forth out atte gate,
 For fothe it was almost to late,
 For of the way litel thai ware,
 2580 Tho thai herd with gret care
 The doukes man Tintagel,
 Com fleinde fram the castel.
 Tho the leuedi herd this,
 Wo was her liif Y wis,
 For hir lord Tintagel.
 Sche was begiled sche wist wel;
 In hir thought wele it ran,
 On her was bigeten a barn.
 What for forwe, wat for fehame,
 2590 Wers was neuer gentil dame!

So we finde in our boke,
 Merlin tho went to a broke,
 The king with water ther he wefche,
 His owen flat he hadde Y wis;
 And feththen he wefche hem bothe to,
 Her owen flat thai hadden also.
 Tho thai wenten al thre,
 To the kinges meyne.

Right fo the dawc bigan dawc
 2600 Thai fond Tintagel y-flawe
 Ther of for fothe our king
 Ioie made with outen leſing.
 Long therafterward, verrament,
 Was y-made acordement
 Bitvene Ygerne and the king,
 Thurch heighe mennes confeyling;
 An tho was iugged withouten faile,
 Bi heighe mennes confeyl,
 The king was iugged Ygerne to fpouſe,
 2610 Therof Ygerne was ioiouſe.

King Nanters of Garlot,
 Ther nam Blafine God it wot,
 Ygernes douhter bi Hoel;
 Hir lord was bifor Tintagel,
 In whom he bigat Galaas,
 That ſtrong and hardi and noble was.
 King Lot ther nam Belifent,
 Alſo Ygerns douhter gent,
 In whom he feththe bigat Wawein,
 2620 And Guerches and Agrenein,
 And Gaheriet that was fo fre,
 For better knightes no might non be.
 King Vriens the thridde nam,
 That was king of Schorham,

In whom he bigat Ywayns,
Hende and noble and knight certeyns.
Thefe thre fuffren were bi Hoel,
And other mo bi Tintagel,
That elles where were to loke,
2630 So we finde writen in boke.
Al four made fpoufeing
To gider and fwith the fair gettening,
Ther was juftes and turnamens,
Swithe noble verramens.
The feft lafted fourtennight,
To al that euer com y-plight.

Tho the feft was y-do,
Merlin com the king to,
And feyd he hadde do the dede,
2640 Of gode confeyl and wife of rede;
And feyd, fir, bithenke thou the,
What thou next giue me.
The child bigeten in thi quen,
Ichil the telle hou it mot ben,
Hir wombe greteth thou might tonight,
Fele how it ftireth that litel wight.
When thou it feleth in her wawe.
Bid hir fche be biknawe
Who fo hath bi hir lay:
2650 The fothe fche will fone fay.

That fehaltow hir hot Y wis,
So fone fo it born is,
It be y-born to the gate,
And gonen whom men findeth ther at,
Ther man fehal y-finde me,
To fong that child that is fo fre.
Thou haft a baroun in thi lond,
Of gentil blod and mighti hond;
That is Antour thi baroun heye,
2660 That is a man of gret noblay,
In this lond nis fwiche blode,
No milk that hath half fo gode.
Thou haft bigeten a noble ftren,
And fche is with child fo is the quen,
Pray Antour with wordes milde,
The milke he giue to thi childe;
And gif he therof giue graunt,
Our lord Y take to waraunt,
Thi child worth the nobleft man
2670 Of al this world an for an,
Ac to thi quen be nought biknawe,
That that child be thine awe.
The king fwore bi Crift his fire,
He nold neuer tel it hire:
Al he dede fo Merlin bad.
The quen agros and was adrad,
And feyd, lord, with child Icham,
Not Ich neuer who is the man,

Bigeten it was that ich thrawe
 2680 That mi lord was y-flawe,
 So mot Ich proue and y-the,
 Y wend mi lord it hadde y-be ;
 Do with me what thi wille is,
 The fothe Ich haue y-feyd Y wis.
 Dame, he feyd, no drede nought the,
 Al the gilt Y forgine the,
 With that at when thou child haft,
 Thou do nim that child on haft,
 Do bere it to the gate,
 2690 And giue it whom thou findeth therat,
 That Y no here ther of tidinge
 Neuer eft more with outhen lefing.
 Sir, fche feyd, bletheliche,
 It fchal be don fikerliche.

The king ther after amorwe aros,
 And o fent fir Antour of gret los,
 Tho he was comen the king him nam,
 And al his men ladde him fram,
 And gan his prinete vnhele,
 2700 And that he it fchuld hele ;
 He feyd he hadde bigeten a child,
 And teld him hou with tale milde,
 Late, he feyd, thi wiif it loke,
 Of hir milk and giue it fouke,
 And thou fchalt haue riche mede,
 Brod londes and heighe ftede.

The king vnnethe al this bi gat,
 The quen childed after that,
 A fair knaue a gentil bigate,
 2710 That was born to the gate ;
 An old hore man it was bitake,
 So we findin in the blake.
 It was Merlin that him afeng,
 Forth he yede withouten lefing,
 To a chirche he went with honour,
 And dede that child criften Arthour.
 After he went fwithe,
 And bar it to fir Antoris wiue :
 A-child bed he hir fond,
 2720 And tok it hir in the lond,
 And bad it hir loke with mild mode,
 Thi mede fechal be riche and gode.

Merlin went anon oway,
 No feighe no man him after mani a day ;
 Antors wiif childe hete Cay,
 Sche dede it fram hir oway,
 And lete fouke Artouret :
 That milk was wel bifett,
 He wex fair and wele y-the,
 2730 And was a child of gret noblay ;
 He was curteys hende and gent,
 And wight and hardi verrament,

Curteylich and fair he fpac,
 With him was non iuel lac ;
 His fader he might oft y-fen,
 Ac him no knewe neuer the quen,
 N' Artour no might neuer wite,
 That the king him hadde bigete,
 While the king was libbeing :
 2740 So Ich in the brout Y finde.
 Ac his fader wele he wende
 Were Antour the knight hende.
 His moder ftarf fo God wold,
 And richeliche was brought in mold :
 Afterward long the king
 In bedde fel in gret fekeling,
 And was y-comen right to his fin,
 Right tho bifor him ftode Merlin ;
 The king quiked anon right,
 2750 Tho he had of Merlin fight ;
 He afked where he hadde y-ben,
 That he no might him fer y-fen,
 He feyd, fer hennes faunfail,
 Now is to comen mi trauail,
 Thou fchal be dede fone Y wis,
 And wenden in to heuen blis ;
 Thi fone after worth king,
 Bi Godes grace and min helping,
 Bi wos day worth don alle
 2760 The meruails of the fen-greal.

The king her of lete ful gode,
And thonked God with mild mode.

Merlin fram him went oway,
The king starf that ich day,
For him wepen lowe and heighe,
Swithe fore with her eighe ;
The holy bishop that hight Brice
For him dede the office ;
In erthe he was fikerliche
2770 Layd fwith the nobeliche.
After his enterement,
Thai gan make a parlement ;
To whiche parlement was y-fet,
Al that hadde power gret,
Of this lond al about :
Thider com wel gret rout
Of kinges, erls, baroun and knight,
Princes, doukes, mani Y plight.
Non no wist hem among,
2780 That Arthour of the king sprong,
Bot fir Antor and fir Ulin,
And the gode clerk Merlin ;
Ac for in spoufe he nas bigete.
No man no most it wite.
This parlement laft mani a day,
To chefe a king of gret noblay,

To the heighe and to the lawe,
 To gouern hem in her lawe ;
 Ac thai no might nought acord,
 2790 For ich of hem wold be lord,
 This laft half yer fo,
 That thai no might comen at on tho.

On Criftenmeffe euen the Bifhop Brice,
 Kid that he nas nought nice,
 Ther he was among hem alle,
 This wife he gan hem calle :
 Lordinges, he feyd, ye no may acord,
 For to chefe you a lord,
 Therefore Y pray for loue of Crift,
 2800 Wircheth now bigin and lift.
 It is a wel gode time aplight,
 To chirche goth al tonight,
 And pray to Crift fo gode and fre,
 A king ous fende that bi houefum be
 To the right ogains the wrong,
 He graunt to chefen ous among,
 And that we haue ther of tokening,
 Tomorwe at our feruife ending.
 And that it fo might ben,
 2810 And euerichon feyden amen.
 Thus ther yede more and laffe,
 A night to chirche, amowre to maffe,

And maden folempne bifecheinge,
 For to haue a rightful king.
 And tho the feruife don was,
 Outward thai wenten her pas,
 To for the chirche dore thai founde
 A fton ftonden on the grounde,
 Long and heighe for fothe to fay;
 2820 Ther in a fwerd of gret noblay.
 King and douke, baroun, and knight,
 Ich hadde wonder of that fight :
 The bifchop com and it feyghe,
 And thonked Ihefu Crist on heighe.
 Ichil wele that ye it wite
 On the pomel was y-write,
 Icham y-hot Eftalibore,
 Vnto a king fair trefore,
 On Inglis is this writeing,
 2830 Kerue ftiel and iren and al thing,
 The bifchop feyd to hem anon,
 This fwerd who drawe of the fton
 He fchal be our king y-made,
 Bi Godes wille and our rade.
 Thai gaue al her to consentement.
 King Lot proued verrament
 Out it to drawe anon right,
 Ac he no might for al his might.
 King NanTERS no king Clarion
 2840 No might it drawe out of the fton,

No no gentil man of priis,
No might it ones firen Y wis.
Thider com ich noble blod,
And to Candelmeffe ther it stod ;
Al that was born in Ingland
On this fwerd cast his hond,
Ac for liif no for dethe,
Thai no might it flir vnnethe :
Ther it stode til Ester tide.

2850 Thider to comen men ful wide,
Fram this half fe and eke beyonde,
And nought thai sped bi Godes fond :
And yete it stode to Pentecost,
Ther com thider mani an oft,
To turnaien in that tide,
Almost fast ther bi fide.
Kay his sone fir Antour
Him made knight with gret honour ;
This Kay it was that nas nought late.

2860 For to fouken his moder tate,
Ac Arturet for sothe it seke,
That bi com mild and meke ;
Kay was swithe noble knight,
Ac he flamered a litel wight,
That he it hadde in nortoure,
Thurch the norices coure ;
Arthour had ferued Lot,
Swithe long wele Y wot.

Ac tho Cay was knight y-made,
2870 Sir Antor gaf to Kay rade
For to of fende Arthour ogein
For to make of him his fwain ;
For he was hardi trewe and trest,
Of al this lond and yong man best.
Kay was fwithe wele y-paid ;
Al was don that Antor feyd :
Arthour com hom and was with Kay,
And went hem to that turnay,
Ther Kay contend him aplight,
2880 So a wele doinde knight ;
Bothe at fide and at ende,
He feld knightes fwithe hende,
Tho he com amidward,
About he leyd on fo hard,
That his fwerd braft atvo.
Anon he bad Arthour tho,
To mi leuedi fwithe hende,
Another fwerd bid hir me fende.
And fo he dede withouten abode,
2890 Swiftliche hom he rode,
His leuedi finde he no might ;
Ogain he went anon right.

And to the fwerd in the fton,
Wel right he gan for to gon,

No man was ther verrament,
 Ac alle weren at the turnament.
 Arthour tok the hilt bi hond,
 The fwerd out drawe he gan fond,
 Ac for nought out it cam,
 2900 In his hond he it nam ;
 His hors he lepe vp anon,
 To the turnay he com fon,
 And feyd, haue this fwerd fir Kay,
 Thi leuedi finden Y no may.
 Kay this fwerd wele knewe Y wis,
 To Arthour he feyd, wher hadeftow this?
 Certes, quath Arthour, her biyonde,
 In a fton Ich it fond.
 Arthour no feighe it neuer ar,
 2910 No wift neuer why it fode thar.
 Sir Kay feyd tho to Arthour,
 Telle it to no man, paramour,
 That thou this fwerd out drough,
 And thou fechal haue gode ynough.
 Arthour feyd, certes nay.
 Forth went anon Sir Kay,
 And ledde his fader Sir Antour
 To the chirche of feyn Sauour,
 And feyd, Ichaue this fwerd out drawe,
 2920 That Ich be king it is lawe.
 Sir Antor biheld that fword,
 And feyd at the first word,

Tho gabbest me bi God aboue,
Gif thou fay foth eft thou it proue ;
For bifer this heighe men,
Thou most it pelt in ogen;
And bot thou mightest drawe it out,
The wold schame herd and snout.

Thai wenten bothe to the ston,
2930 And Kay pelt it in anon,
Ac thei he war strong and wight,
Drawe it out he no might.
Tho bispac him fir Antour,
Telle me fone, paramour,
Who it was this swerd out drough?
And tho stode fir Kay and lough ;
Sir, he feyd, bi Godes fond,
Arthour toke it me in hond.
Antor cleped Arthour tho,
2940 And dede him to the ston go,
And bothe fwithe and eke soft,
In and out he pelt it oft.
Antor was herof ful blithe,
And drough Arthour to chirche fwithe,
And feyd to him priueliche tho,
Arthour listen now me to.

Seththen thou wern born, verrament,
Ich haue gouen the norifement.

And ther he teld him all the cas,
 2950 Hou he bigeten and born was,
 Hou his fader was the king,
 And hou, thurch his bifecheing,
 Kay, mi fone, a norice y-toke,
 And thou mi wiues tate foke;
 Tho feyd Antor, min coure,
 Mi fone thou art thurch nortoure,
 It nis no right that thou me werne
 Richtfulliche that Y wil yerne.
 Ich pray the graunt me a bone
 2960 That Ich the wil axi fone,
 Ich the wil help fone Arthour,
 King to ben with michel honour.
 Tho biþpac Arthour the hende,
 Crift of heuen me defende,
 That Ich the wern ani thing,
 Of what thou makeft axing.
 God the for yeld! feyd fir Antour,
 Now Y the pray, paramour,
 Thi ſteward make mi fone Kay,
 2970 So long fo thou liue may.
 In neſſe in hard Y pray the nowe,
 In al ſtedes thou him avowe,
 And Y ſchal the help in this nede,
 Thurch Godes help that thou ſchalt ſpede.

Tho biþpac him fir Arthour,
 Y graunt thi wil fir Antour;

That Kay thi fone be mi steward.
 Y schal him avowe in nestle and hard.
 When Ich euer faile Kay,
 2980 Crist me forgete that day !
 Forth yede Antor anon right,
 And fir Arthour made knight ;
 First he fond him cloth and cradel,
 Tho he fond him stede and fadel,
 Helme, and brim, and hauberioun,
 Saumbers, quiffers, and aketoun,
 Quarre, scheld, gode fwerd of steil,
 And launce steif biteand wel ;
 Ther he gaue him anon rightes,
 2990 To his seruise fourti knightes :
 Amorwe thai went to turnament,
 And so ther dede, verrament,
 That ich day fir Arthour,
 The los he bar, and the honour.
 Amorwe Antor that was nough nice,
 Went to the Bifchop Brice,
 And told him he wist a knight,
 Bothe gent and noble aplight,
 That schuld be our king with lawe,
 3000 For he may that fwerd out drawe.

The bifchop was her of blithe,
 And sent after Arthour fwithe ;

To forn al the heighe of the lond,
 Arthour tok the fwerd in hond,
 He drough it out and pelt ogen ;
 Wonder hadde mani men,
 For no man firen it no might,
 Bot he on Y you plight.
 King and erls withouten dout,
 3010 Ther gan him anon rebout
 For to prouen his maner ;
 Ac euer he was of milde chere,
 No couthe her non better deuife,
 Than he hem anwerd in al wife.
 Sir Antor him halp alfo,
 That he was king chofen tho.
 And ther was boden to his geftening,
 Man i prince and mani king ;
 Al that euer com wold,
 3020 At feyn Ion tide com fchold.

Merlin com hem bitven
 Sir Arthour the prince to fen,
 Of whos come niche blis
 Sir Arthour made Y wis.
 Swithe anon hete Merlin
 Men fchuld of fende the douke Vlin,
 Sir Iordains and Sir Bretel,
 That hadde y-ben with Tintagel.

Al thre thai comen fwithē ;
 3030 Merlin was ther of wel blithe :
 Merlin feyd, Y wil ye wite
 Hou that Arthour was bigete.
 Ther he told hem ende and ord,
 Of his bigete eueri word ;
 Wharof Vlfin witnefs bar,
 And feyd certes that he was thar,
 And Antor bar witneffe ther to,
 And feyd the king him feyd fo.
 Tho loued Jordains and fir Bretel,
 3040 Sir Arthur with bert lel,
 For loue of Ygerne fre,
 Her leuedi that hadde y-lie ;
 His men tho thai bicomē fwithē,
 To help him vp dethe and liue :
 His barouns and eke Merlin,
 Wenten to the bifchopes in,
 And al him teld fair and yerne,
 Hou Arthour was bigeten of Ygerne ;
 The bifchop thonked God fo gode,
 3050 That he was of the kinges blode.

Merlin feyd, liften meruaile,
 You is comand ftrong bataile ;
 Kinges fex at this feft,
 Ther fchul arere michel cheft ;

Whare fore ye schul than wite wel,
Bothe in iren and in stiel,
And loke that ichon held with other,
As ich man schal with his brother ;
For ich you bi hot al the honour,
3060 Schal bileue with you and with Arthour ;
Thar thai bihten that non nold,
Other fail for no gold ;
The bishop feyd, his helping
He schuld haue in al thing.
What helpeth it make tale long,
Thai hem poruaid alle among,
Swithe redi alle thing,
That schuld to that coronung.
Mirie it is in time of June,
3070 When fenel hongeth abrod in toun ;
Violet and rose flour
Woneth than in maidens bour.
The fone is hot, the day is long,
Fouleth make miri song.
King Arthour bar coroun,
In Cardoile that noble toun.
King Lot that spoused Belifent,
Com to this coronment ;
He held the lond of Hyoneis,
3080 Man wel strong and curteyis,
With fite hundred noble knightes,
Hardi and strong, and lene to fightes.

King Nanters com, God it wot,
 That held the lond of Garlot,
 Swithe noble man and wight,
 And wele couthe fende him in fight;
 He hadde y-spoufed Blafine,
 Arthours foster fair and dine;
 Seuen hundred knightes Y telle the,
 3090 He brought with him of Meyne,
 Of noble destres and ftede,
 That fwithe gode were at nede.
 King Vrien com ther to,
 The thridde suster hadde also;
 The lond of Goere he held Y wis,
 He was yong man of noble pris,
 .Xx. thoufand he brought and fwe,
 No better knightes nere oliue.

Ther com yete king Carodas,
 3100 The king of Strangore he was,
 A fwithe mighti man of mounde,
 And knight of the tabel rounde;
 Thei he fer hadde y-ride,
 .Vi. hundred knightes he brought him inide,
 That wele couthe iuste in feld,
 With ftef launce vnder fcheld.
 Yete ther com king Yder,
 King of the Marche, of gret pouwer,

With him he brought thritti score
 3110 Wight knightes him bifore.

Ther com king Angvifant,
 King he was of Scotlant;
 Of al the fex he was richeft,
 Of grete power and yongest;
 .V. hundred he brought with him Y wis,
 Wight and strong knightes and al Scottis;
 And mani other bi fouth and bi eft,
 Thider com to that feft.
 King and baroun Y you fay,
 3120 Welcomed hem with gret noblay;
 Biforn hem al the bifchop Brice
 Arthour crowned and dede the office.
 Tho the feruife y-don was,
 To mete thai turned hir pas;
 Thai founde al redi, cloth and bord,
 Vp first yede the heigheft lord;
 Men hem ferued of gret plente,
 Mete and drink of gret deynte.
 Ther was venifoun of hert and bors,
 3130 Swannes, pecokes, and botors,
 Of fefaunce, pertris, and of crane,
 Ther was plente and no wane,
 Ther was piment, and clare,
 To heighe lordinges and to meyne;

Thai hadden also noble seruife,
 So ani man couthe deuife.
 Tho thai hadde y-eten allel,
 Heighe and lowe in the hale,
 To giuen giftes Sir Arthour aros,
 3140 To heighe men of grete los,
 And to haue of hem vinage,
 So it was right and her vflage;
 As he was fair doinde this,
 King Lot, king Nanters, and other of prifs,
 Of his giftes spite hadden,
 And his coroun anon withradden.

Vp thai sterten with gret boll,
 Euerich king with al his oft,
 And feyd an herlot for no thing
 3150 No schuld neuer ben her king,
 And thought with gret deshonour,
 For to misdo Sir Arthour;
 Ac Arthour men bitven prest,
 Forth com Merlin in that cheft,
 And feyd, he nas harlot non,
 Ac nobler than ther ani on;
 Ther he told al hem bfore,
 Hou Arthour was bigeten and bore;
 The wife men of that lond,
 3160 Thonked Ihesu Cristes fond,

That her king schuld ben,
 Of Vterpendragouns stren.
 The barouns feyd to Merlin,
 He was founde thurch wiching this,
 Traitour, thai feyd, verrament,
 For al thine enchauntement,
 No schal neuer no hores stren
 Our king no heued ben,
 Ac he schal sterne right anon,
 3170 Toward the king and gun gon.
 The king was armed fwithel wel.
 And alle his frende in iren stiel.
 Ogain withstonden nobliche,
 And al out driuen fikerliche
 With fwerdes and kniues fone anon
 Out of halle the kinges son ;
 The fex kinges wer wel wrothe,
 And al her barouns fworen her othe.
 No schuld thai neuer tviis eten,
 3180 Er thai of Arthour were awreken,
 And fwithel telt her pauloun
 A litel with outen Cardoil toun.

The bishop stode on the castel wal,
 And gan to preche to hem alle,
 And feyd Arthour was kinges stren,
 Of king bigeten and born of quen ;

The king it wift in his line,
 Blifed his child and bad him thriue,
 And tok him to Sir Antour,
 3190 To norice with gret honour ;
 Gif thai wiffen neigher blod
 To make him king it nar not gode,
 Ac for he is king and kinges fone,
 Y cors al mididone
 His enemis with Cristes mouthe,
 Bi eft, bi weft, bi north and fouthē:
 [And] prut thai feyden euerichon.
 Merlin went adoun anon,
 And Arthours frende anon right,
 3200 He told heighe and lowc y-plight ;
 Four thoufand among hem he fond,
 Hardi, and noble, and wight of hond,
 Ac alle it were for fothe fot men,
 Bot fiftene fcore and ten ;
 The other were fo gret rout,
 That thai wraighe the cuntre about.
 Merlin bad hem no thing drede,
 Bot alle doth bi mi rede ;
 With him thai went to the gate anon,
 3210 Wele atired euerichon ;
 Merlin made enchaumentement ;
 And keft gret encumberment,
 Into the paulonis wild fer,
 That brent bright fo candel cler ;

And feyd to hem euerichon,
 Now fle fwith the your fon.
 Forth thai went on hors gode,
 To the paulouns that on fer ftoode,
 And on her fomen fmiten anon
 3220 Oliue thai reften mani on ;
 With fcharpe fperes and fwe[r]des kene,
 Tventi fcore and fiftene,
 Oliue dawe thai broughten there,
 Er thai wift where thai were ;
 For her witt was oway go
 For the fer that brent fo,
 And the other her wit bi nam fulliche,
 That com on hem fo fodanliche,
 Ther were fo fele natheles,
 3230 That litel fen the flaughter wes ;
 Ac thurch his encumbrement,
 Thai flowen alle, verrament.
 Til thai com fer oway,
 A mile thennes in o valay,
 Ther withftode this fex kinges,
 Ogain Arthour with fightinges ;
 And he folk wenten ogen,
 Mo than ten thoufand of men,
 Fram this contek that were afcaped,
 3240 Sore adrad and awaped.

The kinges gadred hem togider alle.
 And feyd gret fchame hem was bifalle,

That Arthour with a litel punay,
 Hadde y-driuen hem away.
 Euerich to other thus made his mon,
 Gif thai were of Arthour on
 Awreken alle thai hadde wonne,
 Alle thai fwore bi mone and fonne
 Hye schulden abigge that ich striif,
 3250 And went ogain als billif.
 Nanter the king of Garlot,
 Biforn he went, God it wot ;
 He was a wele limed knight,
 Hardi and strong and wise in fight ;
 A steff launce he bar on hand,
 With spores he smot his steed strong ;
 Arthour seighe where he cam,
 A steff launce anon he nam,
 His fet in the flopes he streight,
 3260 The flopp to bent the hors aqueight ;
 The steed he smot and he forth glode,
 Ogaines the king Nanters he rode :
 Nanters him mett amid the feld,
 And hitt Arthour on the schelde,
 That his launce gan to riue,
 And to braft on peeces fwe.

Arthour smot so Nanters tho,
 That his scheld brake atwo,

And of his hors fo him caft,
 3270 That almast his nek to braft :
 Tho king Lot feighe this,
 How his nevou was feld Y wis,
 He was on of the strongeft man
 Of al this lond au for an,
 A launce he tok of gret valour,
 And finot his ftede ogain Arthour :
 Euerich gan other with launces take
 That al to peeces thai gun crake,
 With fo gret ire to gider thai mett
 3280 That her bodis to gider flet ;
 So attoned was king Lot,
 He lefe his fadel, God it wot.
 And ouer the croupe of his ftede,
 To grounde he fel that he gan blede :
 Arthour aforced him to dere,
 Ae michel folk com him to were :
 Ther com fwith the michel route
 To fien Arthour al aboute.
 Arthour drough his fwerd anon,
 3290 That he drough out of the fton,
 A knight he toke with the egge,
 That him clef beued and rigge
 Into the fadel, fo feyt the bok.
 Al he hirt that he toke ;
 So fore he leyd on all aboute,
 That thai his dintes gun doute.

This to kinges weren arifen,
 That were first of him agrifen,
 Thai and her feren four
 3300 With four lances fmiten Arthour,
 Al at ones that was no glewe,
 And Arthour ftede adoun threwe,
 The king binethen, the ftede aboue,
 For sothe fir Arthour was afwowe.
 Sir Antour al this y-fay,
 Bretel, Vlfin, and fir Kay.
 Thai com fwith to this rideing,
 For to helpen her king ;
 Kay ful right bigan to bere
 3310 To king Augvifaunt a fpere.
 He fmot him thurch out the fcheld,
 And his hauber fele feld,
 And thurch his fcholder an ellen long,
 And of his hors to grounde he throng ;
 And yete he feld, verrament,
 King Carodas with that dent,
 That was a dint of gret mounde,
 That tvay kinges threwe to grounde.
 Vlfin and Nanters met tho,
 3320 That her launces brofren atvo ;
 Togider with bodis thai metten,
 That bothe to grounde thai fletten ;
 The hors hem lay anoward,
 That hem thought chaunce hard.

Antor with launce the king Yder
 To grounde bar of his deffrer ;
 Bretel and king Vrien,
 Her launces brufft hem bitven.
 Ther whiles king Lot with gret rout,
 3330 To fle Arthour he was about.
 Kay his fteward, y-feighe this,
 He was neighe of his witt Y wis,
 With his fwerd he gan him ftere,
 His yong lord for to were.
 With pure ftrengethe of fwerdes dint
 King Lot he feld, verrament,
 And was about him to ften,
 Ac other ftirt hem bitven.
 Ther kidde Kay that he was wight,
 3340 For he no feined neuer of fight,
 Til that Arthour, Y you plight,
 Was opon his ftede dight ;
 And tho he was opon his ftede,
 With fwerd he gan about rede.
 Sum he binam fcholder and arm,
 And fumm the liif it nas non harm ;
 Non no durft abide more,
 His froke for he fmote fo fore.
 Her ye fchul vnder ftond,
 3350 That men o fot of this lond
 Helden with king Arthour,
 And dede him wel gret honour,

With axes, staues, and with bowe,
 Dede fo that al the other flowe.
 And this kinges flowen also,
 Arthour after hem gan to go;
 And fo he rode wel fele he feld,
 That no more no tale teld.
 He ouertok the king Yder,
 3360 And wold him heued with his fwerd cler;
 Ac a little forbi he fmot
 His hors he hit, God it wot,
 The nek he karf adoun to grounde,
 Doun fel Yder bi Godes mounde.
 Ogain turned the kinges fwe,
 And halp him oway with the liue,
 Ac Ich you fwere in that rideing
 Thai laught woundes wel fore biteing.
 Yder thai keuerd natheles,
 3370 And tho he brought on hors wes,
 Thai flowen al fo fwithe anon,
 As her fteden mighten gon,
 And fwore al with wordes flegge,
 King Arthour it fchuld abigge.
 King Arthour tho went ogen,
 Togider he gaddred al his men,
 And deparde with hem the treafour
 That he wan with gret honour.
 And tho he thonked the king of glorie,
 3380 That him hadde gouen the victorie,

To ouer comen his fomen.
 Into Cardoil he went ogen,
 And held fest noble and gent,
 With his meyne, verrament.
 Of al that ever, wald thidergon.
 Curteyfeliche were reffained anon;
 This fest last fourtenight,
 That was riche and noble aplight.

Tho the fest was y-do.
 3396 Merlin com the king to,
 To London he bad him heighe.
 And ther sehewe his curteisie,
 And when he com ther faunfayl.
 He wold him sehewe gret conseil.
 Ac nought ar he had fest y-made
 To al the lond and made ful glade
 King Arthour dede his confeyl.
 And went to Londen faunfail,
 Where the king, sir Arthour,
 3400 Was aiong with gre honour.

Sone after feyn lones miste,
 The king lete bidden more and lest
 Into Londen to his fest,
 Swiche he made and held onest
 Thurch the confeyl of Merlin,
 He feriaunted tho thurch him,

- Merlin tok tho to ich mester,
That fleighe were, and of power;
Tho drough bi half the clerk Merlin.
3410 The king Arthour and eke Vlin,
And Bretel and fir Antour,
And Kay the fieward of valour,
And feyd, listen to me now,
Forsothe Ichil telle you,
.Xi. kinges and doukes on,
Than y-fworn, Arthour to flon;
Swiche is now her parlement,
Now in the marche, verrament,
Ogaines hem ye no haue no might.
3420 Bot ye hauen help to fight;
Y wil you telle what do ye more.
Gif ye wil finden vote.
Mi lord Vterpendragon,
Wan vnder him the king Ban,
And his brother Bohort also.
No better bodis no mowe go:
Thai were fworn to Vter mi lord,
To hem Ich rede fende word
To lesse Breteine for it is nede.
3430 That Vterpendragon is dede;
Ye mot hem figge, verrament,
That he vnto this parlement,
Withouten abod wel fwithe come,
To don vimage Arthour his fone:

- Thai wil comen anon Y wot,
 And help the ogain king Lot,
 And elles where her power,
 You worth to hem wel gret mifter;
 Herafterward, parmafay,
 3440 Ichil you tel fom day.
 This meffage, fir Vlfin,
 Thou moft bere bi confeil min,
 And thi fere fchal be fir Bretel;
 Loke ye ben atired wel,
 With gode armes on gode ftede,
 Ther to you worth a litel nede
 Ar ye comen again to ous;
 Now heigheth you for loue of Jhesus.
 Al this hem liked wel,
 3450 And fir Vlfin, and fir Bretel,
 Wele hem atired fikerliche,
 And went forth wel haftiliche.
 Tho thai com the fe beyounde,
 A gret wilderniffè thai founde;
 Bitven Fraunce and Breteyne,
 Thai feighe mani mounteyn and pleine.
 Tho thei feiche a litel hem abone,
 Seuen knightes y-armed come.
 Of wiche to her fteden fmiten,
 3460 And to hem ward gun priken,
 With loude cri and bad hem yeld.
 Bretel tok his launce and fcheld,

- That o knight fone he mett,
 And with his fcharp launce him gret ;
 He bar him thurch the throte anon,
 That ded he fel ded fo fton.
 That other he mett ogain ward,
 A dint he gaf him fo hard,
 The launce ran the brim thurch :
 3470 The knight fel ded in a forwe,
 In his falling braff the fpere,
 Bretel bar it no ferthere.
 Other to thier come glide,
 Vlfin gan ogain hem ride
 Opon a ftede ftef and ftrong,
 With a launce gret and long,
 That on he bar thurch fcheld and hat,
 That neuer feththen mete no at.
 The other ogain Vlfin brac his fpere,
 3480 Ac he no might Vlfin dere.
 Vlfin him gaue a din of wo
 Thurch out the membre and fadel alfo
 Stede and knight ouer threwe anon :
 The knight braff his nek bon,
 Vlfines launce to brac.
 The thre com to gret rac
 The other foure for to wreken,
 The thre gun her launces breken,
 And her noither hirt nought;
 3490 Bretel kidde that he was aught,

His fwerd he drough that on he hit,
 His heued fram the bodi he kit.
 That other of toke fir Vlfin,
 And fo him hit on the bacin
 That he him cleue to the toth.
 So ous feyt the brout for foth.
 The other knight her lord that was
 Wel fwithe went ogain his pas ;
 Gif he abode ani longere,
 3500 Wel he feighe it was his lere.
 This ich knightes foure and thre,
 Wita Claudas hadde y-be,
 With Claudas hadde werred ogan,
 The king Bohort and the king Ban :
 Claudas was tho ouercome
 Priueliche and went to Rome,
 Him to puruay fun focour
 To wrecke him of his dethonour :
 Ther while tho knightes cert.
 3510 Were y-went into defert,
 To libben bi her robrie,
 Ac ther hem fel gret vilanie.
 Therafter Vlfin forth him rode.
 And eke Bretel withouten abod :
 No lete thai neuer jordaying,
 Til thai com to Ban the king ;
 And tho he com bifer Ban,
 Thus his wordes he bigan.

Jhesus Crist, heuen king,
 3520 The loke fir Ban the king,
 And thi meine fo gent and fre
 That ich here about the fe.
 The barouns of Breteine the more
 Tiding the sent that reweth hem fore;
 Vterpendragon thi lord is ded,
 And is departed thurch Godes red.
 King is made his sone Arthour,
 And the greteth with gret honour.
 And bad the and his brother gent
 3530 Com to his parlement,
 For to wite and vnderfond
 Of the lawes of his lond.
 King Ban, with noble cher,
 Welcomed the messanger,
 And feyd her wil do he wold,
 And his brother also schold.
 The messangers tho he made
 Wel at ese with gret ferrade.
 Bohort therafter fwith he sent
 3540 Bi on assent, and fwith went
 Into this lond with mani fair,
 For to fe the kinges air.
 In euerich toum fram Portesmouthe,
 To Londen of gret valoure,

Men made fong and hopinges,
Ogain the come of this kinges.
No was wonded for drie no wete,
That Irlond eueri ftrete
Was behonged, Ich fay for foth,
3550 With mani pal and riche cloth:
Euerich man of ich metter
Hem riden ogain with fair ater;
In euerich ftrete damifels
Karois ledden fair and fels:
Tho thai were to court y-come,
Thai were hendeliche welcome,
Him felue the king Arthour
Hem com ogain with gret honour.
Courteifeliche and hem gan calle.
3560 And anon ledde hem to halle:
With her brother Gymbaut,
Noble clerk, fo Dieu me fau,
In the fterres he was the beft demne
In al the world withouten Merlin.
Ther at wot the clerk Merlin
At the feft the douke Vlin.
And Bretel that was his felawe.
Hon thai hadde the knightes y-flawe
Ac al that euer herden this,
3570 Wonder hadde therof Y wis,
That he told her bataile.
And ther to com nought fauntaile.

- And namliche Bohort and Ban,
 And Gvinbaut the thridde man.
 There the men might y-here
 The queintife of the fpere,
 Of the foune, of mone and fler,
 When the welken turned of herre,
 And of mani priue werk,
 3580 Bitven Merlin and Gvinbaut the clerk.
 Herafter fone Merlin fwore,
 And fir Vlfin and fir Autore,
 And fir Kay and fir Bretel,
 To fore the king on o meffel,
 That Arthour was Vter ftren,
 Bi Ygerne that was his quen.
 Therafterward fone, for fothe,
 The kinges fwore Arthour hold oth,
 And deden him alfo fwithe omage,
 3590 So it was right and vfage;
 And tho held Arthour feft aplight,
 That laft ful fourteen night.
 Of ich riches and deinte
 Certes ther was gret plente :
 Tho was ther made a turnamen.
 That was fwithe noble and gent.
 Of bacheler and yong knight,
 Swithe ftiong and fwithe wight,
 Tho that were of yond half,
 3600 Ogain tho werren of this half.

The best was Lucan the boteler,
 A yong knight of gret power,
 Withouten the steward Kay.
 He was a knight of gret noblay :
 Grimles, Marue, and Gumas.
 Ich of hem wel noble was :
 Placides, and eke Driens,
 Holias and Graciens,
 Marlians and Flaundrius,
 3610 Sir Meliard and eke Drukius,
 And also Breoberuis,
 These born oway the priis :
 No man no herd of fairer
 Turnament no nobler.
 Tho al this mirthe was y-do,
 Merlin com the king to.
 And to hem feyd, bien fengours,
 Ye ben y-swore to king Arthours.
 Ye mot bothe with him ride
 3620 To Leodegan of Carmalide :
 For bi mi rede he shall spoufe
 Gvenour, his doughter precious.
 Sche is bothe fair and wife,
 Of al the lond sche berth the priis .
 Hir fader Leodegan
 Is a fwithe noble man,
 Ac king Rion withouten lesinges,
 Him werreth opon with tventi kinges,

There ye mot him help, Y wis,
 3630 For to win los and pris.
 Certes, quath king Ban the gent,
 Ther to we han gret talent;
 Gif king Claudas in our lond,
 Ther whiles nold ous wait no fchond,
 For he ous hath werred long
 With vuright and michel wrong.
 Nay, quath Merlin, drede you nought;
 Gif thou lefett ther fore ought,
 For the mountaunce of pani on,
 3640 Thou fchalt han hundred ogan.
 To that couenaunt, quath Ban the king,
 We beth redi in al thing
 Anon to go with king Arthour,
 To his manhiþe and his honour.

Merlin feyd, bi feyn lon,
 Arft ye mot another don,
 .Xi. kinges and a douke
 Beth hider ward withouten dout,
 To flen Arthour and his man,
 3650 In the foreft of Rokeingham:
 There ye mot help him were
 Vnder fcheld with fwerd and fpere.
 Allas! quath Ban, for Cristes fond,
 We no haue no folk of our lond.

Quath Merlin, fo God me fpede,
No fchal you faile non at nede.
Ther it was forbodden anon,
Ich man by way for to gon
Noither mile tene no fue,
3660 Opon pain of her liue.
This was don for non other thing,
Bot for a fpies and waiteing,
Where thurch alle werren y-hent
That fram the barouns werren y-fent,
And non com ogain, verrament,
To wray the kinges parlement.
Yete Merlin went to Rokingham,
Vlfin and other with him he nam,
Mani pavilouns and telt,
3670 And dede ther in flefches and felt,
And other flore of mele and win,
And tok it to lok Sir Vlfin;
And bad he no fchuld lete paffe,
Noither the more no the laffe,
That might bere ani tiding
To the barouns of her king,
No of his parlement:
No thai no deden, verrament.
Tho yede Merlin to Ban the king,
3680 And tok of him his kinges ring;
And to king Bohort alfo,
To laffe Breteine he yede tho,

Ouer the fe in on night,
 Fele iurnes Y you plight,
 For in the brut ich it lerne,
 To Leonce of Paerne,
 That was kinges Banes steward,
 A wifeman with hore bard,
 And to Farien wel noble knight,
 3690 Bobortes steward that was aplight,
 And schewed hem her lordes ring,
 And bad thai schuld him focour bring.
 Leonce, and eke Farien,
 Togider broughten her men;
 Fourti thoufand that were teld,
 On ftede in armes fwith the beld.
 .Xv. thoufende thai leten there,
 Her lond to kepen and to were;
 And .xxv. thoufend with him toke,
 3700 So we finden in the boke,
 Wiche ouer fo the clerk Merlin,
 Brought and loged bi Vfin.
 To kinges court he gan tho fare,
 And asked gif thai weren yare,
 For her fomen were neighe hond?
 King Ban feyd, for Godes fond,
 Whi no haftow brought me focour?
 Merlin feyd, al rady to your honour.
 Tho thai dight hem fwain and knight,
 3710 And wenten thider that ich night.

Tho thai thider weren y-come,
 Ordeind and teld her throme,
 Fourti thoufand men thai founde,
 To bataile men of gret mounde.
 Michel ioie made king Ban,
 And Bohort alfo of her man ;
 For thai deden there finde
 .Xxv. thoufinde.
 Arthour hadde thoufandes fiftene,
 3720 And na mo alfo Y wene,
 For al the barouns and the kinges,
 Were in the marche with outen lefinges,
 With al the men Y you fay,
 That thai might hem puruay.
 To flen Arthour laffe and more,
 Al thai hadde to gider fwore ;
 Ac for fothe non of hem
 No wift of Arthoures men :
 Ac we finden in the boke,
 3730 That thai hadde ther bi fpoke,
 On Arthour with her route,
 Thai wold happen al aboute,
 And hem to taken in the foreft,
 When thai feighen time beft.

To this trefoun for to don
 Com the king Clarion,

That was king of North Humberland,
 With feuen thoufand knightes ftrong:
 King Brangores that held Strangore,
 3740 Thider com bi Godes ore,
 And brought with him fiue thoufand knight
 In bataile that were ftrong and wight:
 Cradelman, king of North Wales,
 Hardi man and wife of tales,
 Sex thoufend thider he brought
 Of liue or dethe that litel rought:
 A king ther com of an hundred knightes,
 His name was cleped bi rightes,
 For he no ladde neuer laffe rout
 3750 Than an hundred knightes about;
 He was king wel fer bi north,
 A wel ftrong man, and michel worth;
 Knightes he brought four thoufinde,
 Men no might non better finde:
 King Lot that held londes tvo,
 Leonis, and Dorkaine alfo,
 He brought feuen thoufend knightes
 Swithe hardi and ftronge in fightes:
 Yete ther com king Carodas,
 3760 That of the rounde table was,
 Seuen thoufand he brought alfo,
 No better knightes no might go:
 Nanters the king of Garlot,
 Thider com, God it wot,

Vp Arthour that was wroth and grim,
 Sex thoufnde he brought with him;
 Stronge knightes and noble, faunfaile,
 That wife and hardi were in bataile.

Yete ther come king Vrien,
 3770 With fex thoufand of wight men
 Wele atired on gode deltrers,
 Withouten fot men and fquiers:
 Yete ther com king Yder,
 With fiue thoufand of gret power:
 Yete ther com king Angvifaunt,
 The riche king of Scotlaunt,
 With fex thoufande knightes beld,
 Bothe in toun, and eke in feld:
 Yete ther come the douc Sefas,
 3780 Erl of Canbernic he was,
 Arundel was hoten tho,
 Cambernic withouten no;
 He brought with him thoufandes fiue,
 Non better nere oliue:
 Alle thefe priueliche
 To Rokingham com fikerliche,
 And loged hem in the foreft,
 Stille withouten ani cheft,
 With al that thai procoure might,
 3790 Bothe of baroun and of knight.

Ac Arthour was wel stilly
 With his folk neighe hem bi;
 Noither baroun no king
 Nift nought of his being.

The ferth night after her foieur,
 Merlin bad the king Arthour,
 And Bohort and king Ban,
 Hem atiren and her man,
 And com with him anon rightes,
 3800 And kithe gif thai were noble knightes.
 Bothe in iren and in stiel
 Thai hem armed fwithe wel,
 Ar day thre mile way,
 And with Merlin went Y fay.

In this time Lot the king
 In bed was in gret meteing;
 Him thought water, winde, and rain,
 In her teth was hem ogain,
 Her paulouns ouer threwe the thonder;
 3810 He of woke and had wonder.
 His sweuen he teld his feren hard,
 Thai him axed whider ward
 Him thought that his sweuen bar?
 The fothre anon he teld thar.
 Thider ward wel fwithe anhye
 Thai fenten spies for to aspie.

This spies anon forth fletten,
 And with Merlin fone metten,
 And with Arthour king of los ;
 3820 Of that meteing hem agros.
 Merlin hem feighe and bad hem bide,
 Fleand oway they gun ride,
 And euer grad traifoun, traifoun.
 The other herof herd the foun
 And hem atired, verrament,
 Ac Merlin cast enchauntment,
 That her paulouns, on and alle,
 To the grounde gun to falle ;
 And fo ich in the boke Y finde,
 3830 The meft part he made blinde.
 King Arthour and Bohort and Ban,
 Opon hem fmiten onan,
 And eke alle her ferrede,
 With hors fete on hem trede,
 With fperes ftong, with fwerdes korwe,
 Ten thoufende knightes by the morwe,
 Ar ani of hem might hem ftere,
 Other fen abouten hem to were.
 Ac natheles this .xi. kinges
 3840 Flowen oway with michel genge.
 A litel thenntes in til a lowe,
 A loude horn thai gun blowe,
 Of her knightes and gaderd hem fo,
 Togider thritti thoufende and mo.

Ich king, .xv. to his dale,
 Thre thoufand gret and fmale,
 Her hors girten and fadels right,
 And made hem redi for to fight.
 On the hille thai gunten
 3850 Arthour and his folk to fen ;
 Tho feighe thai feuen baners,
 Of whiche Lucan the boteler
 Of the firft maifter was,
 For fwithe hardi man he was ;
 Griffes ladde the fecounde,
 A wight man of gret mounde ;
 The thridde folc ladde Bretel,
 Strong and doinde knight wel ;
 The ferth baner ladde Kay,
 3860 The kinges fteward of noblay ;
 The fift baner ladde Vlfin,
 A noble baroun gode afin ;
 Ich hadde of this to his baner,
 Thre thoufand of gret power.
 Arthour on hors fat ftef fo ftok,
 And geuerned the feugend flok,
 And ladde with him four thoufinde
 Wight men and wel doinde.
 The other no might ben y-kidde,
 3870 Bihinden hem thai werren y-hidde

King Lot, king Nanter, and king Vrien,
 And king Carodas with his men ;
 This foure behinde were,
 And lete the other al forth fare,
 And in the fonnes vp rifeing
 Bigan certes this rideing.
 Ther might men fe the baners roten,
 The ftedes forth wel yern fchoten ;
 Tho thai firft other metten,
 3880 Ich other with launces gretten,
 Mani in fadles held hem stille,
 And mani alfo of hors felle,
 Mani brac his fpere thare,
 Mani other thurch out bar.
 Thai than felled the king Yder,
 With his fpere of his deftrer :
 The king of hundred knightes.
 Kay down feld anon rightes ;
 Kay vp flirt and king Yder,
 3890 Afot foughten with fwerdes cler.
 On bothe half fo com her men,
 And fwithe flirten hem bitven.
 Ther come Lucan the boteler,
 And bar Eufas of his deftrer,
 Eufas the douke of Arundel,
 Bi Yder ftode and werd him wel ;
 Grifles feld the king Clarion,
 The king of hundred knightes com,

And hit Griffes by the tide,
 3900 Of his ftede he gan doun glide ;
 Vp ftrit Griffes and ftoode bi Kay,
 And faught fo a knight of noblay :
 Forth com Vlfin and eke Lucan,
 And feld king Cradelman,
 And with other knightes mo
 Riden he knightes to,
 The douke Griffes, and the fteward Kay,
 On hors thai brought parmafay,
 Tho thai were mounted Y figge aplight,
 3910 Thai kedden her noble might.
 Than the king of the hundred knightes
 Kay doun feld anon rightes,
 And thre knightes al arawe
 He binam ther her liif dawe.
 Arthour with his mighti hand
 Feld king Brangors and king Anguifaunt.
 Tho were afot feuen kinges,
 Gret flaughter was at her rideinges,
 That thai no might nought keuer her deftrers
 3920 For her alder powers.
 King Lot and king Carodas,
 And Nanters that behinde was,
 And eke the king Vrien,
 With twelf thoufand of ftrong men,
 The hors of baundoun lete thai fram,
 And come flingand with al her men :

So Arthours folk thai metten,
 And of her fteden mani fletten;
 In that ich hard meteinges,
 3930 Al thai focourde her kinges,
 And broughten hem on her fteden,
 The better tho thai might fpeden.
 Ther wer fele of hors y-feld,
 And knightes y-flawe vnder feheld:
 Ac ther fehewed king Arthour
 At that batayl gret vigour;
 Of his men mani feld ware,
 Now he was here, now he was tare,
 And chalanged his men bi right,
 3940 And wightlich bigan for hem to fight.
 With his fwerd of gode egge
 Sum he clef to the rigge,
 And fum he fnot the nek atvo,
 And fum he fnot the fehulder fro.

The other kinges were wight alfo.
 Arthours folk thai deden wo;
 .Xxx. thoufand for fothe Y wene,
 Foughten ther ogain fextene:
 Lucan, Grifles, and king Arthour.
 3950 Vlin, Bretel, and fir Antour,
 This ich feuen faumfail,
 The cark hadde of the batayl.

The folk defcomfit hadde men fen,
 No hadde her might the better ben;
 Ac in al this furcar king
 Merlin com to Ban the king,
 And feyd, fir, time it is,
 Thou help king Arthour Y wis :
 Also fwithen than Ban the king
 3960 Went forth withouten letting.
 Farien, a knight of gret power,
 He was douke of the first vane;
 Maruc loked the fecounde,
 A knight of fwithen gret mounde;
 Of the thridde maister was
 The noble king Belias ;
 The ferth ledde Bleoberiis,
 A baroun of wel noble pris;
 The fif ladde Gracian,
 3970 Strong baroun and noble man.
 Thes five, so Y finde,
 Led of men fiftene thoufnde;
 Ther ich of hem haftiliche,
 When hem forth hardiliche.
 Bohort afterward cam,
 With four thousand of noble man,
 In this world wele to fight
 No were y-helden non better knight.
 Also thai maden this wailing,
 3980 The other com on hem fmitteing,

With her speres and feld to grounde
Mani that thai there founde.

In this time king Lot
Went out of the plas, God it wot;
And king Nanters, and king Vrien,
With mani noble of her men;
And king Carodas the wight,
And king of the hundred knight.
These fo michel pite feighen,
3990 That thai wepe with her eighen,
For the fleighfter of her man;
And fore the dede of king Ban,
And Bohort also his brother,
There no schuld go no nother;
Adoun thai light, and her hors girten,
Withouten stirop therin stirten;
Euerich of hem nome in his hond,
A launce bothe stef and strong;
King Nanters, king Lot, king Karodas,
4000 This men armed with gret ras,
King Ban thai hitten alle at ones,
Adoun thai threwe him on the stones;
King of the hundred knightes, and king Vrien,
King Bohort thai riden ogen,
And hitten him bothe at a dent,
And feld his fiede, verrament;

Ac Ban vp ftirt, and Bohort alfo,
 And wele hem wered afot bo;
 The other hem were about to dere,
 4010 Ac manliche thai gun hem were.
 King Arthour feighe down king Ban,
 Swithe wo him was for than,
 His ftede he fmot thider anon,
 A knight that was about king Ban to flon,
 On the helme he fmot for foth,
 Thurch helme and palet to the toth,
 And pelt down that bodi dede,
 And toke that ftede gode at nede.
 King Ban than thurch fine might
 4020 On that ftede lepe aflight;
 Tho he the ftede was opon,
 He gaue anedel of his fon.
 Another king Arthour hitte,
 The bodi to the nauel he kitte
 Fro the fcholder, Y tel you,
 It was a dint of gret vertu;
 Arthour pelt adoun that buke,
 That hors he lad Bohort the douke,
 Tho thai on hors feten bothe,
 4030 Thai were afchamed and eke wroth;
 So we finden on the boke,
 Who that ani of him of toke
 Of liue no hadde thai no bote,
 Ac to the deth went, God it wot.

What gette it al to tellen here ?
 Arthur and Ban, and her fere,
 So michel pople to forn him flowe,
 That her enemis hem with drowe,
 And gun to fle to on brigge
 4040 That thai toforn dede ligge.
 Ther fpace Morganor on haft,
 King Vriens fone o baft,
 He was on of the best knight
 That might held fwerd in fight;
 He feyd, fir, liftneth alle,
 O our folk we moten calle
 Bi on horn that Y fchal blawe,
 Other thai worth alle y-flawe,
 And deftroied of our fon.
 4050 The kinges feyd, that is wel don.
 Morganor tho gun to blowe,
 That folk fo gun his horn knowe,
 Swiftlich al thai gunnen ften,
 And to the kinges focour ten.
 Tho thai comen to the brigge,
 Ich on other gan to legge;
 Ac al fo wof the fchip gan driue,
 Arthour fmot hem after fwithhe,
 And king Ban and her men,
 4060 Slough of hem thoufandes ten;
 Ther thai hadde mani flawe.
 Ac Merlin gan hem withdrawe,

And feyd ogain wende thai fchold
The filuer to part and the gold,
And mani other riche thinges,
That ther hadde left the riche kinges.
Arthour thought gode afu
The riche confeyl of Merlin.
The other oway thai leten fien,
4070 And gan ogain with his folk ten.
Of gold, of filuer, and nobleffe,
Thai founden grete riches ;
Arthour it gaf Bohort and Ban,
And bad it part among her man ;
So thai deden with gret honour
To hem and to the king Arthour.

After that gentil parting,
To Londen went Arthour the king,
And king Bohort and king Ban,
4080 And alle her noble man ;
Fourten night Arthour held feft
Swithe noble and fwithe oneft.
Tho the feft y-don was,
Merlin teld Arthour that cas.
Arthour, he feyd, this thinges,
No drede the no more of this kinges :
Now thai hau y-made it tough,
Sone hem worth to don y-nough

Ethan com the trinite.

- 4090 Ich wald giuen o-cite
 With that thai hadde made acord,
 And that thou were made her lord,
 For here is comand to this lond
 Gret hunger, and here gong
 Sex hundred farrazins,
 For to awreke the douke Angis;
 This lond thai comen al about,
 Of hem no tharf the no thing dout,
 Her fchal com a bachelrie
 4100 Of the to haue cheualrie,
 And of the to ben made knight,
 And for thi lond thai wil fight.
 Thai fchal don mani agrife,
 Of hem thi los fchal arife,
 Thou fchalt hem alle knowe wel,
 And of the kinges wite eueri del.
 Thai fchullen hauen in her lond
 Of wer to don ful her hond;
 And Ich you figge Bobort and Ban,
 4110 And fendeth hem al your man,
 Your lond to loke and ouerfen,
 Bot it fwithe fewe ben.
 Arthour fchal alle his tounes
 Aftore with flefche and venifouns,
 With corn and mele and men ftrong,
 Ogain her fou to werre long.

And thou Arthour me schalt abide,
 Bitven Inglond and Carmelide,
 In the toune of Brekenho,
 4120 Til Ich me felf the com to.
 This was do withouten doute,
 Arthour his tounes flored aboute
 With corn, mele, flefche, and fifche,
 And with men ftrong Y wis.
 The douke tho, withouten fable,
 Of Cardoil hadde ben conftable,
 Of Londen, bi Merlines rade,
 He was tho conftable y-made.
 Leonce he fent hom of Paerne,
 4130 Ban and Bohort fwithe yerne,
 And the douke al fo Pharien.
 And the baroun Gracien,
 With her oft the lond to loke,
 So we finden on the boke.
 King Arthour, Bohort, and Ban,
 Wele with fex fcore of her man,
 Went hem to Brekenho,
 So Merlin hem feyd to,
 Bitven Inglond and Carmelide,
 4140 Merlines com for to abide,
 That tho fro hem was y-went,
 Thai nift whider, verrament.

Tho thai hadde there a while abiden,
 On a day out thai riden,
 And feighe com bi on lowe,
 An eld cherl with aruwe and bowe;
 The cherl bent his bowe fone,
 And smot a doke mididone,
 And with a bolt afterward
 4150 Anon he hitt a maulard.

This foules he nam tho,
 Ogain the king he gan go,
 Arthour hem asked as Y you telle,
 Gif he wold tho foules felle.
 This old man feyd, parmafay,
 He wold hem giue for monay;
 The king him axed fo most he liue
 Hou he wold the foules giue.
 Theld man feyd, fir king,
 4160 Nought thou schuft make bucking;
 Ac thou schuft hote hem bere forth,
 And tviis giue me the worth.
 Fo Ich the wold foner giue
 This to foules, fo mot Y liue,
 Than thou a pani of thi gold,
 That lith bidoluen depe in mold.
 With this word, the foules to
 Sir Kay he toke hem bo.

To that eld feyd Arthour,
 4170 Who told the of ni trefour ?
 Certes, he feyd, the clerk Merlin,
 For fwith the late Y fpac with him.
 The king nold him leue nought,
 Theld man feyd him no rought,
 For king, he feyd, thou haft of me,
 And Y no haue nought of the.
 Bretel and Vlin him vnder ftode,
 And feyd anon with milde mode,
 Sir, God the yeld this foules to,
 4180 Giftes thou haft him giuen mo ;
 And yete thou fehalt with Godes might,
 Mo prefantes and giftes him dight.
 Ther thai wiffen bi Vlin
 That this eld was Merlin.

Merlin him fehewed to king Arthour,
 And he him kift with gret honour ;
 And Bohort and Ban, and other fwith the,
 Of his come weren blithe.
 A damifel of gret valour,
 4190 Was tho comen to king Arthour,
 To knowe him lord and don omage,
 That fehe no hadde afterward damage ;
 And alle her knightes deden alfo,
 That with her were comen tho ;

Liganor that may was hot,
 Erl Giweinis douhter, God it wot.
 Tho Arthour hir hadde y-feighe,
 Bi hir he wald haue y-leighe,
 So he dede thurch Merlin ;

4200 A child he bigat her in,
 That wex feththen of gret mounde,
 A knight of the table rounde.
 There thai foiournud eurichon,
 Til that Lenten were half agon :
 Lete we hem ther stille be,
 And of the kinges telle we,
 .Xi. that flowen are,
 Hou thai bicomen and whare.

In time of winter alange it is ;
 4210 The foules lefen her blis ;
 The leues fallen of the tre ;
 Rein alangeth the cuntre ;
 Maidens lefeth here hewe,
 Ac euer hye lonieth that be trewe.
 The kinges that difcomfit ware
 Al day and al night hadde y-fare
 On hors armed with gret hete,
 Withouten drink, withouten mete,
 Til thai com to Norhant,
 4220 A fair cite of gode waraunt.

Norham was that time Y wene,
 A prout cite, and strong and kene,
 Ich you telle at on word,
 King Vrien was therof lord.
 This kinges alle thider comen ware,
 And hadden forwe and gret care,
 For her knightes were fo y-flawe,
 And her kin brought oliue dawe,
 Swiche diol thai hadden dayes to,
 4230 Nold thai mete to mirthe do.
 Vp him flirt Bandamagu,
 A knight of gret vertu,
 And feyd, kinges leteth ben,
 Your diole is rewthe for to fen,
 Ye habbeth frendes fer and wide,
 To hem ye schulleth nou the ride,
 And your diol to hem speke,
 Thurch whom ye worth awreke.
 Thurch his speche comfort thai nome
 4240 The thridde daye and togider come,
 And euerich other gaue swiche folas,
 So thai mighten in that eas;
 That day thai maden hem al aife,
 To bed anight thai geden in paife.

The ferth day euerich aros,
 And fone days hem agros,

For to hem com a meßlanger,
 And gret hem with reuelich chere,
 And feyd into Cornnewaile
 4250 Sarrazins were comen faunfaile,
 And hadde neighe stried al that lond
 With wilde fere and with brond;
 And the lond of Dorkaine also,
 And stroied and don michel wo:
 Nambires thai hadde bilay,
 And destrued al the cuntray
 Both with fer and with fword,
 Spard thai noither knaue no lord,
 There was so michel pople of hem,
 4260 That tellen hem no might men.
 Tho the kinges y-herd this,
 In her hertes nas no blis;
 Al her flesche bigan to quake,
 So the feuer hem had y-take.
 Ich of hem feyd allas!
 That ani of hem y-bore was.
 The wailing that thai made
 Today no might Ich ful rade,
 Ac fwiche forwe made aplight,
 4270 Ich of hem fourtennight,
 That litel mete com hem among,
 Bot wailaway and wepeing strong.
 At the fourtennightes ende,
 King Brangore wight and hende,

Com him forth into the halle,
 And of fent his feren alle ;
 To hem alle than fpac Brangori,
 Yblifced be the king of glorie
 Of his grace and of his fending !
 4280 What helpeth ous fwiche morning ?
 Fond we ous to biſtere,
 And our lond ſum del to were ;
 We no haue pouer Arthour ogen,
 For king Bohort and king Ban,
 No for Merlin the gode clerk,
 That can fo michel ſchandliche werk :
 We no haue deſerued of Arthour,
 To haue non ſkinnes ſecour
 To helpen ous ogain Angys kinde,
 4290 That thenketh ous for to ſchende,
 And we haue y-lorn our might,
 Nought with wrong, ac al with right,
 That wold haue our lord kende,
 Y-flawe thurch lore of the fende.
 Of king Leodegan help worth ous non,
 For of Yrlond the king Rion
 Him bath awerred to yer and more,
 With tventi kinges bi Godes ore :
 No of king Pelles of Liſtoneci,
 4300 No worth ous help, parmafay,
 For the ward of Pelleore,
 His brother lith ſike and fore,

And felch be feke for the meruaile,
 Of the greal be don faunfaile :
 No forther of the king Alain,
 No worth ous noither help no main.
 For he lith like, and like felchal be.
 For the best knight of ftren.
 Y haue feyd, wher fore it is
 4310 That he bicomc like Y wis.
 No of the king of the Marais
 Nor Maga of Sorailes.
 No may ther com help to ou-
 For him awerreth Galaou.
 No of the king Bremeins,
 No of the king Adameins,
 No of the king Clamadas,
 No may hem come no folas,
 For alle hem werreth Galeus.
 4320 The riche king fo Vertonous.
 Loketh now hou we may fpede,
 For we habbeth wel gret uede.

Tho biſpae Cradelman,
 King of North Wales, a wife man;
 The best confeyl that Y can,
 Part we alle our man,
 And hire we alle tho,
 That we with catel may ago,

And ich man wende to his cite,
 4330 That we wene strangest be,
 And kepe we the strait wais,
 Ouer alle in the cuntrays,
 And robben hem her sustenance
 With fkec, and don hem combrance,
 And waiten hem al the qued
 That we mowe bi mi red.
 Tho biþpac fir Lot the king,
 Gode ware al this conseiling,
 Ac Ich wot when Arthour feth,
 4340 That we of the payens awered beth,
 Another half he wil ous anoie,
 And with schond ous destroie.
 The king of the hundred knight
 Seyd, drede you nought Y you plight :
 Arthour with Bohort and Ban,
 Beth toward Leodegan,
 And help him ogain Rion,
 And hem warmfen euerichon,
 Bothe cite and castel,
 4350 With mete and men swithe wel,
 That hem no ftondeth no doute,
 Of the payens no of her route ;
 Of him no haueth non drede,
 For it is sothe that Ich you fede ;
 Mi confeyl is ye don anon,
 So thou seydest king Cradelman.

This confeyl thai deden tho,
And fenten after mani mo,
Knightes, fwaines, man that wold
4360 Winnen filuer other gold,
For to loke withouten afoine,
Al the marches of Galoine,
And of Cornwaile the pleines,
And eke the place of Dorkains,
And of Gorre alfo Ich fay,
And eke the entres of Galeway.
Alder firft Yder the king,
Thre thoufand hadde of bileueing,
That y-flawe no were nought,
4370 Ogaines Arthour than thai fought;
And .viij. thoufand of purchas,
He hadde alfo bi Godes gras,
And to this ftrong cite Nante,
With alle this men he wante,
And yete he hadde thoufandes thre
Of the cite bi mi leute.

This Ider loked wele the wayes
With his folk in that cuntreys,
And payens he ouercam
4380 Oft and her mete binam,
And fo wele in armes dede,
That men him blifced in eueri ftede.

King Nanter the wight man,
 So went forth into Hufsidan,
 His owen cite that was of priis,
 With thre thoufand him bileued Y wis;
 In the bataile ther he was
 With feuen thoufand of purchas,
 And fif thoufand in toun he fond,
 4390 Orped men and gode of hond.
 This loked wele the pathes,
 And the paiens oft deden feathes,
 Bothe o lif and eke treafour
 Thai dede the paiens mifauntour.

King Lot went to Dorkaine,
 With thre thoufand bileued with paine,
 Ther he was at the bataile,
 And with five thoufand of purchas faunfaile,
 And four thoufand he fond in his toun,
 4400 Wight men and of gret renoun.
 And yete for his wight pruefle,
 And hendefchip and largeffe,
 Thre thoufand after him come,
 Gode bataile for to done.
 .Viij. thoufand tho hadde Lot
 That wele him holpe, God it wot,
 The waies and the pathes yeme,
 And of the farrazins him reme,

And often deden hem gret greuauunce,
 4410 And robbed hem her fuftenaunce.
 Tho went king Clarion
 To North Humber lond anon,
 To his cite that hete Orlende,
 With thre thoufand that were hende,
 That him bileued at that fight
 Ogain Arthour the gode knight.
 .Viij. thoufand he hadde of purchas,
 That wele deden in eucri plas,
 The wayes thai deden wele awayt,
 4420 And the pathes that were ftrait,
 And oft deden the farrazins
 Grete fehame and grete pines.
 After went anon rightes,
 The king of the hundred knightes,
 Aguigines was his name,
 He was a knight of gret fame;
 He went him to Malaot,
 A riche cite, God it wot;
 The cite on leuedis was,
 4430 And ftode in a wel gret pas,
 Where the farrazins com and ride,
 Thre thoufand he brought him mide.
 Afcaped from detheis hond,
 That leuedi marched on his lond;
 Therfore fche com to his focour,
 And fond knightes of grete valour

Ynough to loken her lond,
 And fo thai deden with mighti hond.
 After went Cradelman
 4440 To North Wales that he cam,
 With thre thoufand of his knightes,
 That were afcaped fram the fightes;
 He purchaft feuen thoufnde:
 So Ich in the boke y-finde.
 Four thoufand he fond at hom,
 That were blithe of his com,
 For vnnethe fram hem fue mile,
 Woned a wiche hete Carmile;
 Hir brother hight Hardogabran,
 4450 A fwithe riche foudan;
 Of wiche craft and vilaine,
 And eke of nigramate,
 Of this world fche couthe maft,
 Withouten Arthours fone abaft;
 Morgein for fothe was hir name,
 And woned withouten Niniamé,
 That with hir queint gin
 Bigiled the gode clerk Merlin.

This Carmile in that cuntray
 4460 Hadde a caftel of gret noblay;
 Of that caftel hadde focour,
 The farrazius of gret recur,

Whar thurch the king Cradelman
 Was foure carked and alle his man;
 Ac fwithe wele nothelas
 The marche he loked and eke the pas;
 Ac Carmile, parmafay,
 Bi Merlines liif day,
 No might do with hir wicheing.

- 4470 In Ingland non anoiing.
 King Brangore tho went forth
 To Efrangore wel fer bi north,
 And woned that wiche bifide,
 The more noighe him gan bitide;
 Thre thoufinde with him he nam,
 The fleight that were afcaped fram;
 Sex thoufinde he hadde of purchas,
 And fiue of his cite that was,
 That loked the cuntray,
 4480 And often dede the Panimes tray.
 This Brangores of valour,
 Ludranes douhter themperour
 Bi that time hadde y-fpoufed
 A leuedi gent and precioufe;
 Ac the king of Hungri, and of Blaske,
 Hir hadde firft to wiue y-take.
 Bi hir form hufbounde
 Sche hadde a child of gret mounde,

That was y-hoten Segremor,
 4490 In ward with themperour,
 That was air of thempire,
 And of Blake and of Hungrie.
 Ye schul here afterward hou Segremor
 Com to knight of king Arthour,
 Where thurch themperour, fikerliche,
 Him hadde y-graithed richeliche,
 And hadde him sent to Costentin noble,
 To Ingland ward with mani noble.

Yete went forth king Carodas,
 4500 That of the rounde table was,
 To Galence his cite,
 A cite riche of gret plente ;
 With him he hadde thre fon and knight
 That were ascaped fram that fight,
 And ther he fond foure thoufnde
 Noble knightes, so Ich finde,
 And feuen thousand of gret powers
 He purchasced on heighe destrers,
 That with fwerd and launce and kniif
 4510 Binomen mani Painems her liif,
 And with skekes and with fight
 The wayes loked wele aflight.
 Therafter the king Anguifaunt
 Went to Coranges in Scotland,

With fue thou[f]and gode knightes
 Alle ascaped fram the fightes ;
 Of purchas he hadde thoufendes ten,
 Swithe wele fightand men,
 Withouten mani that he fond
 4520 In his cite and in his lond.
 He nas bot twenti mile way
 Fram Nambire that was bilay
 Of mani thoufand farrazin,
 Where of he hadde mifer fin,
 To fele knightes him to helpe,
 To fight ogain the farrazin welpe ;
 So thai deden with chere blithe,
 Swithe oft and mani sithe,
 On hem fchoten bi wayes and pathes,
 4530 And dede the farrins gret feathes.
 Tho went Eufas to Arundel
 With thre thoufand armed wel
 That were ascaped fram the batayle ;
 With feuen thoufand fanfaile,
 That wele loked path and way,
 Ouer al in that cuntray.

King Vriens bileued stille
 In Norham fori and eke ille
 For depart of his felawes,
 4540 And for her men that weren y-flawe ;

He hadde in alle thoufandes ten,
Bothe wight and hardy men,
That anoied bi al her might,
The farrazins bi day and night.

Now ye schul vnder stond,
Eif yer this laft in Ingland
That no corn no was y-fowe,
Noither on down no in lowe.
Alle this ich yeres fue
4550 This kinges thus ladde her liue,
With that thai might reue and robbe
Of Sarrazins with fwerd and clobbe ;
The lowe folk in the cuntray
Were y-flawe for nought al day,
And alle y-flawe hadde y-ben
No hadde fir Wawain to hem fen,
That was tho a bachelor,
Iolif and of strong power.
Ac ar Ich you more thing,
4560 Of Paiems tellen other king,
Of Nanter fones and of his feren
Noble thing ye schullen y-heren ;
His fone was hoten Galathin.
Now listneth wele for loue min.

Of Ygerne that Ich er of fpake,
Hou Hoel hir hadde fpoufed to make,

On hir he bigat Blafine gent,
 And fo he dede Belifent.
 King Nanters hadde spoufed Blafine,
 4570 And Lot Belifent fair and dine.
 Y wil wele that ye it wite,
 Nanters in Blafine hadde bigete
 A fair yong man Galathin,
 Wight hende and gentil afin.
 Lot bigat in Belifent
 Four fones fwithe gent,
 Gveheres and eke Wawain,
 Gaaheriet and Agrenein.

Galathin in this time
 4580 Com to his moder Blafine,
 And asked gif it were foth,
 That men feyd fouth and north,
 Gif mi nem be king Arthour,
 Telle me, dame paramour.
 Blafine tho bigan to wepe,
 And feyd, fone, fo God me kepe,
 Mi brother king Arthour is,
 In on wome we weren Y wis,
 Bot he is Vterpendragons ften,
 4590 Therfore thi fader him wold ften,
 And nere thi fader was flawe in fight,
 Nought with wrong, bot al with right.
 Ther fche him told anon,
 Arthours bigete of Vterpendragon,

And alle the deftaunce whi and wharfore
 Arthours deth thai hadden y-fwore,
 And feyd, fone, were thou wiis,
 Or fo thou the heldest of priis,
 Thou fcholdest bi day and bi night,
 4600 With queyntife and al thi might,
 Fond for to maken acord
 Bitven Arthour and thi lord.
 Galathin fwore with wordes bold,
 He nold neuer ogain . . . *
 And feyd he wold of him afong
 Helme and fwerd and launce ftrong,
 And of him be dubbed knight,
 And with him be in pays and fight.
 A meffanger he fent anon,
 4610 And badde him fwithe to Wawain gon,
 And figge him with wordes bonaire
 He com to the newe faire
 Of Brocklond to fpeke him with
 Mani word of loue and grith.
 This errand bar the meffanger :
 Wawain answered with glad chere,
 That gif he hadde liif of manne,
 He wold fpeke with him thanne.
 In time that this fond cam,
 4620 Gawinet fram hunting nam,

* A word omitted in MS.

Thre grehoundes he ledde on hond,
 And thre raches in on bond.
 His moder biheld him and wepe fore,
 And feyd, fone, now thi nore,
 Thou lest the time with vnright,
 Thou haft age to ben knight;
 Thou schust leten thi folye,
 Thi rage and the ribaudye,
 Thenki on thi nem Arthour,
 4630 Knight that is of mest valour,
 And fond to make gode acord
 Bitven him and Lot thi lord.
 Ther feche told him bifore,
 Hou Arthour was bigeten and bore,
 His bretheren feyd he hadde wrong,
 For it was al on him y-long
 That thai her time lorn fo,
 And bot he wald with hem go,
 Thai wolden fare to king Arthour,
 4640 And him feruen with honour.
 Tho biþpac him child Wawain,
 Whom Crist gaf bothe might and main,
 Swete dame and bretheren thre,
 With gret wrong ye blamen me,
 Seththen Ich euer born was
 Nist Y neuer are this cas,
 Ac feththen thus fer comen it is,
 Y bihote the king of blis,

No fchal Y neuer armes afong,
 4650 Bot of king Arthours hond.
 His thre brether ther on haft
 Ther bibeten anon that haft.
 Tho biſpac Wawain curteys,
 Madame, purvaieth ous harnais,
 And we nil neuer blinne
 What we may the acord wiinne.
 Sone, ſche feyd, fikerliche,
 Ye ſchullen haue neweliche
 Hors and armes, and alle thing
 4660 That bihoueth to your dubbeing.
 Ther after fone bi Godes fond,
 Galathin went to Brocklond;
 Ogain him com Wawain the fre,
 With his gentle brether thre,
 And in her togider coming,
 Thai maden ioie and gret kiſſeing.

Tho feyd Wawain to Galathin,
 Certes, gentil nevou min,
 No hadde it be for loue thine,
 4670 Ich, and al brether mine,
 Were y-went to our em Arthour,
 To feruen him and make amour
 Our fader and him bitven,
 Thurch help of heuen quen.

Y herd be Crift, quath Galathin,
 That is defire and wil min,
 For that ich felue thing,
 Ich made after the fending ;
 Togider, Y pray the, wende we :
 4680 Bletheliche, quath Wawain the fre.
 Ther thai fetten ioiffulliche,
 Day to wende fikerliche ;
 And gif thai no hadde togider y-went,
 Ingland hadde ben y-fhent.

Mirie is thentre of May,
 The foules make mirri play ;
 Maidens finggeth and maketh play,
 The time is hot, and long the day ;
 The iolif nightingale fingeth,
 4690 In the grene mede foules fpringeth.
 King Lot and the leuedi Belifent
 Hadde puruayd her fone gent ;
 Fif hundred on hors wel,
 In armour of iren and fliel ;
 Erls fones, and barouns bothe,
 Alle in fout of o clothe ;
 Ac of hem bot neighen knight
 Ther no ware Y you plight ;
 He blifced Gawaynet,
 4700 And Gueheres, and Gaheriet,

And Agreinein that was fo hende,
And on Godes name bad hem wende.

On this maner dede Blafine
King Nanters leuedi dine ;
Hir fone Galathin
Sche graithed in atire fin ;
To hundred feren fche him fond,
And blifced him with hir hond ;
Of this to hundred were .xx. knightes,
4710 Swithe noble and gode in fightes ;
Galathin and Gawainet
Togider com ther thai hadde fett,
And wenten forth in her way,
Toward Londen for fothe to fay ;
Thai wenden haue king Arthour founde
In the noble toun of Lounde,
The thridde day in her jurneie
Thai were Londen fwith neie.

Thai feighen hem com fwith neie,
4720 Seuen hundred charged fomer,
And feuen hundred cartes also,
And fue hundred waines after go ;
Y-charged alle with ale and bred,
With fifche and flefche, and win red,
Robbed of men of the cuntray,
To leden to her oft oway ;

- For the poudre of this charging,
 No might men fe sonne schining.
 Thre thoufand, feyd our boke,
 4730 That robberie went to loke.
 This robberie than hadde y-don.
 A king hight Beodebron,
 And the king Semgram,
 Swithe fel and wicke man,
 And the king Mandelec,
 That euer waited scathe and lkec,
 And the king Seruagare,
 Of Yrlond al thai ware;
 This four hethen kinges
 4740 Went to loken this robbeinges,
 And were fo wroth that king Arthour
 Hadde y-warnift toun and tour,
 That the cuntrie about Lounde,
 Slown and brent to the grounde.
 Men feighe the fer fer away,
 Thennes ouer a iurnay,
 Man and wiif and children bo
 No hadde thai no pite to flo.
 The folk fchirften fo heighe and loude,
 4750 That it fchilled in to the cloude.
 Wawain feighe and herd this fare,
 And asked men what it ware;
 And thai him told fone anon,
 So Ich toforn haue y-don.

Wawain asked where was the king?
 Thai feyd, thurch Merlins confeyling,
 He was went to king Leodegon,
 To help him wer ogain king Rion.
 Quath Waway, bi mi leute,
 4760 We nil fuffre now this pite.
 Seththen king Arthour is out of lond,
 We wil the Painemes withftond,
 And faue his lond we beth his men,
 Til that he com hider ogen.
 That folk abouten him gan ten,
 And asked wat folk it might ben;
 Thai feyden whos fones thai were,
 And wherefore thai comen there;
 The folk that was of this lond
 4770 Thonked Ihefu Cristes fond.
 Chaftelems fones and vauafours
 Seththen wele deden with king Arthours,
 And fele men of this lond
 Ther fellen to this children hond
 Fif hundred of wight man.
 Wawain hete on haft than
 Euerich man him arme wel,
 Bothe in yren and in ftiel;
 And fuwen him for our sleight
 4780 He wald awreke anon right.
 Now hadde he a thoufand and hundred to,
 Of wiche four fcore and no mo

Hardi and wele doinde knightes,
 That him fuwed anon rightes
 In four parties, fo Y finde,
 And dede hem ogain thre thoufinde,
 And acontred that carroy,
 It was passed the midday;
 And tho fel fro Wawain,
 4790 Sumdel of his might and main.

For of his strengthe the maner
 Sumdel ye may lern and here;
 Bitven auen-fong and night
 He no hadde bot o mannes might,
 And that strengthe him laft
 Fort aruemorwe bi the laft;
 And fram aruemorwe to the midday
 He hadde strengthe of knightes tway;
 Fram midday fort after-none
 4800 He nadde strengthe bot of one;
 Fram afternone to auenfong
 So to knightes he was strong.
 This was the manere of Wawain,
 Of his strengthe and of his main;
 In the time of midday,
 On the paiens he smot par fay,
 With an ex fcharp and strong,
 The bite was to fot long;

Whom he might take and hitt,
 4810 The heued he clef other of kitt;
 He hem to hewe, Ich you fwer,
 So flefche doth the flefche hewe ere;
 He and his hors fram heued to taile
 Blodi weren al faunfayl
 Of the Paiems that he flough,
 With gode right and no wough.

Alder next him was Galathin,
 That him halp with might fin;
 What farrazin fo he mett
 4820 Wel foriliche he hem grett,
 That wom euer that he hitt,
 The heued to the chinne he flitt;
 Other the fcholder, other the heued,
 Fro the bodi was bireued,
 Other legge, other feft,
 Other what he might take beft;
 Who fo euer he at raught,
 Tombel of hors he him taught.
 Wawaines brother, Agrenein,
 4830 Ther him kidde a noble mayn,
 For .xx. knightes al arawe
 Ther he brought oliue dawe.

The thridde brother, Gueheres,
 Smot him in amid the pres,

On alle half about he fmot,
 And mani flough, God it wot.
 The yongest brother, Gaheriet,
 No child no might fight bet,
 Than he dede, verrament,
 4840 Ther he bifett mani a-dent ;
 Thurch armes out euerichon,
 He clef thurch flefche and bon,
 Fourti farrazins and mo,
 Ther he dede to belle go ;
 Other men that mid him were,
 Deden nobiliche there ;
 Thai floughwen and brought to grounde
 Mani Paien in litel ffounde.
 Ac certes ogain Wawain,
 4850 Non no might kithe him main,
 For arme non y-wrought with hond
 Ogain his dent no might ffound ;
 That he tok he alto rof
 So duft in winde and aboute drof ;
 Ther he him contende fo manliche,
 That in litel while fikerliche,
 Child Wawain and his felawe
 This thre thoufand brougten of dawe ;
 Bot tventi Paiems that gun afcape,
 4860 And fleand oway with gret rape ;
 Of wiche the ten com behinde,
 To an oft of feuen thoufinde,

With loude voice, and to hem gradde,
 Harou Painems! ye ben to badde;
 Cartes and fomers ous beth binome,
 And alle our folk is ouer come;
 And y-flawe euerich man,
 Bot we and other ten
 That here binethe fram ous yede,
 4870 More focour to bring hem midde.
 Euerich Payem tho was fori,
 And criden agrifely crie,
 As armes for Mahouns fake,
 That this traitour were y-take;
 That armes hadde ron therto,
 Ac fom uo hadde non tho,
 Ac thai hem hadde laid for hot,
 In the cartes, God it wot,
 Wiche the children hadde fent
 4880 To London, verrament;
 Alle the cartes and fomers
 Were fent thider with men of powers.
 This Paiens withouten let,
 Ogains this children fet.
 Ogain a thoufand come feuen,
 That was no thing delt euen,
 Ac the help of our dright
 With Wawain and his gan alight;
 No herd men neuer fo fewe in lond,
 4890 Noblicher fo fewe withftond.

Ther aros noble bataile,
 A bothe half withouten faile,
 Ac Wawain fwith the noble was,
 For ther he met king Thoas,
 A wight geaunt gret and strong,
 Of tho fet fourtene he was long,
 A king he was of Yrlond ;
 Wawain his ax left an hond,
 On the helme he him hitt,
 4900 That to the brest he him flit.

Galathin mett king Samgran,
 An vnfely hoge man,
 With his sward he him hitt,
 That his heued of he kitt ;
 Wawain brother Agrenain,
 Amid the pres kidde his main,
 For aleft half and aright,
 He leyd on and flough down right.
 Ther com the king Gvinbat,
 4910 And gaf Gueheres fwiche a flat,
 That he fel adoun to grounde ;
 Ac he flirt vp in a founte,
 And fo smot a farrazin,
 That he clef his bacin,
 And eke his heued to the toth,
 And on his hors lepe for foth.

Gaheriet feighe Gvinbat,
 That his brother gaue fwiche a flat,
 And Gvinbat him com feighe,
 4920 And gan to fleighe fwith e way,
 For the strokes he feighe him geue,
 He no durst abide fo mot y-live;
 For tho Gaheriet was y-made knight,
 In euerich place and eueri fight,
 He kidde ner as miche main
 So dede his brother Wawain.
 Gvinbat fleighe out of the place,
 Gaheriet on hors his trace
 Folwed out fram that oft
 4930 Wele the fehote of an ablaft.
 So we finden on the bok,
 In a valay he him of tok;
 In wiche valay the other ten,
 That scaped Wawain and our men,
 Hadden brought thoufandes eight
 Of our men to make fleight.
 Gaheriet no lete nought for that,
 That he no folwed king Gvinbat,
 And folwed him withouten doute,
 4940 Al on amidward the route;
 And smot him fo on the helme cler,
 And ther of carl a quarter,
 And the seheld thurch ato,
 With the seholder and arme also.

King Gvinbat in that flounde
 Afwon fel adoun to grounde ;
 Gaheriet tho turned his bride,
 And fwithe wald ogain ride,
 Ac the Paiems about him com,
 4950 And wold him han y-nome,
 Ac ther he carf with fwerd and fmot
 Mani to the deth, God it wot.
 He nas nought tventi winter eld,
 Ac in armes he was held;
 Sum with fwerd fo he hitt,
 That to the chin he hem flitt;
 Of mani he fmot the neck ato,
 And wounded and dede michel wo;
 Non durft him neighe, verrament,
 4960 For doute of his hard dent.
 Tho thai him dede gret vilanie,
 His hors flough biforn his eighe.
 Gaheriet afot ftoðe,
 And werd him with hert gode,
 Bothe he flough hors and man,
 Him aboute five and ten;
 So fore he hitt, fo fmore he fmot,
 Non durft him neighe, God it wot :
 Ther thai threwen on him anon
 4970 Stones and kniues mani on,

Swerdes, flaues, and launces long,
 And wounded him fwith the strong,
 And tviies feld him on the fton,
 Allas! help no hadde he non.
 On him thai fchoten atte laft,
 And deden of his armes on haft,
 For to haue anon y-reued
 His bodi fram his gentil heued.
 In that time a gentil fwain
 4980 Wel gode fcour com to Wawain,
 Wawain, he feyd, thi brother Y fay
 Riden yonder to yon valay,
 Folwand on hethen king,
 Me thenketh he maketh long duelling,
 Go we thider for our leudi,
 Y herd ther gret noife and cri,
 Y dar legge heued min
 That ther ben mo farrazin,
 That beth comand hider ward,
 4990 And han thi brother in hondling hard.
 Allas! he feyd, Icham y-fchent
 Be mi brother fo y-hent,
 As lef me were to ben of dawe
 As my brother were y-flawe,
 And feyd to Galathin,
 Gode nevou, brother min
 Yond binethen Icham adred
 Thurch his folye he is miffed.

Quath Galathin, lete be thi striif,
 5000 And wende we thider ward bi liif,
 While we fpeki and maketh tale
 He may lachi dethes vale ;
 Ther thai finiten al about,
 Thai four daffed out of the rout.

Galathin and eke Wawain,
 Gveheres and Agrenein,
 Sum other of the best,
 After thefe four threst ;
 Tho thai feighen Ich you fay,
 5010 .Vijj. thoufand in o valay,
 Of wiche her maifter king,
 Was y-hoten Gvinbating,
 Another hight Medalan,
 Bothe wight and hoge man ;
 Wawain fwithe among hem fmot,
 His brother to feche, God it wot ;
 His ex he houe fwithe heighe,
 Galathin was him wel neighe,
 Thai laiden on hem about,
 5020 And to fchiften al that rout,
 Sum the fcholder and fom the regge
 He cleued with fwerdes egge ;
 Of fum the midel ato he girt,
 Mani he flough, and mani he hirt ;

Abouten hem fwiche fleight thai made,
 That Y no may it nought al ful rade.
 Gveheres and Agrenein
 Schewed also her main;
 Mani thai hitten and fmiten thurch
 5030 That fellen ded in the furch,
 No fined thai neuer fwiche a fleight,
 What thai to Gaberiet com right,
 And pitoufeliche him ligge founde
 Deueling opon the grounde,
 Mani on about him were,
 His armour of thai gun to tere.
 Tho was Wawain fo wroth
 His owen liif was him loth,
 Ther he fmot fore aflight
 5040 Bothe aleft half and aright;
 On he fmot that the dent threft
 Thurch helme and heued to the breft;
 Another on the fchulder he hitt,
 That to the ribbes he him flitt;
 Another he toke aboue the fcheld,
 That his heued fleighe in the feld:
 Thus he ferued mani arawe,
 Al fo dede his felawe;
 So fele thai floun hors and man,
 5050 That tellen alle Y no can.
 Thos that Gaberiet held tho,
 Alle him bifel forwe and wo,

No durst no abide lenge,
Ac flowen away on on renge.
Tho Gaheriet feighe Wawain,
He lepe vp with al his main,
His armes he toke vp anon,
And swiftliche dede hem opon,
And toke a fwerd in his hond gode,
5060 Afot mani he schadde blode.
A deftrer tho ladde Agreinein,
And toke it Gaheriet bi the rein,
And feyd, worth her on haftiliche,
And feyd, thou dest foliliche,
Tho thou folwedest hunting
Ani man in this gret thring.
Vpon the stede Gaheriet
Lepe anon withouten let.
Alle his felawes weren blithe,
5070 Out of the route daften fwithe,
Anon thai gun hem with drawe
What thai com to her felawe.
Thefe farrazins tho gun vnplie
Her baners and after heighe
To nimen this children anon,
Mahoun thai fworen euerichon ;
Vnder hem alle fo was Y finde,
Almeft fiften thoufinde ;
Our was litel more than on,
5080 Ac Crist hem halp wele to don,

Our were gode bodis alle,
 The farrazins thai gun to talle,
 Abothe half thai laiden on,
 So fast tho thai mighten don.

Liftneth now gret and finale,
 Hou you feith here this tale.
 The vplondifmen that hadden ladde
 Cartes and fomers fo Wawain badde,
 To Londen wel wele thai come,
 5090 The citifains fair in hem nome,
 And asked hem for heuen king,
 Whennes com that noble thing.
 Alle thai telden hou Wawain
 And his feren thurch noble main,
 Hadden met toward Lounde,
 And thre thoufand leyd to grounde.
 And the farrazins hadde y-fchent,
 And to Londen that catel fent,
 And feyden to the conftable tho,
 5100 That was y-hoten fir Do,
 That farrafins feuen thoufinde
 Hadde afailed hem bihinde.
 Sir Do went to Al gate,
 And dede blowe an horne ther ate,
 Of that cite the alder man,
 Ich with his ward cam,

Tho thai were thider y-come,
 Seuē thoufand were in her trome.
 Tho ſpac fir Do that was knight
 5110 Trewe, hardi, and eke wight,
 Loke, he feyd, lene frende,
 Her biſiden ben childer hende,
 That han this ich dawē
 Mani curſed Painem flawe,
 That hadden robbed this cuntray
 Of al this ich fair pray,
 This children han hem y-fehent,
 And this preſent hider ſent.
 We were coward and vnhende,
 5120 Bot we holpen tho children kende ;
 It beth Galathin and eke Wawain,
 Gveheres, Gaheriet, and Agreinein,
 Thurch the grace of Criſt Jhefu,
 And this children Y telle you,
 Bitvene Arthour, and the .xi. king,
 May be pes and acording.
 As armes he feyd, paramour,
 And daſſe we to her focour ;
 Withouten abod ſone anon,
 5130 Her armes thai deden on ;
 Euerich of the alderman
 His baner biforn him nam,
 And the conſtable fir Do,
 His baner toke alfo.

Of the feuen thoufand to thai lete
 For alle chaunce Londen to kepe,
 And withe hem toke thoufandes fue,
 Swithe gode in fight and ftriue,
 Her fteden fwithe thai biſtriden,
 5140 And toward the children fwithe riden.
 Lete we now ben her cominge,
 And ſpeke we of the children fighting;
 This children foughten, fo Y finde,
 Ogain fiſtene thouſinde,
 And no hadde bot four ſcore knightes,
 And fif hundred of ſquiers wight,
 And tventi alſo that ſchulden ben
 Knightes when thai might her time ſen,
 And there hundred of the cuntray,
 5150 Bothe on fot and hors Y ſay,
 That was a thouſand and hundred laſ,
 Nas ther na more in that caſ.
 Ac Gvinbating and Medelan,
 To vnſely hardi man,
 With .viij. thouſand in a throme
 On our folk daſſeand come,
 With ſtrong cours and gret hete,
 So thai hem wald nim and threte;
 Gvinbating an hoge ſpere
 5160 Ogain Wawain he gan to bere,
 Wawain it ſeighe ſone on haſt,
 His ſcheld ther ogin gan caſt,

His scheld perced Gvinbating,
 Ac his strong hauberk no thing
 The launce brac atvo aflight,
 Wawain nought ftiored ac fat vpright,
 His ax he hef with bothe his hond
 To hit Gvinbating Ich vnderftond,
 On his helme he him finot,
 5170 The ax glod, God it wot.
 Of the gode ax the fcharpe egge
 Fel down on the hors rigge,
 And to carf it euen ato,
 And to the grounde withouten no
 The knight don ward gan butten,
 Amidward the hors gutten,
 And no hadde Wawain ther o-fot y-lawe,
 He hadde ther the king y-flawe.
 Tho the farrazin y-feighe this,
 5180 Ther com men hundred Y wis,
 Her lord to ben bitven,
 And Wawain to nimen or ften.
 The farrazins her lord vp nome,
 And on hors fett him fone,
 And fir Wawain thai afailed ftong,
 His hors thai flowen with wrong ;
 Him to nim thai deden ftrengethe,
 And non durft him neighe his ax lengthe,
 Ac thai him threwe with fwerd and fpere,
 5190 Him to nimen and him to dere.

At that rideing flough Galathin
 Swithe mani farrazin,
 So dede alfo Gveheres
 Mani heulded in that pres.
 Agrenein dede alfo
 Mani flough and deden wo,
 So dede the child Gaheriet,
 No man no might fight bet.
 Miday paffed and none cam,
 5200 Wawain strengthe double gan,
 Tho he feyd and fwoore parde,
 To day no fchul ye nimen me.
 With bothe his honden his ax he hef,
 And fele he flough in ffounde bref.
 In blod he ftode Ichil arowe
 Of hors and man into the anclowe,
 That he hadde him felue y-flawe
 Withouten fleight of his felawe.
 Tho feighe he with gret main
 5210 A Paiem smot to Agrenein,
 That he fele on his hors nek,
 Him to heueden thai gan to bek;
 Wawain with his ax helue
 Lepe tho fet ten and tvelue,
 And ouer all that bitven hem was,
 To help his brother in that cas.
 That ich Painem wele he knewe,
 That on his brother nek hewe ;

The Païem feye he might not fien,
 5220 His fcheld he keft him bitvene;
 And Wawain fmot on the fcheld,
 That it clef and fel in the feld,
 Yete defcended that ich dent
 Thurch tho armes, verrament,
 And thurch out flefche, and bon, and blode,
 That at the girdel ftede it ftoðe.
 That dede bodi he put adoun,
 And lepe anon in the arfoun,
 And feyd, today Ich yeld your rentes
 5230 With hard woundes and deth dentes,
 Mi ftrengethe is dubled bi God aboue,
 And that ye fchul yete today proue.
 And flough to grounde al doun right,
 Bothe aleft half and aright,
 So he fmot in all that route,
 That gret helps him lay about,
 Of mani païem mifcreaunt,
 The brut therof is mi waraunt.
 Agrenein alfo with his fword
 5240 Of Sefox fmot the nek ford;
 That feighe Gvinbating the qued,
 That Sefox his nevou was ded,
 Wreken hem he wold fond,
 A ftiong launce he tok on hond,
 And fmot Agrenein, fo God it wold,
 Thurch the hauberk fele fold,

And thurch thern hel vnder the arm,
 He hadde neighe gouen him dethes harm,
 That Agrenein and his deftrer
 5250 To grounde he keft with gret power.
 Gaheriet, Gveheres, and Galathin,
 Tho bicom fori afine,
 For ich of hem wende certein,
 That dede were Agrenein,
 And wenten to that rideing :
 Galathin smot firft Guinbating
 With his fword ful but,
 That on his arfoun dou[n]ward he lut.
 Gveheres him dede more harm,
 5260 For he smot of his right arm ;
 Forth come fwithe Gaheriet,
 He him thought to hit bet,
 For he him aboue tok the fcheld,
 That his heued fleighe in the feld.

Galathin wit fot him ftett,
 Out of his fadel he him pett,
 And Agrenein tok that deftrer,
 And fleighe ther on fo a fperuer,
 And abouten hem thai redder,
 5270 And her noble ftrenghthe kedden.
 Tho non of hem no wift there,
 Whare Wawain was bicom en no where,

Al the oft of Guinbating,
 Flowen to Medelan the king,
 And tho with drough him Agrenein,
 What he feighe child Wawain,
 Al fíue togider thai yede,
 And our folk tho yede him mide ;
 Tho thai loked hem bifide,
 5280 And fir Do thai feighe com ride,
 Whom thai knewe bi the vplondifmen
 That bífóre were went hem fram ;
 Haftiliche tho thai alight,
 And on her fíedes her fadles dight ;
 This fíue thoufand fram Lounde
 To hem com in a fíounde.

The children were of focour blithe,
 Opon her hors thai lopen fíwithe
 With hem, and riden farreliche
 5290 Her fon toward fíkerliche ;
 Ogain hem com the paiems fling
 For the death of Guinbating.
 Launces thai broken mani on,
 Afterward drough her fíwerdes anon,
 For pouder that ros hem bitven
 Non no might other y-fen.
 Ther was noble contenance
 In bataile of remembrance ;

- Wawain him conteind than fo,
5300 That men of Londen and fir Do,
Wonder hadde hou man on
Swiche prueffe might don,
So mani paiems faunfaile
Were y-flawe at that bataile,
That the blod ran in the valaie,
So water out of a laie.
Ther com the strong king Medlan
And feld Do that gentilman ;
The helme hadde him bireued,
5310 For to fmite of his heued,
No man no might him binim,
That vnfely with ther win,
Bot Wawain that bi him cam,
And he him of his tolling nam ;
That he was gode knight he kidde,
Biforn him the way he ridde ;
What he com to Medelau,
That vnfely hoge man,
Wawain on the helm him smot,
5320 The ax fank depe, God it wot ;
What he com to the brest,
The Paiem fel with iuel reft.
The farrazins feighen this,
And gun fle wel fwithe Y wis ;
Wawain than and his nevou,
And his brother Y telle you,

And her feren and fir Do,
And the gode of Londen also,
Driuen hem fwe mile way,
5330 And mani of hem for fothe Y fay
Of hem thai flough thoufandes thretteue,
That nold no more don hem tene,
Withouten al the other hethen man,
That thai floughwen tofor than.
Tho this sleight was y-do,
To Lunden al thai comen tho,
Men hem ogain comen of the toun
With wel fair proceffoun ;
Of the cartes alle the priis
5340 Bifor Wawain thai brought Y wis,
And fir Do him bifought cert,
So he wald he fchuld it part.

Wawain feyd to fir Do,
Wo worth me than wo,
Ac to hem that habben nede maft
Departeth it now on haft.
Wawain was the better ay,
Therefore y-praised, parmafay;
This thing was deled and dight
5350 So hem thought beft aflight,
Therafter this children of mounde,
Soiournd wel long in Lounde,

That no farrazin hem might
 Noither deri bi day no night.
 Sir Do made hem gret folas,
 And alle that euer in Londen was ;
 Lete we hem ther foieur,
 And wende ogain to king Arthour.

Marche is hot, miri, and long ;
 5360 Foules singen her song ;
 Burioims sprisingeth ; mede greneth ;
 Of euerich thing the hert keneth.
 Arthour went to Brekingho,
 Merlin, Ban, Bohort alfo,
 And her feren thritti and fwe,
 Was ther no more companie,
 Bot in alle fourti and to,
 Alle chofen fo mot y-go
 Bi clerk Merlines confeyl,
 5370 The wightest that he wist, faunfail.
 Forth thai wenten al in paife,
 What thai com to Corohaife,
 A riche cite of al thing,
 Ther was Leodegan the king,
 That was king of al that lond,
 And hadde Carmelide in his bond,
 And made fwithe gret pite,
 For he was bilayn in that cite

Of king Rion and kinges fiftene,
 5380 That al born coronnes schene,
 That hadden him and al his man,
 Ouereomen bifor than ;
 No he no hadde men that might
 Him to awreke Y you plight,
 And confeild that ich flounde,
 At knightes of the table rounde,
 And at barouns of the lond,
 Hou thai might hem were fro schond ;
 Amid the ftrete in that cite
 5390 The king ther fode with his meine,
 On a palmefonnes aue,
 Sum confeil of hem to haue.

Right tho entred king Arthour,
 And Ban, and Bohort, and fir Antour,
 And her feren withouten doute,
 Al thai comen in on route ;
 Alle it were yong man,
 Bot it were the king Ban,
 And Bohort, and Vlfin the bel,
 5400 And fir Antour, and fir Bretel ;
 This were noble knightes fwe,
 And alle of midel liue,
 The other al were bachelers,
 Sittand on heighe deftrers ;

Merlin feyd, the king is younde,
Lighteth al to the grounde ;
Ye fehullen wende on on ring,
Your hors fehul the gromes bring ;
And thou, fir Ban the king,
5410 To Leodegan fo yeue greteing,
And fey the wordes him to
That we bispeke at Brekenho.
Hou thai went, and on fwiche maner,
Now ye may al y-here,
Of fwiche bodis noble and wight,
To for men me think it right
Her names to tellen you in fawe,
Hou thai wenten al on rawe.
Firft wenten thre with gret honour,
5420 Ban, and Bohort, and king Arthour.
King Arthour yede bitven aplight,
And king Ban him ledde bi the hond right ;
Bohort him ladde nobleliche,
Bi the left hond fikerliche ;
Alle the other com after tho,
Joinand bi hond to and to.
The ferth fo was Antour,
Kayes fader of gret valour ;
On his hond yede fir Vlin,
5430 At euerich nede gode afin ;
The fext knight fo was Bretel,
Of gret noblay, ftrong and lel ;

On his hond yede the steward Kay,
 The feued knight of gret noblay ;
 The .viii., Lucan the boteler,
 A gode knight of gret power ;
 Erl Dors fone, that loked Lounde,
 The .ix. was Ich vnderfonde ;
 Grifles fo was tithe,
 5440 Wight he was and noble fwithe ;
 Marec fo yede on his hond,
 On of the best of al that lond ;
 The .xii. Drians of the forest fauage,
 A strong knight of heighe parage ;
 Belias the lord of Maiden castel,
 On his hond yede fair and wel ;
 The .xiii. fo was Flaundin,
 A noble knight of gentil lin ;
 On his hond yede Lamuas,
 5450 And hardi knight the fiftend was ;
 The .xvi. was Amores the browe,
 A stalworth knight vnder hauberioun ;
 Ancales the rede yede him bi,
 The .xvii. knight strong and hardi ;
 The .xviii. was Bliovel,
 A knight doand fwithe wel ;
 The .xix. was Bleoberiis,
 Of gret los and michel priis ;
 Canode the .xx. was,
 5460 He no fleighe neuer for no cas ;

Aladane the crispe was .xx. and on,
 Non better bodi no might gon ;
 The .xxii. was Iglacides,
 Wight and strong in eueri pres ;
 Lampades was .xx. and thre,
 A noble knight, gent and fre ;
 The .xxiiiij. knight was
 A noble knight y-hote Jervas ;
 Cristofer of the roche north
 5470 The .xxv. was for foth ;
 The .xxvj. was Aigilin,
 A wight knight of gentil lin ;
 The .xxvij. was Calogreuand,
 A gentil knight of noble hand ;
 The .xxviiij. was Angufale,
 Of no man no held he tale ;
 Wight Agraue! was .xx. and nighe,
 Ful of wightship and curteisie ;
 The .xxx. was Cleades the fondling,
 5480 Man feighe neuer better yongling ;
 The gode knight Gimires of Lambale,
 The on and thritti was bi tale ;
 The .xxxij. was Kehedin,
 Fair and wight and gentil fin ;
 The thre and thritti was Merangis,
 A gode knight of noble priis ;
 The .xxxiiiij. was Goruain,
 An hardi knight of michel main ;

The .xxxv. was Craddoc,
 5490 An hardi knight in ich floe ;
 The .xxxvi. was Claries,
 He was ful wight in eueri pres ;
 The .xxxvii. was Blehartis,
 Bold of dede, of speche wiis ;
 The .xxxviii. was Amandauorgulous,
 A knight of dede vertuous ;
 The .xxxix. Ofoman cert,
 His furname was hardi of hert ;
 The .xl. was Galefcounde,
 5500 Ther nas no knight of more mounde ;
 The .xli. was Bleheris,
 King Bohortes godefone Y wis ;
 The .xlii. Merlin was thar,
 Bifor Arthour the yerd he bar ;
 This alle yede hand in hand,
 As Y you feyd bifornhand.
 Leodegan and al his ginge,
 Gret wonder had of her cominge.
 Knightes, fwaines, leuedies beld,
 5510 Maden crud hem to biheld ;
 Wonder thai hadden euerichon.
 For non no knewe her non.

Ogain hem yede king Leodegan,
 And him gret the king Ban ;

Leodegan feid, you blisse the rode
 Gif ye beth y-comen for gode.
 Quath king, fo Crist me spede,
 Com we nought hider for thi qued,
 No for thi schame ac for thi gode,
 5520 So ous help the gode rode.
 We beth fonders of fer lond,
 Men doth ous to vnderfond
 That thou to focour haddeft nede,
 Therfore we com fram our thede,
 That is fer hennes faunfaile,
 The to help in thi bataile,
 And to ferue on fwiche maner,
 So thou schalt now y-her :
 We aske the on Godes name,
 5530 Noither to thine harm no thi schame,
 Ac that thou graunt ous now a thing,
 And therof no make werning ;
 You no schalt aske name our,
 No wo we beth no non of our,
 No apofe ous of our being,
 What we the wil make schewing ;
 And gif the liketh fo our seruise,
 Telle it ous now in al wise,
 And bot thou like we seruen the,
 5540 We wille yern fram the to
 To sum other and ferue fwithe,
 That of our come wil be blithe.

Leue tok Leodegan
To aske confeil of his man ;
Alle his barouns him feyd, Y wis,
It fembled men of gret priis,
Her semblaunt hem bar witneffe,
He schuld of hem nim fikernisse,
And asong her seruise,
5550 And nought hem lete o non wife.
Ogain com king Leodegan,
And thus feyd to Arthour, and to Ban,
Bewe feynours me thenketh schame,
That ye me heleth your name,
For Ich vnderstond wele that ye
Ben of more power than Ich be,
Ac ye semble so wight and fre,
That ye beth welcome to me,
And your seruise Y schal,
5560 Gif he may faueth that welt al.
Ac arst ye schul me make fiker,
With me held in eueri biker,
And your names telle ye me,
When ye feth that time be.
His trewthe ther to the king Ban,
And ther to gaf Leodegan.
Ther whiles the clerk Merlin,
Hem hadde y-puruaid a riche in,
And ledde hem thider al faire.
5570 Her oft was y-cleped Blaire,

Leonele hete his wiif,
 Afair buriays and joliif.
 Bothe thai wenten ogain Arthour,
 And him welcomed with gret honour.
 Arthour and his feren wight
 Soiourned ther feuen night,
 In her in and with the king
 Thai maden oft folanfing.
 The king tho fent his meffangers
 5580 Ouer alle to her fonders,
 And fent ouer alle in his lond
 Euerich gentil man his fond,
 That thai comen to him alle
 To Carohaife into his halle,
 Attelaft bi holy thorfdai,
 To help him in his medlay,
 And who fo nold to him come,
 As traitour he fchuld ben y-nome,
 So ich in boke writen finde,
 5590 And him hing bi the winde.
 For fo long trewfe bitven Rion
 Weren and the king Leodegan.
 Ac liftbeth now fwiche traifoun
 Hem com ar the affenfioun.

In Eftre on the tewifday,
 The enen of feint Philip in May,

Four kinges gret geaunt,
That were vnder the king Rioun,
Went hem out in iren and stiel,
5600 With fexti thoufand armed wel.
The firft king hight Roulyous ;
The other hete king Clarious ;
The thridde king hete Sonegens ;
The ferth hete king Sorhens ;
Thife went fram the gret oft
To Carohaife with gret boft,
And robbeden al the cuntray,
Bothe in down and in valaye ;
Man and wiman al that thai founde,
5610 Thai flowen down into the grounde.
The cuntre with wild fer
Ouer al thai fet on fer ;
Ten hundred cartes on on route,
Biforn hem brought faun doute,
Charged with mete and with drink,
That ani man might of thinke ;
And .xc. knightes the pray toke,
For to condue hem and loke.
To Carohaife the kinges wente,
5620 And at the gates wolden entre,
Ac gateward the gates fchetten,
Ac ther ogain anon thai fletten ;
Bothe with launee and with fword,
Thai dufched and hewen on the bord,

And wenten to the plaines ogan,
 To quellen wiif, child, and man;
 Men might hem here fchriche,
 So fer that it was ferliche.
 Tho in the cite feighe this harmes,
 5630 Manliche thai grad as armes,
 Thai went and armed him euerichon,
 And to the gates comen anon,
 Opon gode ftede hem reft
 For to abide the kinges heft,
 And the knightes of the table round,
 Of al the warld of meft mounde,
 Wiche hadde made Vterpendragon,
 Ac king Arthour no knewe her non;
 Two hundred and to fcore and ten,
 5640 Verrament ther weren of hem.
 Herui the riuel, and Malot the broun,
 Were maifters of the gomfainoun,
 So Ich in the brut finde:
 Her gomfainoun was of cendel Ynde,
 Of gold ther were on thre coronne,
 Tho it bar Malot the broune,
 Of the cite four thoufand were thar,
 Her maifter gomfainoun fo bar.
 The kinges fleward Cleodalis,
 5650 A knight he was of gret priis;
 His penfel hadde riche colour,
 Alle he was couched with azur,

Of gold ther were four bor heuedes y-bete,
 These houed al in the strete.
 Tho com king Arthour, Bohort, and Ban,
 With her feren eueri man,
 So Y in boke telle can
 Non nere armed hem ogan ;
 A queintife thai hadden riche,
 5660 That non has nem y-liche,
 On stedes thai lopen euerichon,
 In the world nar better non ;
 Merlin rode biforn Ichil avowe,
 And bad hem alle swithe him fuwe,
 So thai deden with outen faintife,
 On hors in fair queintife.
 Merlin bar her gomfanoun,
 Open the top stode a dragoun,
 Swithe grifeliche a litel croume
 5670 Fast him biheld al tho in the toune,
 For the mouthe he had grininge,
 And the tong out flattinge,
 That out kest fpa[r]kes of fer,
 Into the skies that flowen cler.
 This dragoun hadde a long taile,
 That was withther hoked faunfaile.
 Merlin com to the gate,
 And bad the porter him out late ;
 The porter feyd he schuld rest
 5680 What he hadde of his lord best.

Certes, quath Merlin, Y the telle,
 No longer reften here Y nille.
 He tok the gate bi the legge,
 And flong hem vp at his rigge ;
 Tho he was out and his feren eke,
 Faft ogain the gate he leke
 With lockes, hafpes, and mani pin,
 With mani bar and mani gin ;
 Thus faft loken he hem fand,
 5690 And as faft after him lete him fand.
 Alle that feighen this faunfaile
 Of him hadde gret meruaile,
 Bothe tho of the cite,
 And eke his feren bi mi leute.

Tho bad Merlin his compainie
 Her ftedes priken and fwithe highe
 With the bauer daft Merlins
 Among to thoufand farrazins,
 That ledden a wel gret pray,
 5700 Toward king Rion Y fay.
 Ich of hem fo dede bere
 Thureh a farrain with his fpere ;
 Afterward her fwerdes drowe,
 And the farrazins to grounde flowe ;
 Sum thai cleued to the breft,
 Sum thai binomen fot and feft ;

Of mani thai hadde helme and heued
 Sone fro the bodi weued ;
 The to and fourti weren yep,
 5710 Thai leten ther hors gode chep,
 Bothe with fadel and with bride,
 For nought to haue toway ride.
 The to thoufand to driuen and flawe,
 Thai hadden in a litel thrawe,
 So man wold in a mile way
 Ouer gon his journey,
 And that priis ladde at aife,
 Toward the cite of Caroaife.
 Ac fo thai comen bi the way,
 5720 Eft thai metten michel pray,
 A thoufand cartes al maft
 Com and wel fwithe on haft,
 Swiche thre kinges with .xvi. thoufinde,
 Comen and condid hem behinde,
 And Merlin feyd with grifen chere,
 Now fuweth me gode fere.
 Forth he flang and thai after anon
 So fwithe fo the ftedes might gon ;
 Tho thai com the kinges neighe,
 5730 Merlin hef his heued on beighe,
 And keft on hem enchauntment,
 That he hem alle almest blent,
 That non other fen no might
 A grete while, Y you plight,

And our fourti smiten hem on,
 And flowen of hem mani on,
 And mani .C. of Painems hewe,
 Ar ani ther other knewe.

Tho of the cite feighen this,
 5740 Thai feyden it were men of priis :
 Tho were vp vndon the gate,
 Cleodalis rode out ther ate ;
 The fleward with fwe thoufnde,
 Opon the painems gun to winde ;
 Ther was din, ther was cri,
 Mani fchaft broken and fikerly ;
 For in the coming of Cleodalis,
 The paiens might fen, Y wis.
 Ther was fwiche contek and wonder
 5750 That it dined fo the thonder.
 This ich hethen kinges thre,
 Ato parted her meine,
 Seuen thoufand to ben ther right,
 Ogain the fwe thoufand to fight,
 And fetten ther thoufandes eighte,
 Ogain king Leodegan to fight,
 That hem toward in that ffounde,
 With thridde half hundred of the table rounde,
 Ac bi hem felf the rounde table wes ;
 5760 The king Leodegan natheles,

With him brought thoufandes to,
 And to the bataile flongen tho.
 The .viij. thoufand hem com ogain;
 Ther was meting of men omain,
 With fpere and with fcharp fword;
 Ther les mani man his lord;
 Ther was fched fo michel blod,
 That it ran as a flod.
 Leodegan with his fewe,
 5770 Noble main he gan to fhewe;
 He flough thre ogaines anne,
 And craked mani hern panne.
 The knightes of the table rounde,
 Mani ther flough in litel flounde,
 And bilimeden and feld of hors
 Mani hethen orped cors;
 Ac thei her fwerdes wele ther bite,
 And to ded mani finite;
 It was fwithe litel fene,
 5780 For ogaines on ther wer tene;
 Ac fo farre was the thrang,
 That non might com hem omang.
 The farrazins hadde gret defpite,
 That fo hem fchent fwiche popel lite,
 He fwore bi Mahoun and Dagon,
 Hem no fchuld afcape non,
 And drough hem wel fer aroume,
 That Crift hem gene confufioun,

And baren doun in that ffounde
 5790 Yete fourti of the table rounde,
 And were abouten hem to dere,
 Ac her feren hem gun were,
 That he no hadde power non,
 Non of hem for to flon.
 That time was Leodegan
 Feld adoun and his man ;
 Yete an hundred other mo
 Leodegan thai nomen tho,
 And beten him fore, and geuen him wounde,
 5800 And to an hors fast him bounde,
 And token fif hundred knightes,
 To lade him forth anon rightes ;
 And fo thai deden fikerliche,
 Defuiland vilanliche
 Toward the riche king Rion,
 And wenden her bataile were y-don.
 And tho the king Leodegan
 Him feighe fer fram al his man,
 And him aboute focour non.
 5810 And him lotheliche lade to king Rion,
 Allas ! he feyd, that Y was bore,
 Mi liif and priis fo is forlore,
 And Gvenoure mi dohter gent,
 Of vile paiems worth y-fchent ;
 And alle min noble knightes,
 Worth y-flawe adoun rightes,

And the leuedis of mi lond,
 Alle y-nomen in payems hond.
 For right gret forwe and care
 5820 Afwon he fel as he ded ware,
 To gret mile fram the bataile
 Tho he was withouten faile.

His douhter ftoode on the cite wal,
 And biheld his misfauntour al ;
 Hir hondes fche fett on hir here,
 And hir fair treffes al to tere ;
 Sche hir to tar to hir fmok,
 And on the wal hir heued gan knok ;
 And fwoned of, and feyd, alas !
 5830 That hir focour lorn was :
 So deden al tho of the cite
 Maden endeles pite.
 The knightes of the table rounde,
 Kedden thai were men of mounde,
 Bitven hem thai wolden fpeke,
 Leodegan thai wolden awreke,
 Other fteruen thai wolden alle,
 And venged hem ogain the walle ;
 For thai no feighen no focour,
 5840 And fchewed tho her vigour ;
 Thridde half hundred ogain .M. feuen,
 Me thenketh certes that was vneuen ;

Ac ther thai foughten vnder the toun,
 And mani farrazin leyd adoun ;
 Hem thai to hewen and hors alfo,
 Thai tholed michel pine and wo ;
 The citifains that y-feighe,
 And fore wepen with her eighe.
 Now lete we hem fightand here,
 5850 And speke we of Arthour and his fere.

Now feyt our tale, faunfaile,
 That orible is the bataile,
 Of gret crie and fwith e strong,
 Almeft thennes fue forlong,
 That Arthour held with fourti and to,
 And Cleodalis with four thoufand and mo,
 Ogaines hem Sornegreons and king Sapharem
 That feuen thoufand badd with hem.
 So fele paiems ther lay flawe,
 5860 That fele hepes ther lay on rawe,
 Of armed men of fatt ftede,
 That her liif ther les to mede.
 Tho, feyd Merlin to his ferrede,
 Now me fuweth alle Ich rede.
 Forth riden the fourti and to,
 So fwith e fo the hors might go,
 Ther bileued Cleodalis,
 Wele fightand and al his.

Tho Merlin hadde reden a while,
 5870 The mountaunce of to mile,
 He feyd to king Arthour and Ban,
 Lo yond men ledeth Leodegan,
 Y-bounden toward king Rion,
 On hard dede for to flon :
 After hem now daffeth fwithe,
 And of taketh hem biliue,
 Gif you afeapeth of hem ten.
 Schal I you neuer held men.
 Thai flirten forth and ouer toke hes,
 5880 And daffed hem amid the pres ;
 The first flough Merlin, verrament,
 To geuen the other gode talent ;
 Arthour finot on hem faunfaile,
 So on the fingel do the haile ;
 So we finden on the bok,
 Al he flough that of he tok.
 So dede Ban the gode knight,
 He clef mani on doun right ;
 So dede king Bohors,
 5890 He flough ther mani hethen cors ;
 So deden alle tho gentil feren,
 Her fwerdes thai dede in blod
 Alle thai laiden doun right,
 And made ther fwiche a fleight,
 That man feighe neuer ia fo litel flounde,
 So fewe bring fo fele to grounde :

For ther no schaped fram hem olive
 Of fine hundred vnnethe fine,
 Ther men mighten haue frely,
 5900 Four .C. fleden for gramerci,
 That yede drawend her bridel brod,
 To the fitlokes in the blod.
 Thus Arthour and his felawered
 Deliuered Leodegan fram the dede.
 Michel wonder had Leodegan,
 That fwiche a litel poine of man
 So fele in fo litel thrawe
 So manliche had y-flawe :
 Bi the dragon that kest fer,
 5910 He wist it were the newe fonders.
 That he was deliuerd fram his fon,
 He thonked Ihesu Crist anon.

Tho light the clerk Merlin,
 And fir Bretel and fir Vlfin,
 And the king Leodegan vnbounde
 And sett him vp on a ftede of mounde,
 And armed him fineliche wel,
 And dede on his beued an helm of stiel,
 About his nek a scheld strong,
 5920 And toke hem a launce long,
 And sett hem vp as a king,
 That er lay as a bretheling ;
 He ioined his honden, ioe vous di,
 And yalt hem thank and gramerci.

On his stede tho lepe Merlin,
 So dede Bretel and fir Vlfin.
 Tho feyd Merlin, mine knightes fre,
 Priketh your stedes and folweth me ;
 So thai deden withouten abod,
 5930 So aruwe of bowe ich forth glod.

Ac tho Gvenoure opon the walle
 This to and fourti com alle ;
 Bi the dragon that cast fer,
 That sleighe into the skies cler,
 She wist it were the fourti and to ;
 Hir fader sche feighe com also,
 On hors y-armed and wele atired,
 And fram his fon thurch hem deliurd.
 No ask no man of the gret blisse,
 5940 That sche made than Y wis ;
 And al the men that it feighen,
 For ioie thai wepe with her eighen.
 This thre and fourti com on hast,
 With norththen winde so doth tempast.
 The knightes of the table rounde,
 Thai founden alle felled to grounde.
 That stoden afot and wered hem,
 Ogain on euer .xx. and ten.
 Bot .xx. of hem openliche
 5950 On hors foughten nobliche,
 And ouer carked weren tho,
 Her liif that was neighe ago.

This .xliij. of gret mounde
 So daffed on the hethen hounde,
 That ich of hem who fo mett
 Haftiliche the heued of grett,
 And flowen hem down into the grounde,
 Mani geaunt in litel ffounde.
 Euerich dede fwith the wel
 5960 With fcharpe fwerd of gode ftiel,
 Mani thai finiten thurch faunfaile,
 Fram the top to the taile.
 Of fum the fide, God it wot,
 With fcheld and arme eueri grot;
 Of fum the midel euen ato,
 Of fum thei and legge alfo;
 Auberke, aketoun, and fcheld,
 Was mani to broken in that feld.
 And mani paiem with dethes wounde,
 5970 And mani ftede coruen to grounde.
 The king himfelf ther, Leodegan,
 Wele him wrake of his foman.
 Ogain the thre and fourti of our,
 Non armour no might dour,
 No hors of priis, no hethen knight,
 That he nas dede anon right.
 Ther was an hethen king hight Caulang,
 Fiftene fet he was lang,
 He and another that ftrengeft were
 5980 Of alle the paiems that were there,

This dede his might faun fable,
 To stroie the knightes of the rounde table.
 King Arthour mett Caulang,
 Togider thai made fighting strang,
 And fo strong was Caulang, verrament,
 That king Arthour might fest no dent
 To him haue bot bihinde,
 Bot ones he him hitt kerueinde
 Vnder the fcheld the fcholder on,
 5990 Thurch out armes, and flescche, and bon,
 Vnto the nouel he him carf,
 The misbileueand paiem starf;
 Abothe half his hors he hing,
 That crune forth arudand in that thing.
 The paiems feighe Caulang fo hit,
 Agrifen of that dint out of wit.
 Gvenour that dint of Arthour feye,
 And thonked Ihesu Crist on heighe,
 And yeue that he mi lord were,
 6000 That yong that fighteth fo there:
 Anon feyden al her men,
 So were it me dame, amen,
 For we no feighe neuer of his power,
 Noither eld man no bachelor.

King Ban tho mett Clarion,
 That other strongest of euerichon.
 He was gret .xiiij. fet long,
 And fwithe gret, and fwithe strong:

He hadde mani of our y-flawe :
 6010 King Ban him mett withouten awe,
 So we finden in the boke,
 And ouer the ere he him toke,
 The cheke he carf, the schulder also,
 To the girdel the dint gan go,
 His ribbes and scholder fel adoun,
 Men might fe the liuer abandoun.
 King Bohort, of gent power,
 Met Sarmedon the gomfanoun bere;
 On the schulder he him hit,
 6020 That arm and schulder of he kit ;
 His scheld and his gomfanoun,
 And him felf ther fel adoun.
 King Leodegan tho gan crie,
 For lone of the quen Marie
 Bistireth you min gentil knightes,
 And leggeth down this paiems rightes!
 The knightes of the table rounde
 Alle lopen on hors o mounde,
 And hewen on the farrazin,
 6030 With gode wille and hert fin.
 The paiems feighe ded Caulang,
 And Clarion that was so strang,
 And the baneour Sarmedon,
 Tho thai nift what to don,
 Ac so swithe so thai might
 Oway flowen anon right.

To thoufand com out of the cite,
 And feld him down withouten pite,
 With knightes of the table rounde
 6040 Thai hewen hem down vnto the grounde.

King Arthour and king Ban,
 King Bohort and king Leodegan,
 And the fourti light and with ftode,
 And gerten her ftedes gode,
 Thurch confeyl of Merlin Y wis,
 And went and holpen Cleodalis,
 The king fteward Leodegan,
 That faught ogain feuen .M. man,
 With four thoufand and na more,
 6050 So ye herden here bifore.
 This fourti and to, and on,
 Opon this feuen thoufand fmiten anon,
 And hewen on with gret powers,
 On fchider fo doth this carpenters.
 It was nede for Cleodalis
 Stode on fot, and mani of his
 Aboute him ftode farreliche,
 Fram deth to were fikerliche;
 Ther king Arthour, and Bohort, and Ban,
 6060 And the king Leodegan,
 Paiems withouten tale flouwe,
 A thoufand ftedes her bridels drowe.

This thre and fourti foughten fo,
 Foryeten might it be neuer mo,
 For the blod of knightes dede,
 And of deftres and of ftede,
 Ran hem after al day fo yerne
 So water out of wel ftreme.
 Thurch the pouwer and might of thos,
 6070 Cleodalis that knight of los
 Was y-brought on hors, Y wis,
 And knightes other fele of pris.

The kinges of tho hethen man,
 Heten Sornegrex and Saphiran,
 Aither of hem was .xiiij. fot lang,
 And fwith the hardi, and fwith the strang,
 And hadden fwith the gret despote,
 That hem fchent pople fo lite,
 A fchille horn thai gun blawe,
 6080 Togider thai gader her felawe.
 Kay, and Vlfin the buteler,
 And Griffes that was of gret power,
 Ich of hem tok a launce long,
 And dafled the farrazines among;
 Thay king Sornigrex hitt,
 And keft him to grounde in that flit,
 And rode on him with his hors,
 And defoiled his curfed cors,

And had him flawe withouten letting.
 6090 Ac mani com to this rideing :
 With his launce dan Lucan
 The hert thurch smot of Abadan,
 Ac on hors in this toiling,
 Was brought Sornigrex the king.
 Tho aros gret batail and flrif,
 For of the farrazins yete .M. fif
 Were ouercomen vnder the wal,
 Thider were flowen alle :
 Ther fore fo fel ther were
 6100 That litel was fene her fleighfter ther.

King Sornigrex that was y-feld,
 His bodi to bruffed to broken his fcheld,
 For fchame he was out of wit ;
 Our folk he thought for to hit,
 And gred to alle tho farrains,
 That for loue of Apolins,
 Thai fchuld of al his fon
 Him awreke fone anon.
 Of farrazins gret threng,
 6110 About our Criften made reng,
 And hem biclepten in that place,
 And leyden on with fwerd and mace,
 And with axes and with githarm
 Our folk thai deden michel harm ;

Ac in this ich felf ftonde,
 Knightes of the table rounde,
 That folweden the paiems fleinde,
 Al on hors com flinginde,
 And feighe the penfel of fourti and to,
 6120 That day that hadde hem holpen fo.
 Into bataile to hem thai drowen,
 Alle that thai met thai doun flowen,
 Bothe with launce and fwerd bright
 Tho thai metten thai flough doun right,
 And thurch might thai keuerden fo,
 That thai com to fourti and to,
 And tho fo gret sleight made,
 That Y no may it ful rade.
 At the other half Cleodalis
 6130 Faught with farrazins of priis,
 That with gret iniquite
 Brought hem ogain to the cite.
 The ftrong king Saphiran
 It was that faught him ogan,
 With neighen thoufand, verrament,
 And dede him gret encumbrement ;
 Ac tho ich to thoufnde,
 That folwed the other fleinde,
 To help ther com Cleodalis,
 6140 And on the paiems fmot Y wis
 In her coming, and finiten to grounde
 A thoufand paiems in that ftonde ;

And thurch the help of our dright
 Cleodalis halp wele to fight,
 And helden gode contre ogan
 Saphiran and al his man.
 Tho nar tho with king Arthour
 Bot to and fourti of valour,
 And of the rounde table knightes
 6150 To hundred and fifti wightes ;
 No more ther ner fo Y finde,
 And foughten ogain .viij. thoufnde,
 Sornegrex hete her king,
 And herdi paiem thurch al thing.
 Ther hadde ben miche mifchef,
 No had Merlin feyd a confeil bi hef,
 Bien feygnours, Y nil nought hele,
 Of this paiems beth fo fele,
 That we no may ogain hem doure,
 6160 Bot to mi confeil nimeth coure ;
 Her ben among this farrazins
 Ten geauntes wel ftrong afins,
 And thai were of dawe y-don
 The bataile were paffed fone.
 Thai asked him wiche thai were,
 And he hem taught anon right there.

King Ban that was gode and ftrong
 Tok his fwerd in his hond,

His ftede he fmot and forth glod,
 6170 Ogain king Sornegrex he rode ;
 His helme he fmot bi the fide,
 Thureh helme and palat it gan glide,
 Fram the cheke the neb he bar,
 The fcheld fram the fchulder thar,
 And the left arme and the hond,
 Ich vnderftond he dede him fchond.
 The farrazins keft a gret cri,
 And fleighe oway with gret hy.
 Bohort met Marganan,
 6180 And finote that vnfely man
 On the helme ichot for foth,
 That he him cleued to the toth.

King Arthour, fo Dieu me faut,
 Met with amiral was hoten Sinalaut ;
 On the helme he him hitt,
 And a quarter ther of kitt ;
 On the fchulder flod the dent,
 And kitt it of, verrament,
 And ther with ribbes four,
 6190 The painem ftarf with mifantour.
 Sir Vlfin flough tho Sabalant,
 And Bretel the douk Cordant ;
 The fteward Kay flough Danderiard,
 And Lucan the boteler flough Malard ;

And Grilles fo slough Menadap,
 And Meragys slough the douke Sadap ;
 And Goruenis slough the douke Maupas,
 And Craddok slough Darrilas:
 Thefe were the geauntes ten,
 6200 And princes of the hethen men.
 Tho the paiems hem ded feighe,
 A cri thai gun areren heighe,
 And feyd it were deuelen that thai with foughten;
 Sikerliche fo hem thoughten.
 Thai flowen oway withouten abode,
 Our folk fwithe after hem rode,
 And to grounde slough down right
 Al that thai of take might :
 Thre thoufend thai flowen of the eightte;
 6210 The other aſcaped anon right
 To the riche king Saphiran,
 Tho were thai .xiiij. thoufand of man,
 And finiten on Cleodalis,
 That had bot four thoufand Y wis.
 And tho to thai comen out of that cite,
 Ther men feighe wel gret pite
 Hou the painems and king Saphiran
 Defoiled our Criſten men.
 A thoufand and mo thai flowen,
 6220 The remanant of hors drowen.
 Oft Cleodalis was wo,
 Ac neuer wers than him was tho,

Y-driuen he was vnder the toun,
 And loked after the dragoun
 That Merlin bar, ac he no might
 No whar of him han a fight ;
 No the knightes of the rounde table,
 Might he no whar fe faun fable.
 He wende that dede thai hadden ben,
 6230 Ther might men gret pite fen.
 Now he flowe, now he withstode,
 For drede he was neighe wode.
 The citailins than feighe this,
 And reweliche cri maden Y wis :
 Ac thurch Merlin, fo Ich finde,
 Arthour was bileued bihinde ;
 And the other withouten fable,
 The knightes of the rounde table,
 And adden alle adoun alight,
 6240 Her stedes girt he fadels right,
 And soft and farre faunfaile,
 Com to this reweful bataile,
 Tho on the walles of the toun,
 Seighe comand the dragoun.
 Tho feyd the fair leuedis
 To the steward Cleodalis,
 Cleodalis, thou gentil knight,
 Bistir the and hardiliche tight,
 For yonder down in the valaie.
 6250 You cometh focour of gret noblay.

We feth the dragoun that casteth fer,
 And after the newe fonders,
 And Ledegan with hem faun fable,
 And the knightes of the rounde table;
 Alle thai comen yerne aplight,
 Now kithe thou art a noble knight.
 Cleodalis in alle his liue
 Nas neuer yete fo blithe;
 Tho he and his knighten,
 6260 So wele foughten fo thai mighten,
 Arthour, and Ban, and king Bohort,
 Ther hem com to gret comfort;
 With her folk of gret mounde
 Thre hundred thai bar to grounde,
 Ac aleft half and aright
 King Arthour slough down right,
 With Efcclabor his fwerd fo gode,
 That day he fchad fo michel blode:
 Also dede the king Ban
 6270 Ther slough mani hethen man.
 Bohort his brother, and eke he,
 Spard noither thral no fre,
 Of ftiel no yren armes nan
 No might doure hem ogan.
 No may Y noither telle no rede
 Hou wele thai deden her ferrede.
 Ac the leuedis on the tour,
 Yerne biheld king Arthour,

And hadde wonder of his yingthe,
6280 That ther kidde fwiche strengthe.
The hethen king Saphiran
Despite hadde of fo fewe men,
So miche folk that flowen tho,
Mani geaunce they cleued ato.
He cleped to him Sortibran,
And Scuebant and Eugredan,
Molore and ek Frelent,
And Clariel, a geaunt gent,
Landon and ek Moras,
6290 And Randel that noble was ;
To hem alounde he gan to speke,
With launce his anoie to wreke.

Forth daffed the king Saphiran,
That vnfely hoge man,
Herui Riucl and his hors gent
He frust down at o-dent,
That hors and man astuned lay,
Yete forth he daffed parmafay,
And threwe fir Antor of his hors,
6300 That al that day him was the wors.
Yete forther he gan ride,
And smot Grifles bi the fide,
And kest him to the grounde,
His launce brac in his wounde.

And Sortibran with iusting cler
 Feld Lucas the buteler.
 Clariel feld Merangys,
 And fore hirt him Y wis.
 Eugredan feld Gorains and Craddoc,
 6310 And fore agreued our floc.
 Senebant threwe doum Bleoberis,
 And his hors vnder him Y wis.
 Thus the geauntes our knightes threwe ;
 Our men gun it fore rewe,
 Non of hem hadde dedeli wounde,
 Ac fone stirt vp in that flounde,
 And with fcharpe fwerdes of stiel
 Wered hem manliche wel;
 Our folk abuten hem gan threft,
 6320 And focourd hem with the best.
 And yete in this strong rideing
 Com Saphiran the bethen king,
 And in his hond a launce strong,
 That was bothe gret and long.
 Leodegan on the fcheld he hitt,
 And with strengthe it thurch slit,
 His hond he bar heighe ferly,
 The launce glod the king forby
 That ran thurch the hors bihinde,
 6330 King and hors adoun gan winde.
 Allas! thai feyd on the tounes wal,
 Nou we han y-lorn al;

Thai wende the king y-flawe ware,
 And maden diol and forweful fare;
 Gvenour made gret diol Y wis,
 And fo dede al tho leuedis
 That that ich dint y-flawe;
 Thai wende the king were y-flawe.
 So he hadde for fothe y-ben,
 6340 No hadde other flirt bitven
 And him halp in that rideing.
 Tho spac Arthour the king,
 Certes, he feyd, this nis no game,
 The paiems doth ous fwiche schame;
 And fwore he wold iterue anon
 Other him awreke of his fon,
 And namlich on Saphiran.
 Nay, lete me, quath king Ban,
 For thou art fo yong and eke to lite
 6350 Ogain fwiche a deuel to fmite.
 Tho feyd Merlin to Arthour
 A word of gret defhonour,
 Wat abideftow coward king?
 The paiem gif anon meteing.
 For schame Arthour was neighe wode,
 In wrathe brent al his blod,
 His hors he fmiteth, and he forth glod,
 Ogain king Saphiran he rode.
 Saphiran feighe war he cam,
 6360 A strong launce in hond he nam,

To forn him his fcheld he grope,
Stef he streight his ftrope,
His ftede he fmot of gret valour,
And rode ogain king Arthour;
A deucl rod ogain a child.
King Ban for drede was nei wilde,
And rode after king Arthour
To helpen him par auentour.
Saphiran with king Arthour mett,
6370 With might gret on him flett,
His fcharpe launce gan to glide
Thurch Arthour fcheld and his fide,
The fperes fchaft al to rof;
Arthour nam no yeme there of,
Ac in fadel fat vp right
To mete Saphiran aplight,
His launce he bar thurch out his fcheld,
And thurch the hauberk fele feld,
Thurch the wombe, and thurch the chine,
6380 The fpere yede euen biline.
Quath Arthour, thou hethen cokin,
Wende to thi deucl Apolin;
The paiem fel ded to grounde,
His foule laught helle hounde.
Gvenoure fat on the cite walle,
And the other leuedis alle,
Of Arthour feighe jufting this,
On hem thai laden al the priis.

Anon after the king Ban
 6390 Met the geaunt Sortibran,
 And on the scholder fo him hit,
 The fide fram the bodi kitt.
 Tho com Malore and Frelent,
 And nomen Ban, that king fo gent,
 Bi the helme with her hond,
 To fmite of his heued thai gun fond.
 This y-feighe the king Arthour,
 And fmot his ftede to that focour,
 Malore in the heued he hitt,
 6400 The heued fram the bodi he kitt.

Tho thought the paiem Frelent
 Awreke his cofyn of that dent,
 To Arthour with main he fmot,
 His fcheld it clef, God it wot,
 And of his hauberk agore,
 And of his aketoun a fot and more,
 Ac he no tok nought his flefche.
 Hereof Arthour anoid wes;
 A dint he fmot anon to him,
 6410 And cleue his helme and eke bacin,
 And al the heued to the breft;
 The paiem fel with iuel reft.
 The paiems felhert and made dol,
 For thai no hadde tho bot Randol,

- A geaunt that bar he gomfanoun,
Alle the other were leyd adoun.
The paiens of deth hadden doute,
And alle wenten Randol aboute ;
Ac Ban no leued for no doute,
6420 That he no daffed hem thurch out,
And Randoil on the schulder he smot,
With his fwerd that wele bot,
Thurch out hauberk and aketoun,
To the midel all adoun ;
The penfel fel and eke Randoil.
The paiems thereof hadde diol,
And gun rere a wel foule cri,
So dorren don and flefche fleighen,
Thai for forwe and drede and eighe,
6430 Thai flowen euerich his weighe.
King Arthour withouten abade,
And alle the other of whom Y to fore fade,
After this paiens fling,
And mani of hem to dethes fling.
With fcharp fwerde of gode egge,
The liif thai dede mani on legge.
Of .xiiij. thoufand boten fue
No afchaped to king Rion oliue,
With michel forwe and michel care,
6440 And that al for wounded ware ;
King Rion al thai teld
Hou her feren weren aqueld.

Wel wroth was king Rion tho,
 And made diol and michel wo,
 And fwiftliche he fent his fond
 Ouer al into Irlond,
 And into Danmark alfo:
 The meffangers forth gun go,
 That bere letters and tidinges,
 6450 To on and .xx. ftrong kinges,
 To hundred .M. that fchulden bring,
 And .l. .M. of hethen genge,
 And for to yer her fpending,
 And fo thai dede withouten lefing.
 After this bataile and fcumfite,
 Our men bothe gret and lite,
 Togider gaderd hem comonliche,
 And comen hom nobleliche;
 And biforn hem driuen al the pray,
 6460 Of .xx. .C. cartes Y fay,
 And com to Carohaife, that riche toun,
 With ioie and with proceffoun.
 King Leodegan tho hete
 His men nimen that pray fketete,
 That in the tventi .C. cartes was;
 Taken it Arthour more and las,
 So deden the kinges knightes.
 Arthour nome anon rightes,
 And parted it wel curtaifliche,
 6470 Bi Merlius confeil fikerliche;

And so miche gaf his oft Blaife,
 That riche hem made, and wele at aife;
 Ac Arthour no Ban no forth his host,
 No lenge with Blasie feicurne most,
 Ac to court thai were y-feched rathe,*
 And y-don in riche bathe.
 Gveneour wese the king Arthour,
 And Ban, and Bohort, with honour;
 Gvenore an other damifel,
 6480 And other maiden, fair and fel,
 Wesehen alle her gentil feren.
 Here ye schul now y-heren,
 Hou the other Gvenour was bigete,
 Y wil that ye it alle wite.

Tho Leodegan spoused his quene,
 A burmaiden he hadde fair and schene,
 On fair maner and gentil wife,
 That serued the leuedi of heighe prife;
 The kinges steward, Cleodalis,
 6490 Seighe this maiden of gret prife,
 And spae so fair to the king,
 That he wedded that fwete thing.
 After a yer other to, Y wis,
 That gentil knight Cleodalis,
 Went ther him hete the king,
 And left his wiif in the quenes yeming,

* In MS. *rare*.

And Ich you figge, parmafay,
 In the quenes chaumber fche lay.
 Ich night it was the quenes maner,
 6500 To chirche gon, and matins here ;
 Alfo the quen herd matines,
 The king aros bi wrongful lines,
 And what bi loue, and what bi ftriif,
 He forlay the ftewardes wiif,
 And bigat a maide of gret mounde,
 That was Gvenour the fecounde.
 And fram that time al afterward,
 He binam the wiif his fteward,
 And hadde hir fer in on trift,
 6510 Whiderward the fteward nift :
 Natheles, Cleodalis,
 That gentil knight of michel priis,
 Noither in feruife, no in bataile,
 No feined ogain the king, faunfaile.
 This Gvenour was the other fo liche,
 So pani of other, fikerliche ;
 Thefe wefchen this gentil man,
 And leyd tables after than ;
 Leodegan nam yeme with onour,
 6520 Alle the other born king Arthour.
 King Arthour fat, withouten fable,
 Mideleft at the heighe table,
 King Ban at his right half fat,
 Ac the other half king Bohort at ;

Afterward her compeinie,
 Was y-fet thritti and neie,
 And next hem withouten fable,
 Sat the knightes of the rounde table;
 After that y-fett were there,
 6530 Al tho other after thai were.
 In halle thai hadden riche feruife,
 Where to schuld Y that deuife;
 Ac Gveneour withouten les,
 Serued Arthour of the first mes,
 Leodegan that wele Y fay,
 Biheld his douhter and Arthour noblay,
 So michel on hem he thought,
 That of mete no drink he no rought.
 A noble knight, Herui Derinel,
 6540 Vndernam his femblaunt wel,
 And feyd, fir, thi thought lete be,
 And make thine oftis gamen gle,
 Eten and drink men schal on benche,
 And after mete in chaumber thenche.
 The king this tale vnder stode,
 And made his gestes femblaunt gode,
 Ac on Gveneour biheld Arthour,
 And was al nomen in hir amour,
 Ac he tempred fo his blod,
 6550 That non other it vnder stode;
 Gvenoure on knewes oft gan stoupe,
 To ferue king Arthour with the coupe,

And he feyd to hir, faunfaile,
 Cril lete me yeld the thi trauaile;
 And she feyd to him, fir, gramerci,
 It nis nought to yeld, fir, ie vous dy,
 Ac fwiche a thouand fo y-be,
 Sir, no might it yeld the,
 The help, and the trauail, and the honour,
 6560 That ye han don to mi lord and your focour,
 Y herd be Ihesus Cristles fond
 That you sent into this lond!
 Gvенеour was euer to for Arthour,
 And ferued him with gret honour,
 And bifor eueri gentil man was
 Maidens to ferue with gret folas;
 Ther were trumpes and fithelers,
 And ftuours and tabourers;
 Thai eten and droken and made hem glade;
 6570 And tho thai were al glad made,
 The clothes weren vp y-drawe,
 And thai wefchen fo it was lawe.
 After mete asked king Ban,
 To the king Leodegan,
 Whi Grenour his douhter precious,
 To sum gentil man were y-fpoufe,
 Seththen he no hadde non airs?
 Certes, fir, quath Leodegan vairs,
 Gif were ner fo mot Y liue,
 6580 Sche were mani day y-geue,

Wiſt Ich owhar ani bacheler,
 Vigrous and of might cler,
 And he were of gode linage,
 Thei he nadde non birritage,
 My douhter Ich wald him giue,
 And al mi thing with to liue.
 For king Arthour that he feyd,
 Merlin tho to forn hem pleyd,
 And cleped vp king Arthour and Ban,
 6590 And her feren fram Leodegan,
 So that Leodegan might of no thing,
 More wite of her being.
 Ther feyd Merlin anon right,
 To king Arthour al the fleight
 That Wawain and his feren of mounde,
 Hadde y-don biſide Lounde ;
 And al that ther whiles ſchuld falle,
 He teld ther biforn hem alle,
 Wher thurch blithe in that toun,
 6600 Thai bileft til the aſſenſioun.
 Lete we now here king Arthour,
 And his feren with gret honour,
 And hereth of the chaunces ille,
 Ther whiles in Ingland biſelle.

Liſtneth now fele and fewe,
 In May the foune felleth dewe ;

The day is miri and draweth along ;
The lark arereth her fong ;
To mede goth this damifele,
6610 And fair floures gadreth fele.
King Arthour is leued at Carohaife,
And alle his frendes wele at aife,
And euerich cite that was his owe,
Castels, tours, heighe and lowe,
He dede waruife with flore than,
That he no doutet non hathen man.
Ac fwithe gre confufsiouns
Bifel ther whiles to our barouns,
That were y-went ato wel wide,
6620 Euerich to loke his owen fide.

In this time a meffanger cam
To the king fir Cradelman,
And feyd, fo Ich writen finde,
Of paiens .xx. thoufide
Cometh a bothe half Arundel,
Y-armed fwithe wel.
Swiftliche the king Cradelman,
Nam .x. thoufand armed man.
Haluendel tok Pollidamas,
6630 His nevou, that gode knight was,
The other del him feluen he tok,
So we finden on the boke :

Thai riden forth anon right,
 Til thai com to hem aplight,
 And founden hem on a grene plas,
 Ich of hem flepeand was ;
 Al abouten thai biclept hes,
 And fmiten on withouten les,
 With hors fete thai riden hem on,
 6640 And thurch stongen mani on,
 Thurch fwerd and ax, fpere and kniif,
 Ther les mani a man his liif ;
 Non hadde might hem to were,
 Noither with fwerd no with fpere,
 Ac alle that euer might flen,
 Swithe gun oway ten,
 To a castel wiche held Cramile,
 Thennes ouer thre mile,
 Heighe and strong a roche opon ;
 6650 Hir brother hight Bordogabron :
 Ther was in with hir tho
 .Xx. thoufand paiems and mo ;
 .Xv. thoufand king Cradelman
 Slough of that hethen man ;
 The fue thoufand flowen oway,
 Our folk hem fowed parmafay.

The paiens that with Cramile were,
 Her feren thai feighe miffare,

As armes! gred alle that ther was,
 6660 Bothe the more and the laffe.
 .Xiiij. thoufand lopen on ftede,
 Armed alle in riche wede,
 And finiten on king Cradelman,
 Ther was miche fleight of man ;
 Ther whiles the gentil men of Arundel
 Wenten out and deden wel,
 Gold and filuer and purpel pelles,
 Mete and drink, and mani thing elles,
 That the paiens ther hadden late,
 6670 Thai went to Arundel and felhet the gate,
 And flogen vp heighe on the walle,
 To fen what might to our befallle.
 Bi that thai com on the wal on heighe,
 Cradelman was fcomfite neighe ;
 Doun thai lepen of the walle,
 And at armes! thai gredden alle;
 On gode hors thai lepen of priis,
 Fiue hundred ther were Y wis,
 To focour and comen anon,
 6680 And halp wele Cradelman,
 That hadde lorn of ten thoufinde,
 The thre thoufand, fo Y finde.
 The paiens of thoufindes fourteen,
 The four hadden lorn, fo Y wen.
 Ac ther fwiche bataile aros,
 Abothe half that hem agros,

Ac our had hadde ther more wo,
 No hadde a chaunce ben that bifel tho ;
 For the king of the hundred knightes
 6690 Com hem vp tho forth rightes,
 That hadde y-herd bifore teld,
 Hou paiens the cuntre hadde aqueld,
 And com priueliche paiens to aspie,
 To binimen hem her robrie ;
 .X. thousand he hadde gode knighten,
 The haluendel he dede dighen
 To Morganor his steward,
 In armes stalworth and hard.
 This dafched on the farrazins
 6700 With gode wille and hert fins ;
 Eueriche with his strong spere
 Thurch a farrazin gan it bere ;
 .V. furlong he dede hem recoile,
 And vnder hors fete defoile ;
 Ich on other fast hewe.
 Ac the farrazins tho it fewe,
 Hou that men her folk hit,
 And hou fele fel in litel fit,
 Thai arered a cri of more wonder
 6710 Than tempest o fer or thonder ;
 Alle that euer fle might,
 Oway flowen anon right.
 Ac our knightes and our barouns,
 Hem taught fo her leffouns,

That of fourteen thousand fram deth,
 No afeaped bot thre ynneth.
 Of hem ran as michel blod
 So in riuer when it is flod ;
 Ther lay of paiens mani taffe,
 6720 Wide and fide more and laffe ;
 Mani fair ftede dede ther lay,
 And mani with bloody fadel yede aftray :
 For fethlithen firft in on thrawe,
 Fiftene thousand ther wer y-flawe ;
 And er weren also Ich finde,
 Afor y-flawe thrithen thoufnde.
 Thus fele thai flough of hathen,
 That fchuld hem no more waite fcathen ;
 It thought hem a fair praie,
 6730 Ac tho at arft agan her joie ;
 For euerich other knewe fone,
 And thonked God midydne,
 Of the help and the focour,
 That eueriche dede othe with vigour.
 And anon withouten onde
 Went into Arundel, Ich vnderftond,
 And dede biri that ich day,
 The cristen in chirche Hay ;
 Of the paiens that were in lond,
 6740 Gret confeil thai held, Ich vnderftond.

Tho feyd the king Angvigenes,
 The king of the hundred knightes wes,

Ich rede we fende our fonde
 To alle our peres of this lond,
 That we ous geder togider alle,
 And on the paiens at ones falle,
 And fonden bi fine might
 To flen hem alle down right.
 Certes, quath Cradelman,
 6750 Me think that wer nought wele don,
 For ogain on of our men
 Beth mo than thritti and ten ;
 Yete is better for ich eas,
 That eueriche baroun loke his pas,
 And aspie hem bi tropie,
 And so fond hem to aftroie.
 No fehal Ich no non of mine,
 Ben bihinde for dethe no pine.
 Tho thai hadden feyd this word,
 6760 Ich bitaught other our lord ;
 Anon hom ich of hem went cert,
 Of that pray ich hadde his part,
 Where thurch thai mighten after long,
 The better hem yeme fram wer and wrong.
 Lete we now thes bileuen here,
 And speke we now of her fere.

Ther comen vp fer bi north
 Ten riche foudans of gret worth ;
 The first king hete Oriens ;
 6770 The other hete Pongerrens ;

The thridde hete Mangloires;
 The ferth het Gondeffles;
 The fift foudan het Sorbras,
 And the fext het Pincenars;
 The fevend foudan het Fraidons,
 And the heichte Salbrons;
 The neighd het Maliaduc;
 The tenth Bargon, an hethen douc.
 Thes comen vp, fo Ich finde,
 6780 With fiften .C. thoufide,
 And with the ftouer of to yare,
 Ther with thai might wele fare.
 Ac tho thai comen vp on lond,
 Thai fenten her folk, Ich vnderftond,
 Bi feuen thoufand and bi heichte,
 Vp lond men to fle down right,
 Bi nighen thoufand and bi ten,
 Thai fenten about to ften our men.
 In this forweful time and lange,
 6790 Into the cite of Coruanges
 Meffangers com to Angvifaunt the king,
 And teld him reweful tiding.
 Sir, he feyd, bitven this cite and Lauernv,
 Fiftene thoufand be comen nov,
 Sarrains that with fire wilde,
 Brennen man, wiif, and childe;
 Bot thou hem focoureth anon,
 Thai be forlorn euerichon.

The king was fori, and no thing blithe,
6800 As armes ! he grad fwithē ;
 .Xv. thoufand al armed Y wis,
 Ther lopoen on gode hors of priis,
 To on hille and gun hem heighe
 This mifauntour for to afpie.
 Tho feighe al the cuntray
 Stonden brenand on reide leighe,
 Man and woman vrn fo dere
 Ouer al for dout of the fer,
 Mani man for drede lete his wiif,
6810 The wiif hir child, the child his liif.
 Quath king Angvifaunt, woleway,
 That Ich euer bot this day,
 And that Ich other fchuld fen,
 Thus miche rewthe on erthe ben !
 His men ther he fchift ato,
 Half he tok himfelf and mo ;
 And haluendel he toke Gaudin,
 That was a knight hardi and fin,
 That fetbthen with his mighti hand
6820 Wan that maiden of the douke Brauland :
 Thefe fmiten the hors of priis,
 And deden hem gan gode fcoure Y wis,
 Thurch mani bodi hathen
 Her launces thai dede bathen.

After that her fwerdes thai drowen,
 And sexti thoufand to grounde flowen,
 Als who feyt al for nought,
 For thai were abrod y-dreyght;
 Ac fone therafter nought for than,
 6830 Fourti thoufand after hem cam,
 Ac our thurch godes might
 Wele hem fode ogain to fight,
 And cleued mani hethen bounde
 Fram the teth to the grounde:
 And deden al forth manliche,
 For leuer he weren be ded fikerliche
 In manfchippe and in trowethe,
 Than euer more liue in rewthe,
 And fo nobliche her dint bifett,
 6840 That neuer men no deden bet;
 Allas! allas! gret pite
 Sone fel on this gent meine.
 Lenger douren thai no might,
 For opon hem com anon right
 The forfeyd foudans ten,
 With alle the cuntre wreighen of men,
 And biclept al about
 Our litel cristen rout,
 And flough of our compainie,
 6850 Verament thoufandes nighe.
 Tho was therof .xv. thoufand
 Y-leued bot fex bihinde,

And the other flowen al fo yerne
 So her ftedes might erne,
 Ac ther no hadde non fcaped oway,
 Nadde chaunce comen fram Crift on heighe.
 Vnriens the king of Schorham
 The farrazins bihinde cam,
 And his nevou Baldemagu,
 6860 A ftrong knight of gret vertu,
 Wham Vriens gaf half his lond,
 Out of Owains his fones hond;
 Thefe with hem .xij. thoufinde brought
 That of dede litel rought.
 Men hem teld of michel forwe,
 Therfore thai went out bi the morwe,
 And thought to don fun alegaunce
 Pouer men of her greaunce,
 And comen hem fodañliche,
 6870 Opon alle the paiens fikerliche.
 Thefe weren alle gode knight,
 And flongen opon the paiens anon right;
 With ftrong launce, God it wot,
 Euerich a paiem thurch fmot,
 And fun with o launce fchaft,
 What thurch might and Godes craft
 Four other fiue flowe;
 Thereafter ich his fwerd drowe,
 And ich you telle for fothe and fiker,
 6880 Ther bigan a ftern biker,

For the farrazins turned ogen
 On king Vrien and his men.
 Ther was mani heued of weued,
 And mani to the midel cleued,
 And mani of his hors y-luft ;
 For sothe ther ros fo michel duft,
 That of the fonne schineand bright
 No man might haue no fight ;
 Here and ther crie and honteye
 6890 Men might hem heren thre mile way.
 King Anguifaunt and meine his
 Was y-flowen after weys,
 Socour com that he vnderstode,
 And turned ogain with hardi mode
 On the farrazins and fimate,
 With fwerdes that wele bite,
 And a thoufand on a rawe,
 Thai haden fone brought o dawe.
 That was bataile of mende,
 6900 Bitven deuelen and knightes hende ;
 The farrazins oft and pray
 Laft felle mile way.

Vriens at that on ende faught,
 And his knightes that fpared naught.
 Angvifant faught at the other ende,
 Non no com other hende,

No bifele wayes fen,
So fele deuelen hem wer bitven.
Our folk wightliche hem gan were
6910 With ex and fwerde and fcharpe fpere,
Yete hadde thai lorn gret lore and fleighft,
Gif on hem no hadde comen the night,
That thai ne feighe miche no lite,
Ani to other aright to fmite.
Ich wot for fothe of the hethen men
Were y-flawe fwiche ten
Than were of our criftiens ;
Ac fwithe anon tho with their wins
Her paulouns tho telten right,
6920 For to bileue al that night.

King Aguifaunt went hom
To Coranges right anon,
Nighen thoufnde hem were y-flawe.
Tho the citefeines it fawe,
Ther was mani leudi
That fore biwepe her ami ;
And mani a gentil damifele,
Hir fader biwepe with teres fele ;
The fofter biwepe her brother,
6930 And euerich frende biwepe other.
This time went king Vrien
To the cite with alle his men ;

Al fo he com bi the way,
 He foud cartes and michel praye,
 And loges and paulouns
 Telt on a grene fwithe roum.
 Tho asked king Vrien
 With whom thai weren and wos men.
 Thai feyd with king Brangore,
 6940 And Wandlefbiri, and lay thore.
 Of Seffoine this heighe king was,
 And hadde made al this purchas,
 Opon our men Y wis,
 For the fibbered of douke Angis.
 King Vriens withouten abod,
 And al his folk on hem rode,
 On her heueden and feld adoun,
 Bothe loges and pauloun.
 To mete thai weren alle y-fet,
 6950 For fothe hem was litel the bet,
 For on hem were stet the hors,
 And defoiled her foule cors.
 Tables, clothes, bred and wine,
 Plater, diffe, cop and mafeline,
 Was vnder hors fete to toiled,
 And mani riche thing defoiled.
 Vnarmed were the paiens alle,
 Our folk hem gun to talle,
 With fwerd and ax, fpere and kniif,
 6960 Thai binome the paiens her liif;

And fo hem to hewe anon right,
 That thai nadde power ogem to fight,
 Bot were al y-flawe in litel ffounde,
 Euerichon vnto the grounde,
 Bot fourti paiens vnnethe,
 That hem aſcaped fram the dere,
 Wiche that night vnder fenge
 Oriens that riche king,
 And miche biment that he no might
 6970 Awreken hem that ich night,
 Ac amorwe he wold fond
 Brennan and ſpillen al this lond.
 Amonges men it were ille,
 Gif eueriche vnwreſt hadde his wille.

King Vriens and his knightes fiker,
 After this ich noble biker,
 Token al this riche praie,
 Pelles, purper, gold, and monaye;
 .V. hundred ſomers withouten leſing,
 6980 Ther were charged with riche thing,
 And ſex hundred cartes, fo Y bithinke,
 Ful of fleſche, and mete and drinke;
 Alle thai ladden with hem this,
 Into the cite with ioie and blis.
 The heighe bothe and the lawe,
 The bet ferd gret thrawe.

Lete we now be this foitourne,
And speke we of Oriens wrothe and morne,
For this ich .viij. thoulinde,
6990 That were y-flawe him bihinde,
Amorwe aros king Oriens,
Aud hete castels bren and touns,
And alle the houfes that thai founde
Thai schulden bren into the grounde,
Man and hounde, wiif and child,
Thai schuld bren with fer wilde.
And so thai deden withouten pite,
And spreden abrod in the cuntre,
And fetten on rede laite
7000 Al that euer thai mighten awaite.

Saigremor, a child noble,
Was comen fram Costentin noble,
In this time that ye heren,
With feuen hundred gentil feren,
Of king Arthour knightes to ben,
Gif thai might so y-then ;
Thes metten children and wiues,
And men to fauen her liues,
Vrn and flirten ther and her
7010 For boundes so doth the wilde der ;
Segremor hem asked whi
Thai vrn and made fwiche cri.

Thai feyd, for drede of the hathen,
That hem brent and dede feathen ;
Thai asked where was the king Arthour ;
And thai him fwore bi feyn Sauour,
To Carmelide he was y-gan,
To help king Leodegan.

Certes, queth Sagremoret,
7020 Other we schul sterue in this flet,
Other doun leggen of this hathen
That in this lond doth fwiche feathen.
Ther thai hem armed fwith the wel,
Bothe in iren and in stiel ;
And .v. hundred of vplond
Com to hem Ich vnderftond,
And dafched on the paiens with hert gode,
That were fprad tho abrode,
That .v. hundred in litel ffounde,
7030 Thai laiden doun with dethes wounde ;
Ac fone afterward hem bihinde
Come yete fourti thoufinde
That were with Oriens the king ;
And afterward withouten lefing,
Sexti thoufand and mo
Come with king Oriens alfo,
Thus fele ther comen and nolas,
Withouten the cuntre that ful was.

Ac in this time an eld man
 7040 As mellanger to Wawayn cam
 Into the cite of Lounde,
 And him gret in that flounde ;
 And feyd, wele y-founden child Wawayn,
 Crist faue thi might and thi mayn,
 And alle thi compaynie fre,
 That Ich here about the fe !
 Sagremor, a yong man noble,
 Is y-comen fram Costantinenoble,
 And feuen hundred yong man gent,
 7050 To fechen king Arthour, verrament,
 Of him to afong fwerd of fliel,
 And to feruen him fwithel wel ;
 In South Efex thai ben ariue
 In ftrong peruil of her liue ;
 This letters thai fenten the,
 Her nede thou fchalt y-fe.
 Wawain this letters redde anon,
 And feyd to his feren ichon,
 As armes ! feren, nede it is,
 7060 Y nold for this cite, Y wis,
 Ther that Segremor weren ded,
 Bot we him holpen and deden red.
 To theld cherl he gaue a ftede,
 That hem brought that meffage at nede,
 And he hem taught than way
 Toward Segremor that ich day.

Thai no hadde no desturbing,
 No of paiens no meteing;
 This ich eld meffanger
 7070 Hem ledde bothe fwithe and ner,
 That al bitimes, faunfaile,
 Thai mighten com to that bataile.
 Wawain hadde with him, fo Y wene,
 Of orped boies thoufandes fiftene,
 And as he rode bi the way,
 Euer he gadred mo, Y fay.

Comand thefe lete we,
 And fpeke of Segremore fo fre,
 Fourti thofend fmiten him on,
 7080 And he ogaines hem anon;
 .Xii. hundred ogain fourti thofinde,
 Ferd fo fmoke ogain the winde;
 Natheles, Y telle it you,
 Seigremor and his hadde fwiche vertu,
 That on of his gif the other a feld,
 Ther ogaines twenti he queld.

Ac this was teld Oriens bihinde.
 That was cominde with fexti thoufinde,
 And he for the lore and for the anoie,
 7090 That he hadde that other day,
 Hete men fchuld abouten him gon,
 And hem nimen euerichon.

Abrode thai yeden withouten doute,
 And the children comen about ;
 The cuntre was ich way
 Of armed paiens fel, thai fay,
 Segremor no his fer,
 No might flen in non maner ;
 And hadden ment hem to yeld,
 7100 Ac fer fram hem the hye biheld.
 Fele baners thai feghen com,
 And after him gret trom ;
 Tho feyd child Sagremoret,
 Gif wel gunne do we now bet,
 For y-herd be our Saucour,
 Y fe yond com gret focour.
 Than thai werd hem with fwerd naked,
 That fo fer fo thai mighten take ;
 Non neighe hem com no might,
 7110 That thai no flowen doun right.

In this time come Wawain
 And his feren with gret main,
 Euerich of hem gan to bere
 Thurch a farrazin with is spere.
 Afterward fwerdes thai drowe,
 And fexten thoufinde to grounde flowe ;
 Mani mouthe the gres bot,
 And grifeliche yened, God it wot ;

Paiens floted in her blod,
 7120 Euer is Cristes might gode.
 Wawain to Sagremor com than,
 And king Oriens werd him fram ;
 Wawain gaue Oriens fwiche a flat,
 Bothe on helme and y-fen on hat,
 That he to grounde plat there,
 Al fo he stef and stan ded were.
 His folk abouten him pres made,
 Euerich gan to crie and grade
 For her lord and vp him toke,
 7130 So we finden on the boke.
 To Wawain ther com a knight,
 And bad him wende anon right
 Toward Camelot with his felawe ;
 And fo he dede in that thrawe,
 And al his feren, God it wot,
 Went toward Camelot.
 Ther whiles the paiens aboute were
 Her foudan for to arere,
 Ac ther after a litel while,
 7140 Wele the mountaunce of a mile,
 Oriens his limes drough,
 And gan arife of his fwough,
 And feie the diol forweful and grim,
 That his folk made for him.
 Vp he lepe with chaufed blod,
 So him no were nought bot god,

And asked anon, Y wis,
 Newe armes and newe hors of priis,
 And newe fwerd, and newe launce,
 7150 To nimen of his fon veniaunce.
 That he asked was him founde,
 And he went forth in that flounde,
 Sexti thoufand paiens and mo
 Her fteden after finiten tho.
 Wawain feighe her coming coue,
 And dede the best with hem houe,
 Wele an twenti other mo,
 And al the other toforn hem go
 To Camalot that cite,
 7160 To keueren with his meine,
 And he bihinde to ben bi cas,
 To fufften the paiens ras.
 The paiens token ouer our men,
 And fast leyd opon hem then.
 Ac Galathin and eke Wawain,
 And Gveheres and Agrenain,
 Gaheriet and Sagremore,
 And the other Y teld bifore,
 Bihinde that bileued were,
 7170 Euer were here and tere,
 And with fwerd and fcheld and fpere,
 Her folk toforn wele gun were.
 Tho com Oriens to Wawain redeinde,
 With a fpere gode fcoure bihinde,

And wende Wawain hit thurch out,
 Ac he failed withouten dout ;
 For he smot him forbi,
 And Wawain for gret heighe
 Hitt him with his swerd a plat
 7180 Amidward the yfen hat,
 That he tombled in that flounde
 Stef afwon to the grounde.
 Segremore smot Orian ruffel
 On his schulder bi the haterel,
 That schulder, and arm, and ribbes alle,
 He down kitt with liuer and galle.
 Galathin smot Placidan
 Amidward al his man,
 That the heued sleighe fram the bouke,
 7190 The foule nam the helle pouke.
 Agrenain toke a launce long,
 And rode ogain a geant strong.
 Guinat that hete, God it wot,
 And thurch the hert he him smot.
 Gveheres turned his pas
 Ogain a geaunt that hete Tauras,
 And bare him thurch, wombe and rigge,
 His liif he dede him there legge.
 Gaheriet mett the douke Samiel
 7200 With a launce, the foket of ftiel,
 And smot him thurch rigge and brest bou,
 The geaunt fel ded anon.

Yete thai fmiten forth on haft,
 And thre other of hors-cast,
 And with her meine euerigrot,
 Smiten into Camalot.

Bot Wawain, and Galathin,
 And Sagremore of gentil lin,
 That riden with her hors

7210 Amid Oriens cors,
 Him for to fle withouten doute,
 Ac mani thoufinde com him aboute,
 That Oriens binomen hem,
 Ac Oriens flough fue and ten ;
 Bi fue might thai breken hem fro,
 And in to Camalahot wenten tho ;
 Ac Wawaines brether for fothe to fain,
 In Camalahot miften Wawain ;
 And the thre deden him ogan,

7220 With hem went another man ;
 Out at the gate this thre fletten,
 And on his ftede that cherl metten
 To Wawain that the letters brought,
 And fwith the fair thai him bifought
 He schuld hem tel fer or neighe,
 Gif he owar Wawain feighe :
 He feyd anon to hem ogan,
 Certes, ye be nice men,
 Whider-ward were ye y-crope,

7230 In you is ful litel hope

That your brother lete among his fon,
And ye to herberwe gun gon ;
For you he may now ligge y-flawe,
No telle Y you nought worth an hawe.
Thefe were afchamed and anoid,
Of that the cherl them hadde feyd ;
For ftoutelich he hath hem chidde,
The hors thai fmiten the furs mide,
And fone therafter her feren metten,
7240 With his to feren and hem gretten,
And asked hou it with hem was,
And thai feyd, wele thurch Godes gras.
Towarde the toun anon thai fletten,
And the cherles ftede metten,
The arfouns blodi bibled the hors,
Ac hye no feighe nought the cherls cors ;
Allas ! quath Wawain, alas ! alas !
Verrament this ftede it was
That Ich gaue that eld man.
7250 With letters to Londen that to me cam ;
Ya who rect his brether quathe,
Heighe we to toun rathe ;
For he hadde arft feyd hem fchame,
Thai lowen therof, and hadde gode game.
Wawain fought him here and ther,
Ac he no fond him no where ;
It nas no wonder, fikerliche,
Merlin him turned flefche and liche.

And was bicomē a garfouu,
 7260 In hond berand a tronfoun,
 And yede him alle tho among,
 Tho Wawain hadde fought him long.
 To Camalahot thai wenten on haft,
 And fchetten after the gates fast,
 Drowen brigge and eueri pin
 In pais, and held hem ther in.
 Ac tho Wawain feighe Sagremor,
 Ther was ioie bi Godes or,
 Fair clepeing and welcominge,
 7270 And to Ihefu Crist thonkeing,
 That ich other hadde y-don,
 And destroied her fon.
 Ther thai foiournd mani day,
 Withouten ani kin anoy ;
 And feighen paiens ferialunce of helle,
 That no tong no might telle,
 Al day passen hem forbi
 With howe, and noife, and gret cri.
 Lete we hem here foioiurninge,
 7280 And speke of the other king.

Now telleth this romaunce cert,
 Oriens was fore y-hert
 To fore Camalahot in the pleyu,
 And wounded of child Wawain.

For his hurtinge and his damage
 He was neighe wode and eke rage;
 He wald him wreke anon right,
 Ac it was almost tho night;
 Ac to eke that fele of our
 7290 Were withinne walle and bour,
 And ouer alle ftert him fro,
 That he no might comen hem to,
 Als fo fer, als fo he might,
 His folk and he went that night,
 And her paulouns telt,
 And made hem at aise with frefche and felt.
 Amorwe king Oriens aros,
 Wele mani men therof agros;
 Bi ten thoufand and bi fiftene,
 7300 He fent about to do men tene;
 He hete bern into the grounde
 Man and hous al that he founde,
 And fo he dede thre jurneie,
 Ouer al bi ich day;
 Man and hous thai brent and bredden,
 And her godes oway ledden,
 Withouten nombre, cartes fele,
 Thai ledden oway with alle wele;
 And fetten the cuntre after wilde
 7310 With man and wiif, and with childe;
 Ac mani afcaped, fikerlik,
 Into the lond of Camberuic,

And comen to the douke Eftas,
 Douke of Arundel that was,
 Biforn him, and fel on croice,
 And grad on him with pitous voice,
 And feyd, ſir, for Godes gras,
 Thine help, thine ore, in this cas ;
 Sarrazins with grifeli chere
 7320 This cuntre hath fet a fere,
 In vplond and in toun
 Euerich hous han brent adoun,
 Of child, and man, and eke of wiif,
 Alle that thai mai nimen thai reue the liif ;
 Sir, help ous at this nede,
 Other we ben euerichon dede.
 Now, Lord, quath the douke Eftas,
 Help ous for thine holy gras !
 For the pite that he feighe,
 7330 Sore he wepe with his eighe.
 With him was the lord of Paerne,
 He gred as armes ! fwithe yerne ;
 Ten thoufand with him he toke,
 The other left the cite to loke ;
 Forth he went fwithe anon,
 What he com to king Clarion
 That woued fram him bot litel fwithe,
 The king of his cominge was blithe,
 And feyd him, fo Ich to fore teld,
 7340 Hou the paiens his folk aqueld ;

What rede, quath king Clarion,
 Waldestow geuen ous to don ?
 Gif thai pas ous bitven,
 We are lorn fo mot y-then ;
 Man and best in this cuntray
 Were deftroid and alle away.

Certes, quath the douke Elfas,
 We schul laten in this pas
 Of our men a parti,
 7350 And nim with ous fair compainie,
 And wenden ous wel fwith on haft
 To Brekenham to the forest,
 In the wode, and hide ous ;
 And thurch the grace of fwete Jhesus,
 And fo we schul wele aspie
 The paiens doinde robberie,
 And fmiten on hem and the hem doun,
 And the pray bring into our toun.
 Quath king Clarion, God merici,
 7360 What confeil feistow gode ami,
 Hou schuld we ogain hem fight,
 Y dar the mi treweth now plight,
 Thei our folk to hewen waren,
 To fmale morfels fo beth taren,
 To ich of hem vnnethe men might,
 A morfel of ous to hem dight.

- A fir, quath the douke Eftas,
 With ous fehal be Godes gras,
 His grace is better into a fie,
 7370 Than armour other compeinie ;
 And thai be fpred here and tere,
 And we ben al togider here,
 Ich hope thurch Ihefu Crift
 We fehul hem driue fo fonne doth mift.
 Certes, quath Clarion the king,
 Ther ogain am Y no thing,
 Ac alle hem to afaily,
 Forth to wende Icham redi,
 Gif ye fo reden this pour men.
 7380 Yis, quath thai euerichon,
 Sir, par feynt Charite,
 Rewe on ous, and haue pite ;
 We han leuer fterue aright
 With manfchip and in fight,
 Than fen kin and wiif and child,
 To ous for bren in fer wilde.
 The king for pite wepe aflight,
 And feyd, certes ye han right.
 Tho fehofen thai, fo Dieu me faut,
 7390 A noble knight lord of no haut,
 And the lord of the toun fori,
 Brandris, a knight hardi,
 And Brehus, faun pite alfo,
 A feller knight might non go ;

Thefe bileft ther rightes
 With a thoufand orped knightes,
 The cuntre to loke and the pathe,
 Fram farrain that wald hem fcathe.
 The lord of Paerne, fo Ich finde,
 7400 Ther toke feuen thoufinde,
 Into the foreft of Rokingham
 With hem alle forth he nam.
 The donke Eufas and Clarion the king
 Bi another way went withouten lefing,
 And helden hem a litel bileft
 Vnder the felue foreft.

In May is miri time fwithe,
 Foules in wode hem make blithe;
 In euerich lond arifl fong;
 7410 Ihefus Crift be ous among!
 In the foreft of Rokingham
 Hidden hem our criften man,
 Ther was a launde of noblay
 Where com togider feuen way,
 Thai hem hidden a litel ther bi,
 For to afpien fikerli
 That mighten comen of felcouthe cuntray,
 The route of the farrazines, and the pray,
 For to fkecken on hem on heft,
 7420 When thai feighe time beft.

Al fo thai were there foournunge,
 Abouten vndren com gret cartinge
 Bi ich of this feuen way,
 Ful of ich maner pray,
 Of venifoun, and flefche and brede,
 Of broun ale, and win white and red,
 Of baudekines and purpel pelle,
 Of gold and filuer and cendel;
 Sum thai brought fram her lond,
 7430 And robbed fum in Ingland.
 This carting left mile ways,
 For fothe hou fele no can Y fay,
 Fif thoufand yede the cartes to loke,
 So we finden on the boke;
 To hem daffed the lord of Paerne
 With feuen thoufand al fo yerne,
 And the carters euerichon
 Of liif days thai broughten anon,
 And her lokers anon rightes,
 7440 Fif thoufand hethen knightes,
 Thai metten with fwerd and kniif,
 That non afcaped with the liif,
 And nomen fwiftlich al that pray,
 And ladde it thennes to mile way
 Into the toun of Arundel,
 And ther it token to yeme wel,
 And went hem ogain anon
 To the king Clarion.

Right also thai comen ware,
7450 Fiftene thoufande ther comen fare,
Sarrazins y-armed wel,
On gode hors in yren and fliel;
Our knightes were, fo Y finde,
Gode knightes tventi thoufinde,
Thai smiten the hors and lete the rain,
And metten the paiens with gret main.
King Clarion mett king Guifas,
Sexten fet o lengthe he was,
He hit him with the speres ord,
7460 Thurch and thurch scheldes bord,
Thurchout hauberk and aketoun,
And bar him of his hors adoun.
His schaft to braft the geaunt fel,
His nek bon he brac ther til.
The douke Eſlas of Arundel
Mett a king fir Mirabel;
The paen on him brac his schaft,
And hitt him on the ſide laſt;
The douke him hit in the brest,
7470 And with his dint hard threſt
An ellen long thurch the bouke,
The foule went to the pouke.
The gode knightes that with hem ware
The other to the grounde bare;
With dint of ſpere, and of ſwerde egge,
The paiens thai made to deth legge.

Bitven vudren and none, fo Y finde,
Of hem thai flowen ten thoufnde ;
Ther lay mani paien thurch threst,
7480 Heued of fmiten, and fot and fift ;
Bi the blod of hors and man,
A mile men might haue y-gan ;
Of hem fine thoufand that wald fcape
Toward king Oriens gan rape ;
Our criften hem fuwed at the rigge,
And fpared nought on to ligge.
What king Oriens thai faye
With folk wreien al the contraye,
Ogain thai withdrough hem tho,
7490 And confeil toke what to do.
Down of her deftrers thai lighten,
Her ftedes to refte her armes righten,
And afterward made a renge
Of hem al the launde lenge,
For thai nold for no gode
That paiens binomen hem that wode.
Tho asked Oriens an haft,
His folk were of thai weren agaft ;
Sir, thai feyd, here to fore
7500 Beth twenti thoufand other more
Cristen men that your knightes
Han y-flawe down rightes ;
And fodaunliche thai com ous on,
Er we feighe of hem on,

And no hadde we the better be
Hem of feaped nadde we.
A Mahoun ! feyd Oriens tho,
Thou nart no god worth a flo ;
Therefore thi folk thou doft no gode,
7510 So for criften doth her lord.

Com forth, he feyd, withouten letting,
King Eliedus min owen derling ;
Nim with the fourti thoufinde
And fle bifore that thou might finde.
It fchal be don, he feyd, bi Dandagon !
Euerich lepe his ftede vpon,
And fond our men alle at affe,
That the paiens no might paffe ;
Ther ich other fone mett,
7520 And with fcharp launce grett ;
Ther tumbled mani paien hatthen,
And mani criften that was fcathe[n] ;
Ac tho that ware ded of our
To heuen brought foule pure,
And the flawine farrazine
Went in to helle pine.
The criften fond the hethen dere
So the lioun doth the bere ;
Euerich on other leyd with
7530 So on the yren doth the fmith ;

Ther ouer threwe in litel flounde,
 Mani orped knight to grounde;
 Sum y-cleued to the brest,
 Sum of fmiten arm and fest;
 Sum hors fmiten and sum aftray,
 This fight laft fram the midday.
 What it were euen almast,
 Tho com Oriens driueand on haft
 With an hundred thoufand and mo,
 7540 And thought our men alle flo.
 Ac on hem tho com the night
 Our to wode deden hem tho right,
 Thurch Godes help and his pite,
 And fo afcaped to her cite.
 Bitven king Clarion and douke Eftas
 Ther was parted alle the purchas
 That thai hadde y-wonne that day,
 Long hem was the bett parfay.
 Of criften were flawe Y finde
 7550 The mountaunce of four thoufinde;
 Ac ther were flawe of the hethen men
 Wele mo than thoufendes ten.
 Wroth was Oriens the king
 Of this fleight and this fcapeing.
 Thai telt her pauloun ther that night,
 Amorwe were fought anon right,
 In wode, in down, and in fen,
 After our criften men;

Ac thai no founde therof non,
 7560 For nought that euer couthe thai don.
 Oriens tho was fo wroth,
 His owen liif was him loth;
 For wretthe he cleped an amiral,
 Napin that hete faunfail,
 With fiften thoufand wreyen knightes,
 And bad him the cuntre fle doun rightes,
 And toke him ribaudes thre thoufnde,
 The cuntre to brenne bifore and binde.
 Waines and cartes, and fomers alfo,
 7570 Fif hundred he dede after go,
 Charged with alle and win red,
 With fifche and flefche, and corn and bred,
 With clothes and with armerie;
 Sum thai hadde of robberie,
 And fum brought fram her cuntray.
 Yete dede Oriens more, Y fay;
 With ten thoufnde Rapas a king
 He dede loke that carting,
 He fett king Elitens at her hele,
 7580 With .xv. thoufand in on efchele;
 Him felf Oriens com bihinde
 With farrazins .xx. thoufnde,
 This ribaus thus thoufandes thre,
 Ofer fett the cuntre,
 And brent, and flough man and wiif,
 O child no leten thai oliif;

The cri and forwe Y fay,
 Men herd fele mile way.
 The douke Eftas y-feighe al this,
 7590 Wo was him oliue Y wis ;
 He knightes thoufandes to,
 And out of his cite daffed him tho ;
 Among the ribaus anon he daff,
 And fum the heued of he laift.
 This thre thoufand he flough anon,
 Bot fourti that hem fro were agon,
 Thurch the might and help of Crift,
 Ar Napin ought therof wift,
 Into her cite thay wenten ogan,
 7600 Withouten letting of ani man ;
 To Napin com a ribaud tho,
 And feyd, fir, where bileueftow fo ?
 Thou no doft nought as the wife,
 For thurch thi targinge and thi faintife
 Alle our feren y-flawe beth,
 And we vnnethe afcaped deth.
 Held thi pes, quath the douke Napin,
 Or thou art ded, bi Apolin !
 A worde fpeke Y the more here,
 7610 Thou art dede and al thine fere :
 For al that is vnder Crift,
 He nold Oriens it hadde wift.
 Forth thai paffeth this lond acoft
 To Clarence with alle her oft ;

King Bardogaban of gret mounde
 With tventi kinges ther he founde,
 That bi lay that cite,
 And flough the cuntre withouten pite.
 Oriens was welcome fwithē,
 7620 For wonderliche thai weren blithe
 Of the eightte and flouers,
 That thai brought tho pauteners ;
 There thai bileft with that king.
 Lete we hem now at this fegeing,
 And fchewe werres and wo,
 In this lond that weren tho :
 Who fo wille giue left
 Mai now here noble gefl.

Miri it is in fomers tide ;
 7630 Foules fing in foreft wide ;
 Swaines gin on iuflinge ride ;
 Maidens tiffen hem in pride.
 Los fprong of Wawaines dede,
 Of his brether and of his ferrede ;
 Vriens that was of Schorham king,
 Of whom Y made bifore fcheweing,
 Hadde fpoufed Hermefent
 Blafine fuffter and Belifent ;
 Thai hadde a yong man hem bitven,
 7640 Michel Ywain, a noble fren ;

He was y-cleped Miche Ywain,
 For he hadde a brother knight certein,
 Bafl Ywain he was y-hote,
 For he was bigeten o bafl, God it wot ;
 Vriens bi another quen,
 Yete hadde bigeten a gentil stren
 That was hoten Morganor,
 A gode knight, bi Godes or ;
 He had made him in al air
 7650 To the lond that of hem com veir,
 The lond that com of Hermefente,
 Was Ywains thurch right decete.
 To Hermifent com child Ywain,
 And feyd, dame, of child Wawain
 That is mi nevou fpeketh al this lond,
 Allas! madame, it is me fchond,
 That Y no com in non werre,
 When Y come to conquerre.
 Tho feyd Hermefent, him to proue,
 7660 Whider woſtow Ywain for mi loue ?
 Dame to feche min em Arthour,
 Of him to aſong the anour
 Of wightſchippe and cheualrie,
 And leren manſchippe and curteifie.
 What, ſche feyd, for wiche bigete
 Woſtow other ſeruife and thi faders lete ?
 Dame, he feyd, thine owen land
 Mi fader hath laten me on hand,

His owen lond he gauē another,
 7670 Morganor, mine halue brother,
 And thei he schuld me al bireue ;
 Yete Ichil bi your leue
 Wende and ferue mi nem Arthour,
 It schal falle to our honour.
 Sone, sche feyd, Icham wele paid,
 Of that thou hast to me feyd ;
 Thi nem is Arthour, verrament,
 Serue him with hert gent,
 And fond for to make acord,
 7680 Bitven Arthour and thi lord.
 Ther sche him puruaid anon rightes,
 To felawes an hundred knightes,
 And thre thousand yong men,
 That with him knightes schuld ben,
 And fond hem armour and ftede,
 Bothe foure and gode at nede ;
 In the name of heuen king
 Sche him gaf hir blisseing,
 And lete him wende in name of Crist,
 7690 That his fader therof nist ;
 Ywain bastard with him went,
 And four hundred of feren gent.
 Now com thai fram Schorham,
 Al bi the foreft of Bedingham,
 Toward Arundel in Cornwaile,
 Ac thider thai no might faunfaile.

Bot thai wolden passen thurch oute,
 .Xx. .M. farrazins with rowe snoute,
 Tho com ther forth with mighti hond,
 7700 With king Soriendos to froithe this lond,
 He de ribandes ten thoufinde
 Bren that thai mighten finde,
 So he dede michel rewthe,
 This was on Yders lond in trewth.
 Ac to Gawaynet ful of priis,
 Sone men telden al this;
 Tho he and his gentil feren
 Al this reuthe deden heren,
 He toke with him thritti thoufinde
 7710 Gode felawes, fo Y finde,
 That wenten alle with Wawain
 For his largeffe and his main.
 Out of Londen the way thai nome,
 Al what way to Cardoil come;
 Fro Cardoil thai wenten fouth the west
 To Bedingham al thurch the forest,
 Where welcominge thai hadde onest,
 With gret ioie and gret fest.

This fightinge vnder Cornwaile
 7720 Was fer yete, faunfaile;
 Yder, in whose lond it was,
 And bifel to kepe that pas,

Of his men herd the pleinte,
 Sum for brent and fum for dreinte,
 For diol he topped of his hare,
 And him felf to bete and tare,
 And acurfléd oft the time grim,
 That Arthour was wroth with him.
 King Yder was fikerli
 7730 A noble knight and an hardi,
 That with him ledde .xiiij. .M. knight,
 Bothe hardi and eke wight.
 As armes! he gradde with tonge,
 And on gode ftedes thai flonge.
 King Soriandes that foudan was,
 To a king that hight Bilas
 He hadde taken fifteen thoufunde,
 Bifore that went, fo Y finde,
 And paſſed along ouer a brigge,
 7740 Tho thai ouer com leh you figge,
 Thai reſted hem a litel wight,
 And tho forth went anon right.
 King Soriandes after cam
 With fourti thoufand bathen man,
 To Morgalant his ſteward
 He bitoke the after ward,
 And .xxv. .M. farrazins,
 That ſchuld him help with might fines.
 Ten mile ways leſt this route,
 7750 Icham fiker withouten doute,

And bitven euerich flock natheles
To mile other thre ther wes.
This ich folk that was bihinde,
With fise and tventi thoufnde,
King Yder and his ouertoke,
Opon a cauci bi a broke ;
Thai feighe him come and with flette,
With fcharpe spere ich other gret ;
Our cristen thurch out hem thruft,
7760 And out of the fadel mani luf,
Amiral and hethen knight.
Mani threwe down deueling right,
And growen bothe gras and fton,
Tho that deth her hert chon ;
Sum lay withouten arme and thi,
And fum cleued into the fi,
Our men ther in litel flounde,
Ten thoufand flough to grounde.
This feighe the steward Morgolant,
7770 Hardi and ftrong, and gret geant,
.Xv. knightes he flough of our,
Al arwe and to and four ;
And tho he met with Yder king,
Ac that was bataile of thincheing,
For ic smot others fcheld ato,
Helmes to koruen and brini alfo.
This herd Soriandes the foudan,
Of fourti thoufand the tventi he nam,

And fodanliche on our fmot,
7780 And alle hem flough, God it wot;
Ac king Yder fram the dethe
Scaped with a fewe vnnethe,
With wepeing and with gret wailing :
Ac he no hadde afcaped by heuen king,
Gif another cuntek no hadde y-be,
That the foudan dede ferlty-fe,
Wharfore he no durft him fuwe for doute,
Ac went ogain with al his route.

Now the childer Y fpac of bifore,
7790 Ywain the hende and Ywain baftard y-bore,
And Ates, an orped knight,
With four thoufand yong men wight,
Weren paffed the foreft,
Toward Arundel fouthweft,
And wenden ben alle foure and fiker,
And tho metten with a fori biker
With Soriendes form ward,
That Bilas ladde a knight hard :
.Xv. thoufand ogain four hunder,
7800 This was a meteing of wonder,
Four mile out of Arundel,
Allas ! this ich meting fel ;
Al fo this bachelers hadden a bregge,
Y-paffed for fothe Y figge.

The children fle nought no might
 For the brigge, Y you plight;
 Her seheldes thai gropen and secharp spere,
 Ich a farrazin gan down bere;
 Swerdes thai drough and geuen dintes,
 7810 And paid paiens deth rentes.
 This yong men of whom Y fay,
 To coruen in thre mile ways
 Fiue thoufunde farrains to grounde,
 And yete were hem self hole and founde.
 Ac the hinde ward king Yder
 Faught al at ones and this children her.
 Soriandes that wele y-herd,
 And lete Yder and ogain ferd
 For to taken quicklike,
 7820 The children ded other quic.

Ac right now a litel knape
 To Bedingham com with rape,
 And toke a letter to Wawain
 On his nevou half hende Ywain;
 Ac Ywain wist nought therof.
 Wawain hem toke the knaue of;
 The letters he red anon,
 And grad as armes euerichon!
 Ariueth you al with main,
 7830 For mi nevou hende Ywain

Haueth nede, and bot we heighe
He is ded and his compeine ;
Ded me weren leuer by Ihesus,
Than he starf for faut of ous.
Agreinein and Gaheret,
Gveheres and Sagremoret,
Armed hem with hardi cher,
And ich lepe on his destrer :
Swerd thai tok, and launce and scheld,
7840 And forth priked on the feld ;
Thai toke with hem .xx. thoufinde,
The other thai leten hem bihinde ;
A fex thai schift her compainie,
Agreinein schuld the first gie,
That was of noble thre thoufinde.
Gveheres also, Y finde,
Thre thoufand gret also,
Non better no mighten go.

The thridde ferd ledde Gaheriet,
7850 And the ferth Sagremoret ;
The fift ladde Galathin,
And eueriche thre thoufand with him :
Wawain ladde the fext bihinde,
And hadde with him eichte thoufinde ;
The knaue taught her way fikerliche,
Thai riden wel farreliche,

Thair gilt penfel with the winde
Mirie ratled of cendel Ynde ;
The fteden fo noble and fo wight
7860 Lopen and neighed with the knight.
Thefe both al fo faft cominge,
The children ther whiles weren fighting,
Ogain ten thoufand for firft fue,
That had wightliche brought oliue,
Thai defended hem fo wel,
With fcharp fwerd of gode ftiel,
That the four hundred hadde driuen ogan,
Tho ten thoufand of hethen man.
King Soriandes herd al this,
7870 And fexten thoufand he fant of priis
Biforn him hem to nim ;
And after com that with ther win
With .xx. thoufand al maft,
For to taken hem on haft.
This forfeyd .xvi. thoufande
Our folk comen bihinde,
And paffed the brigge Drian,
And fmiten on our yong man,
And mani therof threwe to grounde,
7880 And gauen hem bitter and hard wounde.
The ten thoufand at the other half al fo
Deden him fwith the miche wo :
At on half and at other, fo Y finde,
Were fex and tventi thoufande ;

And with a few children fought,
Ac Ihesu Crist on hem thought,
For he gaue hem strengthe and might
Ogain the deuelen for to fight ;
When ani were falle adoun,
7890 The other hem lift to arfoun ;
Euerich other with scheld biclept,
And fro other dentes kept,
And mani of the hethen houndes
Thai koruen down into the grounde.
Ac al thai were so forfoughten,
Of her liif that thai no roughen,
And yelden hem thai hadden ment ;
Nay, quath Ywayns, verrament,
Whiles our ani liueth in feld
7900 Our thonkes nil we ous yeld,
Ac do we now bi mi red
Prike we at onnes into the mede,
And gif we may owhar abreke,
Fle we hem with gret reke.
Al at ones her main thai kedde,
And large roume about hem redde,
Into the mede thai smiten with rape,
Gif thai might ouer the water scape.
The water was swithe depe,
7910 The brink heighe, the strem stepe ;
Thai loket ouer into the londes,
And feye come king Soriandes,

Fele mile wais withouten doute,
 Left the tail of his route.
 Ates the wight tho feyd, alas!
 We mot ous yeld in this cas,
 For we no mow no whar oway,
 So ful of deuelen is this cuntray.
 Al thai were in gret defmay,
 7920 Tho loked Ywain and faye
 Fram Bedingham on her fide,
 Baners and pople com ride;
 To his felawes he feyd on haft,
 Beth now blithe and nought agaft,
 Y fe yond com gret focour,
 For thai han the signe of our Saueour;
 Wher thurch, he feyd, Ich vnder ftonde,
 It is focour of this lond.
 Y-herd be Crist, quath laffe Ywain,
 7930 Her is confeil certain,
 Gif we here leueth in a throme,
 We worth nomen ar thai come;
 Ac thei we han pople lite,
 Thurch out hem we mot smite,
 And ften al that mowe we
 Thurch out hem and fwithe fle,
 Fle and euer wereand ous,
 Til help ous haue fent Ihefus.
 Bi rede thai deden yerne
 7940 Her ftedes thai gun terne;

On the fexten .M. thai com flinge,
So hail doth on the fingel.
In that coming, God it wot,
Thai flough thre hundred fot hot,
And with gode hert and main fin
Thai thurch perced tho farrazin;
Ac Bilas with his ten thoufinde
Hem of toke anon bihinde,
And metten hem in a mede
7950 With an hundred of her ferrede,
And gauen hem wel bitter wounde,
For thai hem wold haue nomen and bounde :
Ac thai vp flirt and wered hem fiker,
With fwerd thai maden dedeli biker.
Agrenein with this bikering,
With thre thoufand com on him flinge,
That with fpere tho ten thoufinde
Beren ogain, fo Y finde,
The febote of an ablaft ;
7960 Ther was mani thurch out daft,
Heued of koruen finiten of arm,
Bodi cleued into the barm ;
On bothe halue was fwiche a cri,
Men might it here into the fky.
This feighen the fexten thoufinde,
And comen fwithe in our winde,
And with might ogain hem bar
To the ftede ther thai wer ar :

Ther was mani wombe thurch schoue,
 7970 And mani heued cleued aboue.
 That ich time Agrenein
 In fleight kid fo michel main,
 That his feren wondred euerichon,
 And token enfaumple wele to don ;
 For he feyd thai he dede schuld ben
 Of the ftede he nold ften,
 Ac with fwerd he wald delite
 On the paiens to don it bite.

Ywain than and alle his floc
 7980 On fteden fat fo ftef fo ftoke,
 And dafched hem amid the pres
 So lyoun doth on dere ingres,
 And cleued bothe man and hors
 Of the foule hethen cors.
 Ich of hem fo wightliche faught,
 That tong no may it telle naught ;
 Ac farrazines were bi mi panne
 Euer fourti ogaines anne ;
 Wherefore our litel folk kene
 7990 No might amonges hem ben y-fen.
 This was in time of May,
 Right aboute midmorwe day,
 Tho com Gueheres, Wawaines brother,
 With thre thoufand flok other,
 And fmiten on this hethen hounde,
 That euerich of hem fel to grounde,

And the other rekeuerd ogain with main,
 Whider firt hem brought Agrenein.
 Ther was fighting, ther was toile,
 8006 And vnder hors knightes defoile ;
 Tho thonked Ywain the wight
 Of that focour God almight,
 And defired to wite who it were,
 That him dede fwiche focour there.
 Tho feyd Ates, fir Ywain,
 Smite thi ftede with might and main,
 And of thi greaunce the awreke
 That other it fen and therof fpeke,
 Bi her pruefle thou fchalt hem knawe,
 8010 And bi thine be her felawe,
 Y the rede now lay on faft,
 Our fomen for to agaft.
 Ther Ywain, and eke his brother,
 Ates, and mani gentil other,
 To koruen this farrazins,
 With gret might and wille fins ;
 Y wene that Ywain and his brother
 Ther flough an hundred and another.
 So that Gveheres and Agrenein
 8020 Hadde gret wonder of her main.
 As Ates com rideinde hem bitven,
 He asked hem who it might ben ?
 Certes, quath Ates, of your ken,
 The kinges fones Vrien,

Ywain the hende, and Ywain ballard,
 That thus com hiderward,
 To ben knightes of your em Arthour,
 And feruen him with gret honour;
 Al that han white on righte armes,
 8030 And red on left half on her armes,
 Beth erls and barouns fones
 That ben with him hider come,
 That metten here this deuelen felle
 That ben y-fprongen out of helle,
 That hadde hem flain with deshonour,
 No hadde ben your focour.
 Y-herd be Crist! the children quathe,
 That we to hem com thus rathe:
 To hem thai fmiten the ftedes fwithe,
 8040 And welcomed hem with chere blithe,
 Tho her ich other knewe,
 Ich ouer other armes threwe,
 Gret ioie withouten les
 Thai made amidward that pres,
 And made couenaunt in al that fight,
 Togider thai wald riden aflight.
 As thai thus togider spake
 Frefche paiens on hem com rake,
 .Xv. thoufunde that hadden born ogan
 8050 Parfors into Bedingham;
 With thre thoufand ne hadde bet,
 On hem fmiten Gaberiet,

Wawaines brother fikerliche,
 Ogain hem held farreliche.
 Ther was broken mani spere,
 With dethes dint and liues lere ;
 And mani paien to deth y-fmite,
 With fwerdes of ftiel that wele bite.
 Margalaunt the steward, and king Pinogres,
 8060 To the brigge were comen with gret pres
 Of farrazins .xx. thoufinde,
 And wele mo al fo Y finde ;
 Al thai feighen this ich biker,
 At that half the brigge hem thought fiker
 On that ich fair rounge
 To aloge her pauloun,
 To kepe wele her charrois,
 Her affore and her harnois,
 And to help at tide and time,
 8070 At the other half her curfed lin ;
 The brigge that was hem bitven,
 Thai thought schuld her focour ben.

Soriondes her highe king
 Com fone after withouten lefing,
 With fo mani thoufand farrazins,
 That no man therof couthe the fins,
 And loged on that riuer,
 Fram Morgalant nought wel fer,

Of bataile to fen the fin,
 8080 Of criften and of farrazin.
 Ther at the other half the brigge
 With fcharppe fwerd gun on legge,
 With fauchouns, axes and battes,
 Ich gaue other fori flappes;
 Of farrazin ther foughten ten and ten
 Ogain on of our men,
 Wher thurch the feld ogain thai bare
 Mani of our children thare.
 In this toil with thre thoufand flete
 8090 Sagremor hem com mete,
 Mest what euerich with his fpere
 A paien gan to grounde bere,
 And in this ich coming
 Ther were flawe four hethen king,
 In the feld of our bachelers,
 Were brought on her deftre[r]s.
 The paiens were to fel and kene,
 The fleight of hem nas nought fen,
 And eke ther ourne ftrems of blod,
 8100 Al fo it were a wel gret flod.
 Now withouten more dueling,
 Galathin come fwith the flinge
 With thre thoufand wightling,
 And finot ogain that hethen king.
 Ich of hem with ftef launce
 A farrazin finot withouten balaunce,

And with her feren broughten ogain
 Al her feren to the brigge drein ;
 In the water hem driuen, fo Y finde,
 8110 Of the bethen and flough feuen thoufinde,
 Ac al our childer toforn and tho
 Hadde hem contened fo,
 That of .M. .x. and fextene,
 No hadde thai liued bot thrittene,
 And of our, fo Y finde,
 Nas nought flain a thoufinde.
 Now hadde al tho theues hethen
 Ben to fruft down to mathen,
 Gif Morgalent and Pinogres
 8120 Hadden brought ouer her-pres,
 .Xx. thoufand ogain our ;
 Of our were thoufandes ten and four,
 And certes, nought an hundred mo,
 And thai were thre and thritti thoufand and mo.
 Ther was batail of mende,
 Hou our wightlings fo hende
 On the hethen with fwordes loften,
 And mani to cleued and to frusten :
 Ac Morgalent and his ferrede
 8130 Were ftrong and fers to the dede,
 And hadde don our harm wel gret,
 Gif Wawain no hadde don the bet,
 That with eighte thoufand and fwerdes egge
 Brought hem to thentre of the brigge,

And mani thoufand ouer threwe faunfail,
 Into the water top and tail,
 That thai adremt withouten les.
 Wawain fmot into that pres;
 It was fundel after none,
 8140 Wawain ftrengethe duple gan,
 His ax in his hond he lift,
 Durarls heued of he fmit;
 King Malgar on the heued he gert,
 That the dent flode at the hert;
 Segor on the heued he fmot,
 The ax into the fadel bot;
 King Malan alfo he hit,
 And with his ax the heued of flit.
 Aleft he fmot and aright,
 8150 Non his dent afit might,
 Stel and yren his ax thurch carf,
 Wher thurch mani hethen ftarf.
 He met that geaunt Pinogres
 Amidward al his pres,
 That cleued Wawaines fcheld,
 That it fleighe in the feld;
 Wawain him gaue a dent of howe,
 And cleued him to the fadel bowe.
 Y no might it nought ful rede
 8160 The pruaunce of Wawaines dede.
 After him hende Ywain
 Beft Y wene kidde his main,

For king Serox he cleue ato,
 And Baldas an amiral alfo ;
 Minardes heued of he fmot,
 And Bilaces alfo, God it wot ;
 And Morgalaunt the fteward,
 Dedliche wounde he gaf him hard ;
 And mo knightes than Y can telle
 8170 Wawain and he fent to helle.
 For Y neuen now faunfaile,
 Bot kinges, doukes, and amiraile ;
 Yete no wift nought Wawain
 That it was his felawe Ywain,
 He hadde wonder of his prueffe,
 That fo leyd down hard and neffe.
 After hem Galathin
 Kidde in dede might afn ;
 With fwerd he hit Farafan,
 8180 A geaunt and an hoge man,
 That ere, and cheke, and fcholder alfo,
 With his fwerd he carf atvo.
 King Creon he cleued thurch,
 And king Beas down in a furch ;
 Darien and king Fulgin
 Bothe he cleue to the chin.
 No child no might do ther bet
 Than dede alfo Gaberiet ;
 Of the king Briollo,
 8190 The midel he fmot ato ;

Pinnas and eke Douadord
 He biheueded with his fword ;
 Pamadas he cleued down right.
 Sagremor ther fchewed his might,
 For he biheueded Linodas
 Of fourtene fet that was ;
 Fauel he cleued to the brell,
 And Guindard he made heuedles prell.
 Gulheres dede alfo wel,
 s200 Of Guos he carf the hatrel ;
 Goweir he cleued to the ribbe,
 That he might no longer libbe.
 Agrenen dede alfo,
 Thre kinges he flough and mani mo ;
 Ates and lefle Ywain and her route,
 To grounde laiden withouten doute ;
 Whom fo thai hitten with ful dent,
 Keuerd he neuer, verrament ;
 Ac, verrament, ogain Wawain
 s210 No man no might kithe main,
 For he carf man, and fliel, and ire,
 So flefche hewe er doth flefches lire.
 Night com hem on thai might not fen,
 Ich to his kith gan to ten ;
 Tho Gawainet knewe Ywain,
 Ther was ioie and blis certain ;
 He and al her compenie
 To Bedingham went on heighe,

And ther token aife and rest,
 8220 With gamen, and gle, and folas meft.
 Soriandes feighe of his ferred
 Of four fcore .M. the fourti ded,
 His hert was fore, his chere murne,
 Lenger nold he ther fojourne ;
 He truffed his armes anon right,
 And went oway al bi night,
 To her heighe oft to Wandlefbiri,
 Ther thai made hem joie and miri ;
 For flore and trefor that thai brought
 8230 Wawain amorn hem fought,
 And fond he was afcaped oway,
 That him o thought, parmafay,
 That hie ther founden thai ladde hem with,
 And left ther ftille in pais and grith
 Mani day at Bedinham :
 Now liftneth what after bicam.

Now feith this romaunce hou Wawain
 Of his letters asked Ywain ;
 Ywain feyd, he wift of non ;
 8240 Where thurch thai wonderd euerichon.
 Tho herd thai telle of farrazins
 Deden wo and michel pins
 The yong men of Arundel.
 Wawain therof hadde diol ;

Ten thoufand the beft he toke,
 The other he tok the toun to loke,
 And went hem Arundel toward.
 In this time fel chaunce hard,
 For Kay, Deftran, and Kehedin,
 8250 Two gentil fwaines of wight fin,
 Erles fones of Strangore,
 Of the marche come hem bifore,
 With feuen and tventi fweines of gentil ftren,
 Comen alle knightes for to ben,
 And to ferue king Arthour,
 Gif thai might with gret honour.
 Thefe no hadde nought are y-faye
 Hou Arundel was bilay
 Of king Harans and ek Daril,
 8260 Bramagues fones the Eteuild,
 With fo mani hethen thoufinde,
 That the noumbre Y no can finde.
 Thefe fquiers on hem come,
 And the paiens alfo fone ;
 Sone thai hem feighe on hem thai laft,
 The fquiers were armed and on hem daft,
 And in the firft of that feylinge
 Thai flowen michel hethen genge.
 Ac hethen mani thoufand tho
 8270 On our flongen and dede hem wo,
 And bi clept hem al about
 For to nim that litel rout.

Yongmen of Arundel
 Seighen it out of the castel,
 Wight yonglinges thre hundred Ich vnderfonde;
 The first was Ywain with the white hond,
 The other Ywain of Lyonel,
 The thridde Ywain Defclaus Le Bel,
 And Ywain of Strangore of heighe perage,
 8280 The .v. was Dedinet the faueage;
 Alle thai were wight and hende,
 And neighe of Wawaines kende.
 These with thre hundred com there,
 And on the paiens smiten with gode chere;
 Ich dede his launce go
 Thurch out a paien other to,
 And redden hem with might fin,
 Til what thai come to Kehedin;
 Togider thai cleued in that werre
 8290 So with other doth the burre,
 And leyden ther farrazins doun right,
 Bothe aleft half and aright.
 The paiens an horn gun blowe,
 And hem come focour in litel thrawe
 .Xx. thoufand that smite on our,
 And bar hem down bi thre and four,
 And hadde hem flawe and do miche wo,
 No hadde Wawain vp comen tho
 With ten thoufand that doun stett,
 8300 Alle that thai with launce mett;

And after her fwerdes drowe,
 And .xv. thoufand hethen flowe,
 And holpen fo the other fquiers,
 That thai were brought on deftrers.
 The other paiens with drough hem tho
 Sarrazins to feche hem mo.
 Ther whiles Wawain knewe this Ywains,
 Alle four and the other fwaines,
 Ther was ioie bi Godes ore,
 8310 Y wene ther might be no more
 Than was ther of that focouringe;
 Ther whiles com an ehl knight flinge,
 And feyd to Wawain confeil.
 Gif he and his feren wald ben hayl,
 Thai fchuld fwithe to Arundel te,
 And than he fchuld more y-fe.
 Bi his confeil thai deden anon,
 And went into Arundel ichon,
 Alle the gates thai fchetten faft,
 8320 And lete falle port colice on haft;
 On walles thai fleighen on highe,
 And feighen of hethen ful the cuntreie;
 King Harans with fexti thoufinde,
 And Daril with fourti him bihinde,
 .Xij. hundred cartes after come,
 With gode and flore that was binome
 In the cuntre men and wiues,
 Al fori in her liues.

After hem come .xx. thoufinde,
 8330 Of fel robours, fo Y finde,
 That fo hadde robed and brent the cuntre,
 That ther aboute four jurne
 No schuld man finde man no childe,
 Bot wilderneffe and defert wilde.
 Wawain and his felawes
 Ther fojournd feuen dawes ;
 Ther lete we hem foirne,
 And speke we of chaunces hard and murne.

King Harans and his harnoys
 8340 Went toward the lond of Leoneis,
 And brent into the grounde
 Al that thai biforn hem founde ;
 Man and child thai brent tho,
 And dede hem al michel wo ;
 Sum ascaped with gret paine
 Into the cite of Dorkeine,
 And reweliche gun o king Lot
 For this lere, God it wot.
 Lot toke .xx. thoufand knightes,
 8350 And went him out anon rightes,
 A ferd of .xxx. thoufinde
 He finot on al, fo Y finde ;
 .V. thoufinde in his cominge
 He slough with speres meteing.

Egreliehe her fwerdes drowe,
 And .ix. thoufinde ther to flouwe,
 With fo noble fwerdes dent,
 That hem aftint, verrament,
 And hadde hem alle fone y-flawe,
 8360 Gif Harans, that the deuel to drawe,
 With .lx. thoufand tho,
 Com on our to michel wo,
 That our biept and with fought,
 And flowen our gentil men and dughft,
 That Lot vnnethe with thre thoufinde,
 Scaped at euen, fo Y finde,
 Into the cite of Dorkeine
 Sore y-wounded with michel peine.
 The king Lot feighe this lere,
 8370 Him felue he gan here tere,
 And bad the time mefaunture
 That he cuntoked with king Arthour ;
 And his knightes that leued were,
 And leuedis and children maden care
 For her faders lordes and frende
 Were fo flawe with helle fende.
 Harans bifeged and dede his peine
 The cite to winne of Dorkeine.
 Lot thought to faue Belifent,
 8380 Arthours fuffler his quen gent,
 And Wawains moder, faunfail :
 His knightes he asked confeil ;

Confeil he tok, and went bi night
 Toward Glocedoine ful right,
 His ftrong caftel to don in his wiif,
 For chaunce ther might be other ftriif,
 With Modred his fone beld,
 That nas yete bot to yer eld :
 .V. hundred knightes on gode ftede
 8390 With him he tok for al nede,
 And went toward his caftel fwithe,
 He was ther of feththen vnblithe.

In this time child Wawain
 With mani feren and eke Ywain,
 On Arundels wal thai gun leue,
 A knight com aruand with gret reue,
 Y-armed in armes alle,
 That to Wawain thus gan calle :
 Wawain, he feyd, Crist the fe,
 8400 And alle thine feren fre !
 Durft ye gon with me fiker,
 Y wold you fchewe a felcouthe biker,
 Whar ye fchul win wining,
 Ye nold it geue for no thing.
 Than fchaltow, quath Wawain, fwere,
 Thou no fchalt ous with trefoun dere.
 Bletheliche, he feyd, and fwore anon,
 He no fchuld hem qued no traifoun don.

Wawain him armed fwithē,
 s410 And tok with him .x. thoufand biliue,
 This knight feighe hem com and daffed forth,
 And hye him after fwithē north :
 So thai wenten thai metten a knight
 Aruand with al his might ;
 Wawain nam to this knight hede,
 That he ladde with him Modrede,
 He rode him to, and asked him whi
 He ladde his brother fo fuiftli ?
 Wawain he feyd, parmafay,
 s420 Al this night and al this day,
 Thi lord hath fought ogain king Taurus,
 Thre thoufand ogain fiue hundred of cus ;
 Thi lord is wounded, his men be dede,
 Modred thi brother Y tok fot drede,
 And with him thus oway drawe,
 That he no ware of hem y-flawe.
 Allas ! quath Wawain, allas ! allas !
 That Ich euer born was,
 Who fchuld euer of me yelp,
 s430 Now fterue mi frende with outen help.
 Frende, quath Wawain, thou her abide,
 In on buffe thou the hide,
 What thou fe al the fulle,
 Wiche focour don we fchulle.

Wawain with his folk forth drof,
 Haftiliche vnder a grof
 Tho he herd a reuly cri,
 A wiman euer cri merci;
 He dafched forth biforn hem alle,
 8440 And feighe a leuedi thries down falle
 From Taurus ftede to the grounde;
 That hethen king, that vnwraft hounde,
 That feloun rage in his wodeneffe,
 Plight her vp bi the trefle,
 And fche gred feint Marie,
 Help me, leuedi, Cristes drurie!
 And he went vp anon his feft,
 And buffeyt hir vnder the left,
 So oft fo fche crid Marie,
 8450 She was buffeit of him thrie;
 Sche fel down of his hors rigge,
 And he gan anon his hondes legge
 On hir trefle and forth hir drough,
 The leuedi vp right ftede as wough;
 He laid on with fchourge and bad hir go,
 And fche no might afot for wo,
 No for hir clothes long;
 Bi her trefle he gan hir hong,
 Sche with braid and fel vp right;
 8460 Taurus alight anon right,
 And knett hir to his hors tail,
 Bi hir trefle faunfayl:

So he drough hir him bihinde,
Euer Mari help criinde ;
What for forwe, and eke for paine,
Sche les winde and ek a laine,
Hir eighen turned, hir voice with fat,
Ac point of dede was hir flat.
Tho feyd Wawain to that knight
8470 That hadde him brought thider ful right,
Knewestow ought that leuedi
That tholeth al that vilanie ?
Wawain he feyd, verrament,
Hir name is hote Belifent,
Thou oughtest amende hir flat,
For thou fouke of hir tat.

Wawain was of it wele and wo,
Ac neuer wers than him tho,
Neighe a fwon he fat vp right,
8480 Tho nift he war bicomme that knight,
He might long loke after him,
He was oway it was Merlin.
Wawain with spors his ftede fmot,
And he forth flint, God it wot :
He grad aloude to king Taurus,
Abide you thef malicious,
Biche fone thou drawest amis,
Thou schalt abigge it, Y wis.
An hethen fwain fone doun stett,
8490 The leuedis treffe fone vnknnett.

King Taurus was .xiiij. fet long,
 An vnrede geaunt and a strong,
 He feighe to him com Wawain,
 He toke a launce with gret main,
 And smot the stede that he biſtode ;
 Aither to other with wretthe rode,
 Taurus hit Wawain ariſt,
 That his launce al to braſt ;
 Wawain him hit with main and ſchof,
 8500 The launce thurch the ſcheld drof,
 Thurch out hauberk and hert polk,
 And ded him caſt among his folk.
 Wawains brether on and other,
 Smiten euerich lith fram other,
 And .v. hundred hethen ichon
 No leten aſcape neuer on.
 Wawain ogain went, fo feyt the bok,
 And his moder in his armes tok,
 And wiped hir mouthe, eighen, and viis ;
 8510 For hir he wepe ful fore, Y wiſ.
 He kiſt hir mouthe and hir eighen,
 And his brether that y-feighen,
 And com to him and gret diol made,
 No might hem nothing glade ;
 And for loue of hem alle her fere
 Made wepeing and reuly chere.
 In al this diol makeing,
 Belifent, withouten leſing,

Acouerd and vndede her eyin.

- 8520 Tho her fones it y-feyn,
 Thai made joie fwithe gret ;
 Hir eighen tho fche vndede bet,
 And thonked Ihefu our Saueour
 Of hir fones gentil focour.
 Tho told fche Wawain and his feren,
 So that thai it might y-heren,
 Hou Lot with thre hundred knight
 Dede ogain thre thoufand fight ;
 And of the thre thoufand he lete oliue,
 8530 Certes, bot hundredes fiue,
 Ac of mi lordes meine,
 Certes, no fcaped oliue nought thre,
 Tho mi lord moft chefe,
 Me forgon other his liif for lefe,
 Alon he faught a mile way,
 With tho .v. hundred, Y fay.
 What he hadde woundes ten and fiue,
 Vnnethe he afcaped with the liue ;
 Mak[e]and fo reuli bere,
 8540 That it was pite for to here.
 The bethen me tok, and to toiled
 To beten, to drawe, and defoiled ;
 Now haue Ich mi lord y-lore,
 And Modred mi fone that wo me is fore.
 Afwon tho fche ouer threwe,
 Wawain fone hir ablewe,

And feyd, dame, Modred thi fone
 Y fechal the don anon come;
 And him of fent tho feche him fay,
 8550 Sche akeuered parmafay,
 And was y-led in liter,
 Almaft liche an hors bere,
 And to Londen toke the way,
 With alle Taurus korrays,
 Sex hundred cartes, bi Godes ore,
 Al charged with mete and flore.
 Tho thai to Londen weren y-come,
 Hendeliche thai wer welcome;
 Do deliuerd the heighe palays
 8560 To fir Wawain the curteys,
 Ther in he dede his leuedi,
 And fwore be the quen Marie,
 Schuld he neuer fen his lord,
 What Arthour and he were acord.
 Tho he teld al fir Do
 Of chaunce that hem was comen to;
 Hou he dede Sagremor focour,
 Thurch an eld vauafour;
 And feththen Ywain mi cofyn,
 8570 Thurch letters writen in Latin,
 Thurch a page alfo right,
 And mi moder thurch a knight,
 And Y no couthe non of tho thre,
 Neuer feththen after y-fe.

O Wawain! quath Do, anon,
 At thre it was on,
 Merlin the gode felawe; .
 Yete fum day thou schalt him knawe :
 Here of thai hadde wonder and game.
 8580 Lete we this rest in Godes name,
 And telle forth in gode pays,
 Hou Merlin doth his maister Blais.
 In boke writen, faunfaile,
 Of Ingland this meruaile ;
 And profecies and other thing,
 That fum beth passed and fum coming.
 Tho went he fram his maister Blais
 To Arthour to Corohaife,
 And told him and his conseil
 8590 Of Ingland al the meruail,
 Hou Wawain dede and his ferrede,
 And eueriche king in his thede.
 King Arthour and his ferrade
 Of this tidinge were wel glade.

Now feith our romaunce here,
 Leodegan fent his messanger
 To Arthour, Ban, and ek Bohort,
 Thai schuld com to his court,
 With him won and foiourne ;
 8600 And feyd he was fori and murue

That he no wift of her beinge,
 For he vnder ftode foth thinge,
 That thai were of power more
 Than he and heigher y-bore ;
 That thai hadde wele y-ked,
 Fram deth when thai him hadde red.
 He fent hem to come bi knightes fwe,
 So the yemers of his liue,
 For al he wald don him faunfail,
 8610 In her rede and her confeyl ;
 Withouten bileueing ani more,
 Thai went to him Merlin bifore.
 Tho thai comen in to the halle,
 The king vp ftode and his men alle,
 And welcomed hem with blitheful chere ;
 Tho fpac Merlin fo ye may here ;
 King, woſtow wite our being ?
 Ya, quath Leodegan, opon al thing :
 To this he feyd and ſchewed Arthour,
 8620 We fechen a wiif of gret valour.
 A ! feynt Marie, quath Leodegan,
 And haue Ich a douhter a fair wiman,
 Fairer not Y non veir,
 Wife and hende, and of mi lond air,
 And Ich you figge vterliche,
 Thei in this world war non other fwiche,
 Thei he no hadde doun no lowe,
 On him Y cold hir wele bitowe,

So ful Y knawe him of worthschipe,
 8630 Of nortour, and of hende schippe.
 He fet his douhter him felue al on,
 In this world nas fairer non,
 He proferd hir to king Arthour,
 And to ben his air with gret honour:
 And Arthour hir nome faunfail,
 For Merlin him gaf fwiche confeil.

Now, quath Merlin to Leodegan,
 Waftow now wite to what man
 Thou haft y-gouen douhter thin?
 8640 Ya, that were wil and joie min.
 Ther he was of Arthour biknawe,
 And of his feren al bi rawe;
 And feyd, he was her lord bi hirritage,
 Thai moft al don him vmage.
 Leodegan was tho wel blithe,
 And to Arthour dede omage fwithe;
 And the knightes of the rounde table,
 And al that other folk, faun fable,
 Ther treuthed Gwenore bis quen,
 8650 The faireft leuedi that might ben.
 King Leodegan lete maken a feft,
 Of alle that come fwithe onest;
 Ich that was of Cristen lay,
 Fond ther feft of gret noblay.

The feft laft feuen night,
 Of al deinte Y figge aplight,
 And lenger it hadde y-laft,
 Bot her terme was comen almaft,
 That thai maft fmite batail
 8660 Ogain the farrazins faunfail.
 Wide and fide, ner and fer,
 Baroun, knight, and ek foudere,
 Sum bi fe, fumm for wining,
 Were comen to Leodegan the king,
 Were comen to his fight,
 And fojournd a fewe night.

Mirie is June that fcheweth flour :
 The meden ben of fwete odour ;
 Lilye and rofe of fair colour ;
 8670 The riuer cler withouten four ;
 Bothe knightes and vauafour,
 This damifels loue paramour.
 On Mononday in the pentecoft,
 Leodegan and alle his oft
 Armed hem in aketouns,
 Hauberkes, plates, and hauberious ;
 Bothe with bacin and eke palet,
 And helme on her heued y-fet ;
 Stones precious and gimmes,
 8680 Gold and filuer ther were inne ;

Thai hadde aboute riche queintife
 Of beten gold of mani a fife.
 After that her armes bar,
 Mani was diuers to other thar,
 Mani riche fadel on haft
 Was on riche deftrer caft;
 That ich day paramour,
 Guenore armed king Arthour;
 At ich armour, the geft feit thiſſe,
 s690 Arthour the maden gan kiſſe.

Merlin bad Arthour the king
 Thenche on that ich kiſſeing,
 When he com into bataile,
 Gif he feyd Merlin, faunfaile;
 Tho bad king Leodegan
 Merlin ordeine al his man;
 Bletbeliche he feyd, and ches Arthour,
 And Ban Bohort of gret vigour,
 And her feren withouten fable,
 s700 And knightes of the rounde table,
 And other knightes, fo Y finde,
 In alle he nam feuen thoufinde,
 And made the firſt compainie,
 Him ſelf he wald hem gye.
 Leodegans nevou, Gogenar,
 A noble knight, and wife and war,

Merlin toke another ferrede
 Of feuen thoufand for to lede ;
 The thridde ledde Elmadas,
 8710 A yong knight that fin ftalworth was,
 He was the wife leuedis nevou,
 Of the foreft Saungrecour ;
 The ferth led a baroun hight Bias,
 That was lord of Bliodas ;
 The fift ledde Andalas,
 A knight of meruailous los he was ;
 The .vj. ledde Beliche the Blounde,
 A knight he was of gret mounde ;
 The .vij. ledde Yder of Northlond,
 8720 Fel and hardi, and ftiong in hond ;
 The .viij. ledde Landou ful of vertu,
 He was Cleodais nevou ;
 The .ix. ledde Gemporemole,
 Hardi knight, and wight, and fre,
 No knight better on ftede fat,
 Ac he hadde a nofe as a cat.
 Ich of thefe ladde feuen thoufinde,
 Leodegan fo com bihinde
 With ten thoufinde of the beft
 8730 Tho bad hem al Merlin left.
 King, he feyd, nought ye amay,
 For king Rion fchal wifche this day
 He hadde yene the tounes fiue,
 He war in his lond with his liue.

Fele hundred farrazins
 He hath with him of biches lins ;
 We schul hem fle and nothing doute,
 For it is al a curfed route.
 We han almoft, fo Y finde,
 8740 Four fcore thoufnde,
 And Cristes grace that fchal ous helpe
 To kerue down right the bethen welpes.
 Thenke on your childer and wiues,
 And ek on your owen liues,
 And of your londes with vnright
 Thai thenke to winne with frengthe and might,
 You to flen and to exile ;
 Leggeth on the traitors vile,
 Spareth nought ac fle down right ;
 8750 You fchal help God almight.
 Thai han filled the michel foreft,
 And walled hem bi north and weft,
 That ther forth no man no may,
 Comen hem to, parmafay ;
 And a fouth half walled certes,
 With mani thoufand waines and cartes ;
 Ac on that eft half Ich wot,
 We fchal comen opon hem, God it wot,
 And finde hem flepeand and fle down right,
 8760 For thai were al drunken tonight.
 Ther he ches knightes ten,
 And fent biforn her men

For to take and fien and binde
 The spies that thai mighten finde ;
 That fo deden and hem bifore,
 Nomen herlotes ten fcore,
 And fo hem bifirden that no tiding
 Spie no brought to that hethen king.

Merlin com bifore withouten the toun,
 8770 And vnfpaid his dragoun
 Fer that keft of the mouthe vair,
 So it lighted in the air.
 Arthour alder next him cam,
 And Ban and Bohort that gentil man,
 And al that other ferred,
 Ordeind fo Ich ere fede.
 Of armes that was gret fehining,
 The ftedes maden gret naying :
 Thai wenten forth al fo flilly
 8780 So thai mighten withouten cri.
 Tho Merlin com neighe king Rion,
 Enchauntement he keft him on,
 That mani of her pauloun
 Upon her heuedes fel adoun ;
 Merlin and his feren was Y fay,
 Biforn al the other to mile way,
 In a tiwefday in the daweing,
 He keft this enchaunteing ;

Bitven a riuer and a grof,
 8790 He com them on that thai nought schrof,
 And Merlin loude gan to cri,
 Help ous now the quen Marie !
 Our folk on the hethen lusten,
 And vnder hors fet hem frusten,
 And to hewen hem to deth and on gerten :
 The hethen theues vp fterten,
 Four .C. thoufand and mani mo
 To king Rion afcaped tho,
 And armed hem fwiftlich vnder his tent,
 8800 To ften al our was her entent.
 Ac our flough thoufandes mani,
 Ar of hem were armed ani ;
 Ac tho thai hadde keuered armes,
 With launces, maces, and gifarmes,
 Bi thoufandes mani a man,
 The hethen fmiten and our ogan,
 And gun on of the greft bataile,
 That euer was fmiten faunfaile.
 Paffed was the day fpringing,
 8810 The hote fone was fchininge,
 Tho bigan knightes rideing,
 Trumpes beten, tabours daffing,
 Ther was fleinge and withftonding,
 Tireing, togging, and ouer throweinge,
 Of farrazins in litel ftonde,
 Mani thoufand was fruft to grounde.

That feighe Rion, that vile hounde,
 He cleped Salmas that knight of mounde,
 Whiche Salmas was his nevou,
 8820 A stalworth man, and ful of vertu,
 He tok him an hundred thoufand knightes,
 And hete him wende anon rightes
 His folk for to focour,
 And awreke his defhonour.
 This Salmas and his, with gret vigour,
 Com ogain king Arthour,
 With his to and fourti of mounde,
 And with knightes of the table rounde,
 And with other in al Y finde,
 8830 The mountaunce of feuen thoufinde.
 Tho feyd Merlin to king Arthour,
 Thenke now of thi newe amour;
 For loue of thi laft kiffing,
 Among this bethen boundes fling.
 At that word king Arthour
 Smot his ftede of gret valour,
 And hit a farrazin thurch the fcheld,
 And his hauberk fele feld,
 That thurch the hert that y-fen cheld
 8840 Pafed, and keft him in the feld.
 King Ban bifeighe right fo another,
 And king Bohort the thriddle his brother,
 Neighe ichon of her felawe,
 In the entring brought a paien of dawe.

Ther was mani ftede y-feld,
 Mani a knight flawen vnder fcheld,
 Ich knight hewe on his per
 On fchide fo doth carpenter,
 Ther dede fo our knightes of los,
 8850 That mani paien therof agros.
 Arthour was that day biheld
 Hou manliche that he paiens aqueld,
 He hem to karf, he hem to hewe,
 Mani with ded his dintes knewe.

King Ionap, a paien kene,
 Lengthe he hadde o fet fiftene,
 He feighe hou Arthour ded hem damage,
 He tok a launce in gret rage,
 And biforn him grop his fcheld,
 8860 Arthour he thought his harm to yeld.
 Arthour feighe wher he cam,
 A ftef launce in hond he nam,
 He no fembled no more him ogan,
 Than doth a child ogain a man.
 Aither gan his ftede drefse
 Ogain other in that preffe;
 Ionapes fchaft bigan to glide
 Right bi king Arthour left fide,
 Thurch out armes and thurch out fchert,
 8870 And in the fide nought fore him hert.

And Arthour smot him with his launce
Thurch out his scheld withouten balaunce,
And thurch out hauberk and aketoun,
And thurch out the scholder fer aroum.
Ionap was so proude and sterue,
No gaf he ther of nought a ferne :
With the brestes so thai metten
That to the grounde bothe thai stetten.
Of Cristen hethen ther was toiling
8880 For to help this to king,
Ther was mani sward y-drawe,
Mani knight hirt, and mani flawe ;
What with wriffling, what with toggging,
What with smiteing, and with skirminge,
On bothe half so thai wroughten,
Her kinges on hors thai broughten.
Tho Arthour and his fourti and to,
And his knightes of the rounde table also,
So koruen and hewen with mani hond,
8890 That non armour might hem astond,
And so flowen that Salmas
Fleighe and al that with him was.
Among the wele doinde of our men,
Was on wele fightand hete Nacien,
Perciuales cofyn the fri,
On his moder half that fair leuedi ;

In this world of more noblay
 Nas non bi Vterpendragones day,
 No forth bi the kinges day Arthour
 s900 Nas ther non of more vigour.
 Hauingues his moder was,
 Jofepes fuster, a knight of gras,
 Whom Ebron hadde fpoufe,
 A knight of dede vertuous,
 That on her gat knightes feuentene,
 Hardi and strong, wight and kene;
 In whom feththen in mani fight,
 Al Ingland fo was alight.
 This was Celidoines cofyn the rike,
 s910 Naciens fone of Betike,
 Whiche Celidoine feighe firft faunfail
 Of the holi greal the meruail;
 Yete this Nacien, the curteis,
 Was fibbe king Pelles of Liftoneis,
 And al his brether, God it wot,
 And feththen hadde Launcelot
 In his ward almest a yer,
 So the romaunce feyt elles wher.
 This Naciens of whom Y write
 s920 Seththen bicom ermite,
 And lette knightschippe and al thing,
 And bicom preft melle to fing.
 Virgine of his bodi he was,
 Whom feththen the holi godes gras

Rauist into the thriddle heuen,
 Where he herd angels steuen,
 And feighe fader, and sone, and holi goft,
 In on subftance, in on acost.
 This gaf feththen the riche confeil,
 8930 To the king Arthour faunfail,
 Tho he was in gret periil
 To lese his londes and ben exil,
 Ogaines the king Galahos,
 The geauntes sone of gret los,
 That gaf king Arthour bataileinge,
 With the power of thritti king ;
 This Naciens, and Adragenis the broun,
 The hethen knightes leyden adoun,
 To hewe hem and to gert,
 8940 Y you figge for fothe cert.
 The gret ftrenthe of king Arthour,
 Thes to folweden in alle the flour,
 So fer that he might fe no knowe
 Neuer on of her felawe.
 Bifor thes thre Merlin went,
 And bar the dragoun that fer out fent ;
 Thes thre deden michel wo,
 Hors and man thai coruen ato.
 Bothe aleft half and aright
 8950 Thai felden knightes and flough down right,
 And forced hem with mani dent hard,
 What thai come to king Riones ftandard,

That four castels olifaunce
 Bar toforu king Riouns,
 Her feren tho misten hem,
 And fmiten after bi .xii. and ten.
 With newe grounden fauchoun and fword,
 Mani heued thai fmiten ford,
 Thai fehouen with sehulder and fmiten with arm,
 8960 And deden the paiens dedliche harm ;
 Ac thai no might keuer to king Arthour ;
 With fleight no with vigour,
 Bot Ban and Bohort, fo feith the bok,
 Laiden doun al that thai tok ;
 Sum into the fadel thai fmiten,
 Her fwerdes thai dede ful wele biten,
 And fo foughten and sloughen, parmafay,
 That thai redder and maden way ;
 Maugre tho paiens thurch fin vigour,
 8970 What thai com to king Arthour.
 And tho thai were togider fue,
 Thai binomen mani on her liue,
 And hundred hathen in litel fitt
 The fue thurch koruen and heued of flit ;
 In ich half was gret fighting,
 Gret fleight, gret criing,
 Socouring and withstonding ;
 Of knightes, barouns, erls and kinge,
 Lay mani heuedeles on the grounde,
 8980 On the gras with dedli wounde

Sum lay withouten fet and armes,
 Ato y-girt into the tharmes.

Among this toil feighe king Rion
 Our fiue fo his men flon ;
 He was feuenten fet long,
 And in this warld no man fo ftrong,
 In his right hand and in his left
 A mace he gan vp lift,
 That no man no fchuld bere,
 8990 No vmethe fram the grounde ftere.
 In this time king Fanfaron, fo mot Y liue,
 Hadde on iuel dent y-geue,
 Bohort him gan after prike,
 Curagous to ben awreke ;
 Fram his feren he folwed him almaft
 The caft of an alblaft,
 And hit him than a dint wel iuel,
 That he fel on his hors a diuel ;
 He wold his nek fmiten eft,
 9000 And the dint a litel gleft,
 The ftedes nek he smot atvo,
 King Fanfaron fel to the grounde tho,
 Bohort him hadde flawe anon,
 Ac opon hem com king Rion
 With the power of .xviij. kinge,
 On king Bohort loude gredinge,

The mace ared in his hond,
 And tigh a putain withfonde,
 Thou schalt abigge that thou ther come,
 9010 Lo, here in mine hond is thi dome!
 Bohort of the gretnesse hadde meruail,
 And of him was adred, faunfail,
 Leuer he hadde ther ben y-hent,
 Than fleand y-nomen other y-fchent;
 He sett on him the crouche verray,
 And him vnder his scheld wray.
 Rion on that scheld fo fmot,
 That it to braft, God it wot,
 And king Bohort fo fmot ogan
 9020 O the helme that hoge man,
 That he fat attoned vp right,
 And nist whether it was dai or night;
 The hors be daft him for bi,
 And com vp a chaunce fikerly
 Where king Aroftus, a geaunt fel,
 Hadde felled Herui de Riuel,
 And held him fo bi the code,
 That mouthe and nose him ran ablod,
 And therof his heued y-fmite,
 9030 Nadde Adragenis to him flite.
 With fwerd ogain fourti and mo
 King Bohort com rideinde tho,
 And Aroans with the fwerd aflat,
 That he threwe of his hors aplat.

Herui feighe legge the kinges cors,
 Anon he lepe vp to his hors,
 And fmiten hem amid the pres,
 So grehound doth out of les,
 And fo he wen and laiden on,
 9040 That non might better don.

Now is king Rion with his folk hard
 Smiten on kinge Riones standard,
 And doth gret power, Ich you telle,
 Riones baner for to felle ;
 Ac Rion com and his mace left,
 And flough aright half and aleft ;
 Rion smot to king Bohors,
 And wende to dafchen al his cors ;
 And he failed of him and hit his stede,
 9050 The dent was gret and vnrede,
 The hors chine he daffed ato,
 Bohort lepe afot tho,
 And with his fwerd Y you plight,
 Wered him anon right.
 Ac Rion was him about
 To nimen and ften with michel rout,
 And dede him tviis knely arawe,
 And alnaft hadde him y-flawe.
 Herui Rinel this y-knewe,
 9060 King Bohortes harm him gan rewe,

The ftede he fmot that it queight,
 Of a geaunt a launce he plight,
 To king Rion he gan ride,
 And fmot him thurch out the fide ;
 King Rion with fat that dent,
 And fmot to Herui, verrament,
 So that a quater of his fcheld
 He bar oway into the feld,
 And eft wald fo a deuel wight,
 9070 Ac Herui that was vigorous and light
 On the fcheld him hit a dint hard,
 And cleued it to the midward,
 And Rion fmot and gan faile,
 And Heriues hors flough, faunfaile.
 Tho ftede Herni bi Bohort,
 Bothe in peril of mort,
 Ogaines fele fcore Y plight,
 And thai hem wered as noble knight.
 This feighe Adregein the broun,
 9080 Now helpe, he feyd, feyn Symoun !
 He rode to Rion and fo him fmot,
 That he plat, God it wot,
 Afwon on his hors fwere,
 Might he noither fe no here ;
 The heued he hadde him ther binome,
 Nadde the proude king y-come,
 Rion nevou Solmas,
 That honged worth bi thenes las,

Bihinde Adregeins com with a fpere,
 9090 And to grounde gan him bere,
 And bitven the schulders him hirt :
 Adregein anon vp ftirt
 On fot, and halp his compainoun,
 So it were a wode lyoun,
 And fo hem wered with fleles egge,
 That non no durft on hem hond legge ;
 Ac thai hem threwe with fpere and kniif,
 And other armes to reuen her liif,
 And wounded hem fore fwithe,
 9100 Thurch out the armes mani fithe,
 So thai were ouer riden in a thrawe
 That neighe thai hadde ben y-flawe,
 Gif Nacien no had y-fein this,
 That thider smot his ftede of priis :
 Tho that in his way he met
 Doun right of hors he hem flett ;
 Rion he smot on the fide right,
 And bar him of his hors vp right,
 And rod him on and ouer thries ;
 9110 His hors was flain bitven his thies :
 Gode and wight knightes of our,
 Tho ftede on fet four,
 So thai gun fight and laffe,
 That thai made grete taffe ;
 Abouten hem ther thai ftede,
 And depe woden in the blod,

And made fwicche defenfe and fleight,
 That Y no may telle it aright.
 Ac Rion, that with ther winne,
 9120 Dede gret power hem to nime,
 And hadde hem nomen withouten let,
 No hadde Merlin riden the bet
 To king Arthour and to king Ban,
 And feyd, what do ye man ?
 King Bohort, and Nacien,
 Beth yond biloke with mani men,
 And Herui, and Agrenein,
 Yond thai ben on the plein ;
 Bot ye hem foner focour
 9130 Thai ben ded al four.
 Allas ! allas ! quath king Ban,
 Lade me thider right onan,
 For be mi brother ther misflad
 Worth Y neuer ther after glad.
 Merlin finot forth, thai after daffe
 On aither half fo grehounde of laffe,
 And her feren after hem come,
 That mani paien gaf her dome,
 And font hem with fcharp fword
 9140 To the deucl her lord.
 And tho thai comen and feighen hes,
 Thai dafched forth amid the pres ;
 Euerich hit a paien tho,
 That thai arifen neuer mo,

Knightes wight thai hem kedden,
 And roume to the four thai reddenn.
 Geauntes strong ther weren to
 The four that deden michel wo,
 Minap hete that on veires,
 9150 That other was hoten Malgleires.
 King Ban gaf to king Minape
 On the helme fwich a clappe,
 That he him cleued to the toth;
 King Arthour smot after for foth,
 So Malgleires hit on the scheld
 That his heued fleighe in the feld.
 Thes four feighen her focour,
 And lepen ouer with gret vigour
 Gret hepes of hors and men,
 9160 That flain lay hem bitven;
 Hors wel gode chepe thai founde.
 And anon in the fadel wounde,
 And contained hem so wightliche cert
 So thai were nought y-hert.
 Tho at arft bigan the bataile
 That laft al day withouten faile,
 Ich on other fo leyd veir,
 That it dined into the air,
 Al fo thicke the aruwe fchoten
 9170 In fonne bem fo cloth the moten,
 Gauelokes also thicke flowe
 So gnattes Ichil avowe.

Ther was fo michel duft rifeing
 That fen ther nas fomme fchineing;
 The trumpeing and the tabouringe
 Dede togider the knightes flinge.
 The knightes broken her fperen,
 On thre thai fmiten, and to teren;
 Knightes and ftedes ther laien aboute,
 9180 The heuedes of fmiten, the guttes out,
 Heueden fet and armes ther
 Lay ftrewed eueri wher,
 Vnder ftede fet fo thicke
 In crows neft fo doth the flicke;
 Sum ftoruen and fum gras gnowe,
 The gode fteden her guttes drowe
 With blodi fadels in that pres;
 Of fwiche bataile nas no fes
 To the night fram aruemorwe,
 9190 It was a bataile of gret forwe.
 Ther was fwiche cark and fwiche defoil,
 That al Leodeganes folk made recoil
 To Denebleife vnder the wal,
 Bot Arthour and his folk al,
 That helden hem in the bataile,
 Of armes that dede wonder meruaile.

So Leodegan, faunfail,
 Houed vnder the cites wal.

Sadones feyd, an hardi man,
 9200 To his em Leodegan,
 Liftneþ me now, mi lord the king,
 And the other lordinge,
 What do we here, whi and whar fore ?
 Gif we fle this lond is lore,
 And wif and child and al our bliffe,
 Al is forlorn mid, Y wis ;
 Better is to fterue worthſchipliche,
 Than long to liuen ſchandfulliche ;
 Gif we be defirite,
 9210 Our coward ſchippe we may it wite ;
 O thing ought ous comfort wel,
 Our newe lord yong Naturel,
 That fo wightliche fighteth for ous,
 Helpe we him for Criſt Iheſus !
 Gif he were himiſt at this afaunt,
 He might wite it our defaunt,
 And bot we him help at this nede,
 We beth for fwore fo Criſt me rede !
 And yete fle that folk farrazine
 9220 Is our foule medicine.
 Right fo king Leodegan
 Gan to crien hem opan ;
 Tho feyd Goionar the hende,
 He nath non hened that nil it defende,
 Lete be fir the precheing,
 And ogain tho boundes fling.

Alle thai were at on afent,
 And forth daffed, verrament ;
 .X. .M. paiens of thos thai metten,
 9230 Thureh out hem bar to grounde he fletten.
 Tho bigan bataile newe,
 Ich on other with fwerd hewe,
 With mace and ex and fauchoun
 Mani knight laide other doun.
 Ther whiles Merlin, fo Y finde,
 Dede his out wende to take the winde,
 Gert her fteden and ek reften,
 What the farrazines ogain threften
 Our criften parfors ogan ;
 9240 Tho mounted Arthour, Bohort, and Ban,
 With alle her wight compainie,
 Ogain to bataile thai gun heighe ;
 Merlin to fore, fo feyt the boke,
 With baner feld al that he tok.

Arthour fmot the king Clarel
 Bitven the fchulder and the hatrel,
 That fchulder and fide and flaunke alfo
 With his fwerd he fmot ato.
 He was wroth ye fchul here wite,
 9250 For Merlin hadde him atwite
 He hadde iuel yolden the kiffeeinge
 That Gvenour him gaf at his arminge;

Ther fore he to hewe that route
 Tofore bifide and al about.
 Al wondred that him feighe an,
 And feyd he worth a noble man,
 Tho knewe he thurch mani on
 Wher that rod the king Rion,
 Thurch corouns and berdesther weren his armes
 9260 He made him way with strengthe of armes,
 His ftede him bar to him anon;
 Arthour smot to king Rion,
 A quarter of his helme out hitt,
 And his scheld ato y-kitt,
 And alle his armes, verrament,
 To the purpoint of o serpent;
 Next his schert that fat tho,
 Elles he hadde him coruen ato.
 Rion fel down with that dent,
 9270 So dede were, verrament.
 Mani geauntes gret and long,
 About Rion ther were and strong,
 That on Arthour at ones laft,
 And with her hors to grounde him daft;
 Ac Arthour lepe vp afot anon,
 And werd him ogain euerichon.
 Merlin wift of this dede,
 And hete al Arthours felawered
 Wenden fwith to this rideing;
 9280 Tofore daffed Ban the king,

Al that in his way fode
 He biheueded hem and lete hem blode,
 So that thurch his might gode
 Thider he com ther Arthour fode ;
 Arthour, he feyd, thi kinde it nis
 To ftond ofot for fothie, Y wis.
 An geaunt he tok anon,
 And cleued him to the breft bon,
 And brought on hors Arthour, Y wis,
 9290 Par forth among his enemis,
 That fo tho dede, verrament,
 That non no might ftond his dent.

Tho Arthour was vp, fo Y finde,
 Comen his felawes .vi. thoufinde,
 And ich of hem on ther hitt,
 Other heued of fmot other bodi thurch kitt.
 Ther was defoiled king Rion
 Vnder ftedes fet mani on,
 And drawe and to tore vilainliche,
 9300 Ac he him defended orpedliche,
 With gret pine nathelas,
 Vp to hors couered he was,
 And fmot with mace al about,
 And mani flough of our rout.
 Ac an fewe of our beft,
 In al that pres togider threft ;

Arthour, and Ban, and Bohort, his amis,
 Naciens, and Agraneins, and Heruis,
 Lucans, Griffet, Vlfin, and Kay,
 9310 And her feren fo foughten that day,
 That in the cuntre ran bethen blod
 So in the riuier doth the flod,
 And fo foughten with dintes hard,
 That felled was king Rion standard,
 And the four olyfaunce y-flawe,
 Baners and castels adoun y-thrawe.
 Tho fleighe Riones folk here and ter,
 Non durft leue no wher ;
 Ac king Rion than was fo wo,
 9320 That nift what he might do ;
 With his fwerd fcharp and bright
 .XX. cristen he flough doun right.
 Ac his men that were him midde,
 With strengthe oway with him ride,
 Ac fram his men he daffed fone,
 Bi a wode oway alone,
 Makeand ful fikerly,
 Swithe michel diol and cri.
 Swiche noyfe ros in the bataile,
 9330 That thei it hadde thondred faunfaile,
 No fchuld men it y-here,
 The paiens made fo rewely bere,
 And our gred, fle, lay on,
 Kepe there, kepe here, lete paffe non !

Thus thai flough in litel ffounde
 Mani thoufand to the grounde,
 And euer thai ben to hewe and fmite
 So fchepe that were with wolues y-bite.
 Leodegan, and Cleodalis his fteward,
 9340 Folwed al on Goionard,
 Riones nevou, that hadde with him
 Fele farrazins wroth and grim.
 Ban and Bohort vertuous,
 Thai to driuen four kinges orgulous,
 That hete Gloiant and Minados,
 Calufer and Sinargos;
 The other and tho of the table rounde,
 Bi .x. bi .vi. of gret mounde,
 Were departed her and tar
 9350 To folwe the paiens eueray whar;
 Naciens, Adrageins, and ek Herui,
 .VI. bethen kinges driuen hardi,
 That hete Mantaile and Fernicans,
 Banternes and Kehamans,
 Forcours and Troimadac,
 For to geuen hem her mat.
 Alone certes king Arthour
 Drof king Rion with gret vigour;
 Arthour otok him with drawe fward,
 9360 And feyd, a-yeld ye now traitour coward!
 Arthour on the helme him finot,
 The dent fanke thurch, God it wot,

Thurch the pelet to the panne,
Ac dedli dent no hadde he nanne.
Rion ogain smot a-dent,
Ac Arthour him couered, verrament ;
Of his scheld he carf a corner,
And of his helme a quarter ;
The dint swarf and flei forbi,
9370 Ther fore was non fori ;
Arthour smot ogain ward,
Vnder Riones scheld a dint hard,
And smot Rion thurch armes alle,
Thurch the side neighe to the galle.
King Rion so feld him hert,
And gan fle ful fwithe cert ;
Arthour wald after fue,
Ac fex king gan on him hewe,
Wiche Y nemde to fore you to,
9380 That Herui drof and his feren also ;
Thai grad abide traitour on heighe,
Wrother hole thou Rion feighe !
Tho lete Arthour Rion scape ;
Kehenans com with gret rape,
A gaf king Arthour fwiche a las,
That Arthour al aftoned was ;
Arthour smot that geant ogan,
A dint that fro main cam,
He smot his schulder with arm and scheld,
9390 That it fleighe in the feld.

Kehenans dede his ftede forth fteppe,
 And king Arthour wald bicleppe
 About his fwere with his right arm,
 That the other might don him harm ;
 Ac bitven his hond and elbowe,
 Arthour him gaue a dint of howe
 With his fwerd, that his hond
 Amidward the feld wond.
 The ftede him bar here and tere,
 9400 Criand fo wode he were,
 Ac fone ther after ded doun he threwe,
 His foule to the deucl blewe.
 The other dafched on Arthour al fwe,
 For to reuen him his liue,
 Ac Arthour king Ferican fmot
 To the hert, God it wot ;
 Forcoars bi the fide he hitt,
 That ribbes and thi he of flit ;
 Tho com Naciens, Herui, and Adragein,
 9410 Rideand to Arthour with gret main,
 With his to feren king Mantaile,
 Fram Arthour gan fwithe fle ;
 Arthour with his feren tho light,
 Her hors girten and fadles right.

Now feith here this romans,
 Of king Bohort and king Bans,

So driuen king Minados,
 With his thre feren of proude los ;
 Thai metten with ten hethen knightes,
 9420 Strong geauntes fel and wight,
 Alle thritten thai fmiten tho,
 On our criften kinges to,
 And perced bothe fcheld and armes,
 And dede hem wel gret harmes.
 Ac Ban hit king Calufer,
 And cleued his heued into the fwere,
 After he tok fo Sinargos,
 His heued fram the bodi was los.

Bohort hit king Glorion,
 9430 His right fchulder anouen on,
 That al the fchulder, and ek the fcheld,
 With the ribbes, fleighe in the feld.
 Sornigrens and Pinnogras,
 Gaidon and king Margaras,
 With .vij. hethen fikerliche,
 Ban afailed wodeliche.
 Ac Ban fo noble knight and hende
 Wightliche gan him defende ;
 Pinogras he feld of hors,
 9440 And foiled al his curfed cors ;
 Sornigrens he fmot with main
 Thurch out helme into the brain.

King Bohart feighe his brother fight
 Alon ogain ten knight ;
 The ftede with the fþors he duft,
 To the grounde a paien he fruft,
 Another thurch helme and bacin
 Thurch out he clef him to the chin.
 Tho thre paiens with wight bones
 9450 On the helme him fmiten at ones,
 That he nei hadde withouten balaunce
 Y-lorn hors and contaunce ;
 Ac he akeuered with hert light,
 And fmiten hem on with main wight ;
 Ac in that Ich toilinge,
 Fram Arthour com Rion the king,
 And Kay, and Griflet, and Lucan,
 And Merangis, and Craddoc, and Geruan,
 And Belchin the broun, and Bleoberriis,
 9460 And Galefounde and Leçtargis,
 Kalogrenant and Kchedins,
 Folwed and flawen the farrazins.
 Her and ter, fo feyt the boke,
 A compeinie of toke
 To hundred paiens ful of grame,
 For her ler and for her fchame,
 And for king Rion was oway,
 Her hert was ful of ten and tray ;
 Ich on other ther gan finite
 9470 With fwerdes egge that fore gan bite :

Thai weren arwe and our hardy,
 And hem to driuen fikerly,
 And wenten ogain to Danbleys,
 And withouten the gates iuel at ayfe,
 Bileueden ther for her king;
 For to han of him tiding
 Thai no hadde of Merlin no confeiling,
 For he was went withouten lesing
 After king Galat of mighti hond,
 9480 Lord ouer of Herdene lond,
 With ten thoufand that was afchape
 Sarrazins with gret rape,
 For to make enchauntement,
 Hem to fore, verrament.
 He made alle a valaye,
 Al fo it were a-brod lye,
 That Galath no non of his,
 That night no might oway Y wis :
 Her after fone in this write,
 9490 Whi he it dede ye fchul it wite.

Now telleth this romaunce that king Arthour
 Com driueand gode fcur,
 And bar Marandois in his hond,
 Worth al the fwerdes of Ingland,
 That he hadde of Rion wonne ;
 He bad the king that made fonne,
 For his fwete moder loue,
 He moft that night his fwerd proue.

Auentours to feke his ftede he fmot,
 9500 King Ban rode after, God it wot,
 Bohort alfo and Nacien,
 Herui, Deriuel, and Andregein,
 And com daffeand al bi cas,
 Whar Goionar and Salinas,
 With a knight of the table rounde,
 To .lix. bataile founde.
 Thefe four fmot on hem certes,
 So the lyoun doth on the hertes;
 Arthour taught on a lefloun of howe,
 9510 And cleued him to the fadel bowe;
 Another he biheueded, the thridde he hit,
 Vnto the girdel he him flit;
 The ferth he tok on the chiuie,
 And carf him ato biliue;
 Ten for fothe in litel thrawe
 Ther he brought oliue dawe,
 With is fwerd Marandoife,
 That carf down right withouten noife.
 King Ban fmot about alfo,
 9520 And cleued a geant atvo;
 Another he fehare of al the fide,
 The thridde he dede of the heued glide,
 And biheueded thre other therto,
 And the fevend he fmot ato;
 And Bohort bothe thi and arm
 Schare of and dede him harm;

Another he cleued to the toth,
 The thridde he biheueded for foth;
 The ferth and fift also
 9530 To helle grounde dede hem go.
 The gode knight Andregein
 Thureh hem smot on with gret main;
 Another he cleued to the brest,
 And of the thridde the heued he dafte;
 Thus he binam ther siue,
 Al arowe day oliue.
 Nacien ded ful wel
 With scharp fwerd of broun stiel,
 On he cleued down right,
 9540 And another ther to aflight;
 The thridde to the brest he cleued,
 And of the ferthe the heued of weued,
 And thre al so ther to he slough.
 Herui al so it made tough,
 To the chine he on slit,
 And of to the heued of kitt.
 Goionar and Balinas,
 And the thridde that with hem was.
 Seighen her noble focour,
 9550 And leyden on with gret vigour;
 Ich of hem tho orpedliche
 Four slough fikerliche,
 Tho than leued ther bot nighe
 Of al that iche companie;

And the flouen anon right
 Al fo fwithe fo thai might,
 Gredeand it uer non men
 Ac deuelen that thai foughten ogen:
 Our hem fuwed as men kene,
 9560 Til thai herden michel dene,
 Bothe on helmes and yfen hatten.
 The dintes of fwordes flatten.
 Tho feyd Ban we moten heye
 Al night and with fwerd dnie.
 Quath king Arthour, that haue Y loued.
 Al what Ichaue mi fwerd proued.
 Quath Ban, ye no haue it nought deleid,
 That ye no haue it wele afeyd.
 Nay, fir, quath Arthour, that folk was lite,
 9570 That Y no might to wille fmite,
 And to ek that ye flough fo fele,
 That half no might Y me biffene.
 Tho feyden our other hem bitvene.
 Moft he libben and y-then,
 Bitvene Breteine and Coftentinenoble
 No worth another knight fo noble.

Now, feyt the boke, that fir Antore,
 With his feren Y nemd bifore,
 At Danebleife Arthour thai no founde.
 9580 Ogain thai went in that flounde,

With drawn fwerd to fechen him,
 And hundred geauntes wroth and grim,
 With fauchouns and with fwerdes ftett,
 Ich other fone mett ;
 Antore was feld among that flec,
 And Goruain, and Gales the calu, and Craddoc,
 And Blioberis and Beichardis,
 That hem defended afot Y wis,
 And bi help of her feren feuen,
 9590 Ogain an hundred that was vneuen.

Arthour com rideinde in this cas.
 For fir Antour defmaied was ;
 He fmot amidward the pres
 So grehounde doth out of les ;
 A geaunt fone he tok anne
 Thurch out helme and heued panne,
 And tlurch the fide and the hert ;
 Of another the heued he girt ;
 Yete he tok the thriddle,
 9600 And cleued him to the midde ;
 In the fwere he toke the ferth,
 That the heued fleighe to the erthe.
 Fiue and fex, feuen and eighte,
 Orawe he bi feighe fo right.
 Than gan king Arthour Marmidois,
 His fwerd, to king Ban praife,

And feyd it carf fo wel men might delite,
That witeth the geaunce of his fmite,
Hem fme afot ou hors he lift.
9610 King Ban afide glift,
On a paien with main he girt
Thurch out the heued into the hert ;
Another he fchar the fide of ;
The thridde the heued he al to drof ;
Thus her and tar he leyd adoun
So it were a wode lyoun.
Bohart alfo a geaunt laifte,
And the heued al to daifte ;
Another to the chine he karf ;
9620 The thridde he bit that he flarf ;
Al abouten he leyd on,
And flough to grounde mani on.

Adragein with wille fre,
Arawe biheueded geauntes thre,
And other mo feld to grounde,
That neuer more ner founde.
The gode knight alfo Herui
Slough fo fele it was ferly.
Nacien, fo feyt the boke,
9630 Of a geaunt that heued he tok ;
Another to the chine he lughfte ;
The fchulder of the thridde he dughfte.

Thus thai laiden her and tar,
 And her heuedes fram the bodi fchar.
 The .xii. feren that hye ther founde,
 Non no hadde dedli wounde,
 Ac tho thai feighen this fair focour,
 Thai laiden on with gret vigour ;
 Ich of hem thre other to
 9640 Of the paiens biheueded tho ;
 Ther was noble main y-fene,
 Of an hundred withouten wene
 No leued paiens bote fourtene,
 The other lay dede opon the grene.
 And the .xiiij. flowen fwithe,
 So her ftedes mighten driue,
 Ouer fueden with wille fin,
 And metten the clerk Merlin,
 That hem withftode, and dede hem light
 9650 Her ftedes girten her fadles right :
 So thai dede and bliffe made,
 Ich of others help was glade.
 Whiles hye hem graitheth, refteth, and righteth,
 Lifteth hou Leodegan fighteth.

Hou Leodegan, now vnder an oke,
 Fighteth, fo feith this boke,
 With his fteward Cleodalis,
 Gentil knight and trewe Y wis.

Ogain feuen and tventi foughten bye to,
 9660 Certes that was michel wo.
 On fot was Cleodalis,
 So Ich you feyd er this;
 Leodegan on his hors was,
 Cleodalis faught on the gras,
 With michel forwe and gret pine
 Thai werd hem ogain tho farrazine.
 Colocaulnous, an hoge man,
 Smot fo to Leodegan,
 That he aplat fel of his flede,
 9670 Bothe mouthe and nose gan blede,
 For feblenis of alther wounde,
 Streight he lay on the grounde;
 The farrazins to him come,
 And tho him wold han y-nome,
 Ac Cleodalis her of nam kepe,
 He bistride his lord and wepe,
 Abouten he leyd with his fword,
 And defended his lord,
 So he smot to his with ther wine,
 9680 That non might his lord winne,
 Thai him threwe with kniues and stones,
 And gauen him woundes for the nones.
 Vp firt Leodegan the king
 Tho passed was his fwonninge,
 His steward might stond vnnethe,
 For he him for faught al to deth,

He feighe his steward fo ful of treuthe,
His hert was ful of forwe and reuthe,
He bithought him with wrong
9690 His wiif he hadde helden long,
Ogaines right thurch inquite ;
A word he feyd of gret pite,
Hay, he feyd, Cleodalis,
Trewe knight withouten feintis,
Thurch mi finne and mi defray,
Icham comen to mi laft day,
Haue on me pite, gentil man,
And rewe on me Leodegan,
Ich was thi lord, now am Y knaue,
9700 On me pite and merci haue,
Forgiue me now the trefppas,
That Y the haue don allas !
Y pray the that neuer mi mifdede
Mi foule into helle lede.
Aknowe he fat, and feyd merci,
Mine owen fwerd take bel ami,
Mine heued finite of for mi mifdede.
Crist me wil the better rede.
Cleodalis wepe for pite,
9710 He feighe his lord humilite,
He lift him vp in his arm,
And for gaf him al that harm,
That he him hadde don and fchame,
And bad him fight on Godes name.

So thai deden and foughten bothe,
 The paiens thereof weren wrothe;
 Tho com rideand a geaunt Y wis,
 And finot to grounde Cleodalis,
 Ther he lay ftreight along,
 9720 Leodegan to him fprong,
 And him wered al about
 Fram al that ich curfled route;
 So long he faught he was weri,
 And fel adoun wel dreri.
 Cleodalis tho vp made a ftert,
 As he were nought y-hert,
 And with main fair and hende,
 His lord king he gan defende.
 Thus thai ferd oft when fel that on,
 9730 The other vp ftert tho anon,
 And him defended with alle his might;
 Thus thai foughten til midnight,
 Tho were thai wounded fo ftrong,
 That thai no might doure long.
 To Cleodalis tho feyd Leodegan,
 Help now the felf gentil man,
 For to lefe and winne al this lond,
 Y no may lenger ftond.
 Often thai made doun falleing,
 9740 And when thai might vp rifeing,
 And halp Cleodalis him to were and fight
 Al fo wele fo he might.

In this time hadde Merlin
To Arthour and Ban told her pine,
And tho hadde Leodegan ben y-nome,
Gif Arthour no had y-come
With his fextene that on hem plat,
And euerich a paien to deth flat.
Merlin rode out in a flounde,
9750 And thider brought .xij. of the table rounde,
That dede with strengthe her fwerd bathen
In bodi and blod of the hathen.
King Arthour, and Bohort and Ban,
Keuered on hors Leodegan,
And Nacien, that knight of pris,
On hors keuered Cleodalis,
That al fo wele y-foughten cert,
So thai wer that day y-hert.
Merlin he taught to four geauntes faunfail.
9760 That fultend that bataile ;
Naciens rod Ancalnous to,
The fide he fchar his bodi fro ;
Arthour cleued king Maulas,
And Ban ato girt king Ridras ;
Bohort biheueded king Dorilan,
And ich of the other flough a paien than.
The other paiens flowe fwithe,
And our went ogain biliue

Into the cite of Carohaife,
 9770 With her feren hem made at aife;
 Thai maden gret blis and fest,
 And after yeden hem to rest.



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